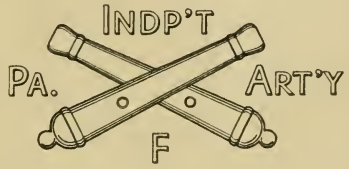
With Touch of Elbow

James M. Wells

In memory of
Conrad Christian Arensberg
1840-1924

National Commander of
Union Veteran Legion
1918-1919



A soldier of the North
who fought at Gettysburg
Gift of his son – Francis Louis Arensberg

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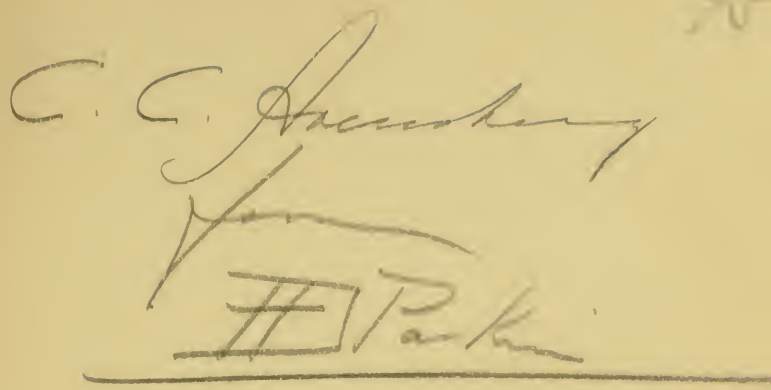

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JAMES M. WELLS, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-FIVE.

"WITH TOUCH OF ELBOW"

OR

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR

A Thrilling Narrative of Adventure on Land and Sea

BY

CAPTAIN JAMES M. WELLS

Gettysburg College
Civil War Institute
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

1909

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.

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INTRODUCTION.

The work herein contained is a simple memoir or narration of events coming within the personal observation of the writer, beginning just before the breaking out of the Civil War and continuing through those years now designated as the "Period of Reconstruction;" the whole covering a decade in the history of our own country unequaled for stirring and dramatic events and remarkable for the influence it has exerted in the world's enlightened progress.

The story is concluded with a description of a voyage at sea and an extended sojourn among the Azorean Islands.

So far as relates to the Civil War, its leading features are already familiar to the reader. The names of the great generals commanding, the battles lost and won, the numbers engaged and the losses sustained, are all set forth in the text-books of our common schools and do not need repeating in a work of this character. But of the soldier himself who, with gun on shoulder and knapsack on back, tramped the bloody and sodden fields; who rode the horse, wielded the pistol and saber, did the fighting and won the victories; upon whose valor, patriotism and fidelity everything depends in time of war, very few details have been given in history. And, while it is impossible to write up the individual prowess of the two million or more men who took up arms in defense of the Union, the writer, in the course of this narrative, offers his own experience—with which he is most familiar—believing it constitutes a fair representation of the whole, for what one soldier saw,

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so far, at least, as the same service is performed and like ground covered, will not differ widely from the experience of thousands who thus formed the bulwark of the nation's defense.

This is the apology offered for what otherwise may seem like an effort on the part of the narrator to exploit himself, and so it is believed higher and better motives will appear in the progress of the narrative.

Foremost among the objects of this writing is the hope of inculcating in the minds and hearts of the young who may chance to read, a higher degree of patriotism and love of country; that God-given spirit that makes heroes of cowards and saints of debauchees; that leads men into battles facing the cannon's mouth; sustains them in dungeons, and carries women through perils greater than those imposed by nature upon the mothers of the human race.

When not so imbued no nation can long survive. Without love of country, independence of thought and action, religion, education and every laudable ambition of which the average citizen is capable is dwarfed, and, in the end, tyranny usurps the place of justice, and subjugation and slavery overtake the peoples who do not pay due homage to the flag under which they live, and stand ready at all times, no matter what sacrifice may be required, to take up the gage of battle in defense of the soil upon which they are nurtured and sustained.

Also this opportunity is taken to return thanks for the many kindly acts bestowed upon the writer, and upon others, by the men and women whose names are here written and whose merits are beyond the power of a work of this character to compensate.

And last, though not least, we hope to aid in perpetuating and keeping alive the memories that cluster around the

perilous days of 1861-1865, that the debt of gratitude the country owes the men who stood "with touch of elbow" in the great conflict for the preservation of the Union may not be forgotten.

More than a generation has passed since the battles of the Civil War were fought, and from out the ashes of those sanguinary fields there has come up on this continent a mighty colossus, whose liberty-loving precepts and example are one day likely to bestride the world. With bright eye, erect form and elastic step the Union soldiers marched throughout those terrible campaigns, sharing their blankets on the cold, frozen earth at night and drinking from the same canteen, while the bones of their comrades fallen in that great struggle, lie mingled with the soil of every State, from the Susquehanna River to the Rio Grande, and there, sacred to the memory of a grateful people, they will lie forever.

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WITH TOUCH OF ELBOW.

THE AMATEUR BULL-WHACKER.

Since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock that bleak December day in 1620 down to the present time the guiding star of the ambitious young American has risen steadily in the West, and, in the subjugation of a continent, Americans have become what may justly be denominated a race of pioneers. From New England to New York and Pennsylvania, and from Virginia and the Carolinas to Kentucky and Tennessee, across the Mississippi and the Missouri, over the wide prairies, out on the desert plains, over the bleak and barren summits of the Rockies and the Sierras, and down the western slope to the sun-kissed shores of the Pacific, the irresistible tide has moved steadily on for more than a hundred years.

We are indebted to the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt for the laconic apothegm: "It is the red blood of achievement that is needed in this generation, and not the blue blood of ancestry;" so the writer does not go back to the Norman conquerors for his ancestral blood, but finds it first in Connecticut, then in Western New York, where he was born, and lastly in Michigan, where his young manhood was reached, and from which State the earliest movement to the westward on his own initiative took place.

An expedition whose purpose was the subjugation of the Mormons in Utah, then supposed to be in rebellion against

the authority of the United States Government, was the impelling force that led him forth to conquer. Not that it was expected the Mormons would yield obedience to his unaided authority, though the enthusiasm of extreme youth gave him greater confidence in his ability to subdue insurrections than the experience of more mature years has taught him.

Messrs. Majors and Russell, at the time and for years thereafter noted contractors for the carrying trade on the desert plains, and engaged by the Government to convey the supplies for the United States Army then on its march to Salt Lake, were advertising for teamsters, wagoners and trainmen to aid in this work, offering good wages; and in answer to the call young men from all parts of the country were heading for what was then the far West, where the manipulating and handling of ox-teams had been reduced to a science, and in the pay and emoluments of its most skillful artists almost equal to the more learned professions.

Now, among the earliest of my recollections as a boy on the farm was the "breaking" of a yoke of calves. It mattered not that the calves were both females, for they were beauties and well "matched," each having a star on its forehead, and, in a boy's enthusiastic judgment, in every way equally efficient with a pair of bulls; and what greatly enhanced their value to me was the fact that as calves, at least, they were my personal property, though time disclosed the fact that as cows the title had changed and they were reckoned among the general assets of the farm.

From a basswood log I had hewed out a yoke suitable in size and weight, with bows, staple and ring, without which a yoke is as valueless as a wagon without wheels.

By the aid of a lead rope attached to the "near ox" I was enabled to guide and direct my team to the extent of hauling, from time to time, on a hand sled of my own manufacture a sufficient amount of pumpkins to keep the calves contented and in good order for the work in hand.

During the time the process of "breaking" was going on my father had been in poor health and confined to the house, and now that he was out again, I was anxious to entertain him with an exhibition of the calves and my skill in handling them under the yoke. Accordingly they were hitched up in the barnyard when father came out, no doubt expecting a masterful display of what a boy is capable in the way of training the brute to some useful occupation.

But the exhibition was a disappointment, and successful only in arousing the dominating spirit slumbering in the breast of pater familias, and in humbling the pride of his dutiful son.

It had been raining and pools of water were standing in the barnyard, and while manipulating with the whip and directing the movement of the calves through a series of complicated evolutions I lost my footing and fell into a pool of muddy water. Whereupon the calves, taking advantage of the moment and already nettled by the extraordinary service required of them, started off on the run, dragging me at the end of the guide rope. But pride and anger were both aroused and my reputation as a teamster at stake, and I held on literally through "thick and thin," till placed somewhat in the situation of the farmer who yoked himself up with an unbroken steer. The steer bolted and ran, and the old farmer, in order that he might not be dragged along and killed outright, was compelled to run with him. But, getting out of breath and fearful of conse-

quences at the outcome of the race, he hailed a neighboring farmer as follows "Hello, there! durn our fool souls! come and head us off or we'll break our necks."

So around the corral I was whirled, through heaps of barnyard manure and pools of muddy water, till completely drenched and well-nigh exhausted, before the calves brought up panting in a corner.

Taking an inventory of myself after this unexpected denouement, both elbows were found badly skinned, suspenders broken and trousers torn, presenting altogether, as I thought, a sight calculated to make angels weep—but father only laughed. This increased my pride and resentment, and with difficulty, holding my temper until father's back was turned, I proceeded to vent my spleen on the calves; and, in a great passion, stripping off the yoke and striking each calf a furious blow with the bow as he backed away, I then took the yoke and broke it into fragments across a near-by stump, throwing the pieces in every direction as far as possible.

Unfortunately for me (or rather, as matters have turned out, may I not say fortunately), just as this exhibition of unbridled temper came to a close pater stepped around the corner of the barn and beckoned me to him. As I was responding to this call in the affirmative he directed me to pick up and bring with me a large stick, a sort of native whip that lay in the pathway. I was accustomed to obey my father and gathered up the stick, though reluctantly, and now, beginning to feel the full gravity of the situation, presented myself before him. Then taking me by the collar with one hand and the stick in the other, in a perfectly calm and unruffled voice he said: "Now, young man, I am going to flog you for allowing your temper to run away with you;" and then applied the whip vigor-

ously. It was the first and last time he ever struck me a blow, and the lesson he sought to convey has never been forgotten. My father, Samuel D. Wells, a man without an enemy, at the age of fifty, died a few weeks later, and I mourned his loss as I have never mourned since, though the entire family, consisting of father, mother, sisters and brothers, have long since passed away.

With all the advantages of this early training on the farm is it surprising that, now grown "bigger," I believed myself equal to the task of driving a bull-team across the plains and thus becoming a helpful instrument in the prosecution of the Mormon War. Accordingly, in company with Clem Stone, the eldest son of the Rev. J. A. B. Stone, President of Kalamazoo College, and another neighboring boy, David Carlton by name, I left the college where I had entered on a preparatory course and started out with the expectation of offering my services as an expert in the use of the whip and the goad in handling a bull-team on the plains. But fate seemed to have destined me for other uses.

The outfitting and starting point for the expedition against the Mormons was Nebraska City, Omaha at that time having no place on the map. All the supplies being shipped for the army and the great host of teams, teamsters and wagoners; all the feed for stock, provisions, wagons, chains, ox-yokes, shoes, and all the other paraphernalia in use on the plains were brought to Nebraska City—at that time on the extreme western frontier—by steamboat up the Missouri River, from points in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri.

Aleck Majors, a Kentuckian who did not drink or swear, a devout Christian gentleman who could neither read nor write, was the master spirit that organized, superintended

and successfully carried out every detail of this colossal contract with the Government.

The material in both men and animals comprising his stock in trade was of the rawest and wildest which the Wild West of that period produced. But this giant in moral and intellectual stature, as well as in physical, proved equal to every condition.

Long-horned, fiery and untamed steers from the plains of Texas, New Mexico and the Indian Territory were driven in large herds to Nebraska City, where they were corralled, yoked and subdued to become the motor power of this great caravan. Forty-five thousand head were taken into this service; 3,500 big wagons, 3,000 mules and horses—mostly for the saddle—and 5,000 men were required to handle the freight, break, drive and care for the teams; and every man so employed was compelled to sign a contract, the violation of which on his part was a forfeiture of his pay, to abstain from the use of profane language and intoxicating liquors while thus engaged.

The whole mass of freight was moved from time to time in separate trains, consisting of 10 or 20 wagons of from 6,000 to 10,000 pounds' capacity, with 6 to 12 yoke of oxen to a wagon. The men of such an outfit numbered about 30—a wagonmaster and assistant, a night herder who also looked after the riding horses, and a driver to each wagon. The latter were known as "bull-whackers."

Prior to the departure of a train the men detailed for its conduct were assembled in camp to listen to instructions and a lecture from their employer along the lines of temperance and general good moral conduct.

But I have before stated the steers or oxen were all wild, and "How were they made available for this important work?" is the question we will now undertake to answer.

A large band or herd was driven into a corral made of logs six to ten inches in diameter, set deeply in the ground, the steers being crowded and packed together so thickly they could not turn or move in any direction. Men with yokes lifted high in air then went among them, cautiously slipping the yokes onto their necks whenever and wherever an opportunity presented, until the desired number of steers were yoked. This was the work of experienced men, and in its execution required great skill and courage.

These details completed, everybody stood from under, when the corral was thrown open from different points of the compass and the whole band of yoked steers turned at liberty; and then followed a scene that baffles description. Any attempt to control their movements at this time would be both dangerous and futile, though mounted men carrying great blacksnake whips are standing by to follow and watch them as they rush out over the prairie, with tails lifted in air, bellowing and shaking the ground with their tremendous hoof beats. Some sulked and showed fight, while others turned the yoke so that the two steers in the same yoke faced in opposite directions; but all were maddened or frightened beyond control. At length, however, from sheer exhaustion they begin to quiet down, and with the assistance of a few yoke already "gentled" they are led or driven to the wagons, hitched up and soon started off on their long journey across the plains.

The amount of energy and brute force expended from the time the steers are first rounded up on the range until their burden is laid down at the end of the route is beyond comprehension; though, in fact, this expedition, as compared with the general movement across the continent from 1863 to 1866, at which time emigration reached its maximum, was but a drop in the bucket. In those years

the estimated floating population on the plains was 250,000. One firm alone—Russell, Majors & Waddell—employed 6,250 large wagons and 75,000 oxen in carrying freight. But this was only one of a multitude of corporations, equally extensive, engaged in transportation in those years.

It did not require a great length of time in this strenuous service to convince me that my early training in the management of "steers" was of little practical value, and that I must turn my genius into other channels, and so resolved to act without further delay. A new world had opened up to me, but what to do to keep "touch of elbow" in the great march of events was a vexed question. Nebraska City was but a frontier village far beyond the reach of ordinary civilization, and there would be no steamboat for the next ten days at least on which one might engage passage

DOWN THE MISSOURI RIVER.

And if a boat were to depart every hour, without money one could not see his way clear for a passage, for roustabouts and deck hands at that time on the Missouri and lower Mississippi were all negro slaves, and in this line of employment there was little encouragement for "po' white trash."

Experience teaches that in great emergencies man hesitates to act alone, and if he can enlist the sympathy and coöperation of a congenial spirit before venturing upon the uncertain sea, the task is already relieved of a large share of its burden. Accordingly, I sought a companion like-minded with myself, and together we resolved to start on foot down the Missouri River, traveling until a more

populous country was reached, there hoping to find employment more congenial to our tastes. George Everett, my fellow-voyager on this expedition, was a telegraph operator, and, where telegraph lines were in use, could ordinarily find employment and demand good wages. His immediate prospects, therefore, were much better than mine, for up to this time I had never ventured upon any business enterprise involving a greater amount of talent than the breaking and handling of a yoke of calves.

We traveled all one day parallel with the river, through a wilderness country, never meeting a human being until nightfall, when we came upon a skiff secreted in the brush on the banks of the river. Casting about, we could discover no owner, and resolved to appropriate the skiff to our own use, for we were tired and desperately hungry—the scant supply of rations with which we started having altogether disappeared—so without further ceremony we entered the skiff and cast it off.

Now, to those unacquainted with its turbulent, muddy and shifting currents, the Missouri River, in a high stage of water as it was then, is a very treacherous and dangerous stream to navigate, even in daylight with experienced river men; but for a stranger to entrust himself upon its surging waters at night and in a small boat is to invite disaster; but these facts were thrust upon us when it was too late to avoid the dangers upon which we had unwittingly entered.

The currents of the Missouri are constantly changing. While one bank is being washed away the opposite shore is filled in with drifting sands. A farmer whose holdings in reality are being swept from under him to-day may find their equivalent on the opposite bank to-morrow, though they may be in another State or county. So the banks

from year to year are disappearing on one side and reforming on the other. This change is constantly going on. The original town of St. Joe was in this manner entirely swept away, and the city was only reclaimed by the construction of a breakwater or bulkhead at an expense of many thousands of dollars.

In consequence of these changes, on the side to which the mass of water trends, forest trees, stumps, logs and sometimes houses and barns drop into the current. Trunks of trees formerly covered by drifting sands are exposed to view and often project many feet out over the river, making navigation both difficult and dangerous. Floodwoods are being submerged and partially hidden by the filling-in process, sometimes giving rise to those most dangerous of all obstacles on the river, known to river men as "sawyers." These are immense trees whose roots are still anchored at the bottom, and whose trunks are swayed with a horizontal motion like a sawgate in the old-time mill.

Upon such a stream as this Everett and myself were now launched in a frail skiff, and in an intensely dark night; but in addition to the terrors already described, and as if to put our nerves to the supreme test, a thunderstorm of great violence arose, followed by a downpour of rain that threatened to swamp our little bark and drive her to the bottom at once. Fearing now to approach the shore for a landing, by the use of strong paddles we kept as near the center of the stream as possible, while the mad current swept us along with the swiftness of an arrow; trusting to Providence to steer us clear of "sawyers" and other dangers with which we were beset, we held steadily on.

It was well along into the night when, running unavoidably close to the left bank of the river and going at a tremendous speed, we shot headlong into a tree top whose

base was still anchored to the shore. The skiff immediately careened over, filling with water, and the next moment was swept from under our feet, while both clung desperately to the overhanging limbs. A powerful current nearly carried us away, but by dint of great effort both finally reached the shore, when, a few moments later, the whole tree was swept out bodily into the stream.

Daylight soon coming on, we reached a near-by farmhouse and there told our "hard luck" story, receiving, in return, a good breakfast; but, unsuccessful in finding employment, we started on foot for St. Joe, still six miles distant. Reaching the latter place, a boat lying at the wharf was about ready to start down the river, and Everett, who was anxious to reach St. Louis, concluded to go aboard and take chances for a passage without money and without price. As he reached the deck the gangplank was pulled up, the bell rang and the boat steamed away down the river, and I have never seen or heard from Everett from that day to this.

Meantime it was learned that teachers were in demand in the country districts near St. Joe, and I immediately started out to look up a school, traveling all the remainder of that day, at last reaching a district where a teacher was wanted. The people were kind and hospitable and I had little trouble in arranging the details for a school. The next day, by the circulation of a petition, thirty subscribers were obtained, who agreed to pay a dollar for each pupil for a four months' term of school. But before beginning I must have a teacher's certificate, and the following day walked to the Superintendent's home, twenty miles distant in the country, where I remained over night, receiving, meantime, the coveted document. The Superintendent was a tall, lank Tennesseean about fifty years of age, jolly,

good-natured and good-hearted, who seemed to be pretty well informed as to the value of the three R's—"Reading, Riting and Rithmetic"—but in his philosophy not quite so well grounded, believing it a debatable question whether the world was flat or round, so he concluded it might be well to teach both theories in order to meet the varying opinions that prevailed in the country. Circumstances compelled our sleeping together that night, and the Superintendent seemed to place great stress upon the fact that he had slept with a live Yankee, as all men from north of Mason and Dixon's line were denominated in the South.

Many patrons, though living in the most primitive way and in apparent poverty, sent their children to school, paying their bills promptly. At the end of the term I collected $150 in gold and silver, there not being a delinquent among the subscribers. With the exception of a small advance I had received for the purpose of replenishing my wardrobe (as the little bundle of extra clothing I possessed had been swept away by the angry waters of the Missouri), I did not spend a cent of money or lose a day's time in the four months' term of teaching.

Wholesome and very acceptable board was furnished at $2.00 a week, honey, hominy, corn bread and rice being the staples with which the table was supplied.

At one place where I went to live a little later, the first day at dinner, after showing me the wash basin, located on a stump near the well, the mother called out to the daughter, a girl about eighteen years of age: "Maria, go and git the gentleman a clean towel." "Th' ant nary 'nother clean towel in the house," was the prompt reply. It is unnecessary to add, perhaps, that I did not regret the absence of this young lady from my school during the term.

There were but few slaves in that part of Missouri, and as a rule the people seemed to take little interest in the controversy then going on which was so soon to plunge the country into a bloody war.

Becoming attached to many of the people, who were the most guileless, hospitable and genuine I have ever known, I had arranged to teach another term of school, but during the pending vacation took a trip away that resulted indirectly in my undoing.

A neighboring teacher with whom I had become acquainted was the happy possessor of a Government land warrant, and, as very little of the public lands of Kansas were then occupied, it was his purpose, during the vacation season, to go to the Territory and locate a "farm" on his warrant. From where we were in Missouri to Topeka, the seat of government for the Territory of Kansas, and the point where the Government Land Office was located was a long, tedious and somewhat hazardous journey for one alone, as "foot and walker's line" was the only means of conveyance. So my good offices were sought as a companion for the trip—to which I consented—and, everything being satisfactory, we started out, making no secret of our movements, Bezell, my fellow-traveler, footing the bills as a return for my good company, and serving as a witness to the act of location, and incidentally, as I believed, to fight his battles, should occasion for fighting arise.

This was an adventure upon which I entered with a hearty good will, and only for the disaster that followed soon after, would have been one of the happiest of my career. We traveled down the river, most of the way through a beautiful country, on the Missouri side, till opposite Fort Leavenworth, where we crossed over. Out-

side of Lawrence and Topeka and the few intervening settlements as landmarks, one might as well have been out on the broad ocean without rudder, chart or compass.

There was an Indian reservation to cross, a good many rough characters to encounter, and the question of meals to be considered, but reasonably good lodgings were to be found almost anywhere under the blue and starry dome. But two young fellows, strong, active and vigilant, with money to spend when necessary, had no reason for fear or hesitation, and so altogether, the trip was enjoyed by both beyond any power of mine to describe.

The weather was delightful, even to the furnishing of beautiful moonlight nights. Vegetation was abundant, and native grasses, knee-high, waved and undulated with every passing zephyr. The variegated hues and sweet fragrance of wild flowers delighted the senses at every turn, and, at that period at least, nature lavished her bounties upon Kansas with an unstinted hand.

Having explored a good portion of the territory lying between Leavenworth, Lawrence and the Osage River, we came upon an unoccupied section that seemed to possess the advantages of soil and other requirements that had been our dream of a suitable homestead, and here Bezell decided to locate his warrant.

Accordingly, we traveled ten miles further that day in search of a man with an ox-team to haul a load of boards out of which we might construct a house according to plans and specifications already drawn up in the mind of the expectant proprietor, as certain "improvements" of this character were necessary to meet the requirements of Uncle Sam. We arrived at the "homestead" that evening with the entire outfit, consisting of twenty boards 1 x 12, twelve feet long; two pounds of ten-penny nails, an axe, a hammer

and a saw, a coffee-pot, tin cups, a pound of hard tack and a jug of water. At 9 P. M. the house was completed and everything made ready for occupancy; and now the question of a proper dedication and a suitable name must be settled. For the latter, both being teachers, we decided without much controversy upon "The Pedagogue's Rest." Then, proceeding to brew coffee, we drank to the health, happiness and long life of the proprietor. Thus the last act was performed for the acquirement of sovereign citizenship in Kansas.

Early the following morning we started for Topeka and the United States Land Office, passing through Lawrence on the way. In Topeka there were but three or four one-story wooden buildings, consisting of upright and undressed boards. On this part of our journey, while sleeping out one night on the prairie, I dreamed of being on board a railroad train, when the conductor coming through the car called out, "Topeka, twenty minutes for refreshments!" On awaking in the morning, this dream being fresh in memory, I repeated it to Bezell, and after deliberating upon and revolving the matter between us for a time, the conclusion was reached that the dream should be interpreted to mean that sometime in the remote future a railroad would be built from a point on the Missouri River to Topeka; but that it should be done within our day and generation did not at that time seem probable. In view of the network of railroads spread over the State at this writing for the accommodation of a teeming population the prediction of that early time seems to have been lacking in the elements of true prophecy.

It was now near the time for the beginning of a second school term, and I hurried back to Missouri in anticipation of taking up the work with renewed vigor, but found,

on reaching the district, that mischief had been brewing of which I had received no previous intimation.

Owned by the family where I had already arranged to make my home was an old negro woman who had apparently outlived her days of usefulness, and there being little service required of her, she spent a good deal of time moaning and swaying her body to and fro as if bewailing her fate; and while I had, as a rule, scrupulously avoided talking with any slave when apart from his master, I had ventured to speak to this inoffensive old "Auntie" once or twice, inquiring, purely on the grounds of sympathy, as to the underlying cause of her complaint. I had done this as one might be led to inquire into the condition of any of the brute creation whose suffering was apparent. But even this slight incident had been observed and my motive misinterpreted.

A man in the district, who was the owner of a number of slaves and also ambitious of political honors in the county, had taken occasion to find fault with the mode of teaching and management of the school, and while the family at my boarding house were loyal and friendly, he had, on several occasions in speaking to them of the matter, reverted to the incident of the old slave woman, and branded me as an "abolitionist."

I had endeavored to correct the orthography and pronunciation in vogue among many of the pupils, such as saying "po" instead of poor, and "wah" instead of war; but these innovations were not well received by those who had been most prejudiced, and I was accused of "learning" the pupils to "stuttah." This had come to me from those whom I knew to be friendly, and as long as I had their support, moral and material, I determined to continue the school according to contract.

But "give a dog a bad name" is a trite saying that might have been aptly applied to Yankee school teachers in the Southern States just prior to the war, and as rumors of my abolition predilections continued to be circulated the attendance upon the school fell off. Finally, one fine morning I was waited upon by a delegation consisting of three men, patrons of the school, assuming to speak for all, who demanded the cancellation of my contract and the immediate abandonment of the school.

Accordingly, I dismissed the pupils for the day and returned to my boarding quarters, where the whole subject was discussed by the family, among whom were the father and three or four grown-up boys, all of whom pledged their support in the school and protection against personal injury so long as I remained under their roof. There were no less than five shotguns kept in the house, in the use of which all the male members of the family were experts, and these were pointed out to me as a guarantee of their ability to fulfill any agreement they might enter upon along these lines; and, having faith in their sincerity, I concluded to remain, so the next morning opened school with three pupils in their accustomed places and three shotguns sitting in the corner.

Sympathizing pupils came to me that day, repeating threats they had overheard, all seeming to be pretty well demoralized, and, in consequence, the purposes of the school were rendered ineffectual. In addition to all this, taking into consideration the fact that I had never been accustomed to the settlement of difficulties by use of the shotgun, I decided discretion to be the better part of valor and dismissed the school at once and for all.

It was twelve miles to the nearest point where the stage passed on its route from St. Joe to Hannibal, and this I

resolved to reach that night. So arranging my affairs at once, and reluctantly bidding my friends good-bye, in company with two of the young men of the family, armed with shotguns, I reached the stage about 9 o'clock that night and took passage for Hannibal, and there crossing the Mississippi River to Quincy, Illinois, I reached my home in Michigan by rail a few days later.

Upon the all-absorbing question of the extension of slavery the sentiment of the people in the border States was divided. There were undoubtedly as many opposed to the institution of slavery as there were in favor of it, but the latter were the ruling class. It was frequently the case that two or three men, at most, dominated the politics of a county, and a proportionate number the State. Clothed with so much power, they became arrogant, aggressive and overbearing, and often unscrupulous in the treatment of those offering opposition to their demands.

These were the conditions and this was the spirit that carried the people of the Southern States into the maelstrom of rebellion and led to the Civil War.

The year following the events above enumerated, 1860, Messrs. Gale and Parker, business men of Kalamazoo, Michigan, gathered up a large band of horses to be driven across the plains for the market in California, engaging a number of young men in that vicinity for the passage and to aid in driving and caring for the stock on the long and tedious overland route.

The first westward venture along the Missouri River and the Kansas border not being successful in every detail had served to awaken a passion for fresh fields for investigation; and the pace of a "bull-team" being altogether too slow to suit my ardent desires at that period of life, I readily joined this later expedition.

Accordingly, the horses having been purchased and the company made up, all are shipped via Chicago, Quincy and Hannibal to St. Joe. This was the same route taken when on my way home the year before with this exception: that portion from the Missouri River, directly across the State to the Mississippi by stage, was now covered in the opposite direction by rail. Such was the progress being made at this early time in the way of rapid transportation into the untamed West.

St. Joe, then styled the "Jumping-off Place," but now reached directly by rail as well as by river, had become the chief outfitting point for the upper Missouri and Mississippi country in the great exodus westward now taking place, and here was the Eastern terminus and starting point for the world-renowned

"PONY EXPRESS."

On the 23d day of April, 1860, the first Pony rider started from St. Joe toward the setting sun, and on the same day and hour another rider started eastward from Sacramento.

The Pony Express was an organization perfected and put in operation to meet the necessities of the growing population of the distant West in the transmission of the mails and important dispatches in the absence of railroad or telegraphic communication. Letters for the Pacific Coast via Cape Horn were from three to six months in transmission, and, aside from this, the best that could be done was to send via the Isthmus of Panama, and it required at least thirty days to cover this route. The Pony Express, over snow-capped mountains, across desert wastes and through hostile Indian tribes, reduced this time to ten

days, from one extreme end of the route to the other. Two hundred riders and five hundred horses—Western bronchos—were employed in the work.

Never before nor since in the world's record was a courier line established carrying mail so far with such regularity and in so short a time by horse power alone, and never has the art of horseback riding been reduced to such a degree of perfection. Some of the men whose names have since become famous in Western annals began their careers on the plains in early youth as Pony Express riders. William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," then only sixteen years of age, was among the most famous of these daring Jehus. Cody is said to have made a round trip—necessitated by the killing of his relief by Indians—of 384 miles without a stop, except to change horses and swallow one hearty meal.

Starting from the same point and about the same time as our party did with that of the Pony, and traveling 2,000 miles over the same route, he becomes an important factor in the progress of our story and will no doubt prove worthy of the space awarded him. There were regular stations kept for the pony and riders on the plains at intervals where water and other conveniences could be obtained; sometimes not more than twenty, but in other places as far as one hundred miles apart. Often a single rider covered two or more stations, but at each station, to be prepared for emergencies, an extra relay of ponies and riders was kept in readiness. By day and night the pace once begun was never broken. Five dollars an ounce was the price for carrying letters, and no bulky or heavy matter was accepted, fifteen pounds' weight being the limit. Important commercial papers and what is now designated as the "Press Dispatches," and carried around the world in

a few seconds by telegraph, comprised the bulk of the mail carried by the Pony, and this must all be written on tissue paper to reduce its weight and bulk.

By day and night these courageous and tireless riders were encountered as we journeyed westward, always saluting as they went by, but on no pretext whatever would they break the lope from one end of the route to the other.

The Indians were hostile that year on the plains, and these solitary pony riders were often made the object of their murderous attacks; and this condition also made it imperative on our part to maintain vigilant watch, as subsequent events will disclose. On nearing a station at night, and often in the daytime, the rider would fire three shots from a pistol in rapid succession in order to alarm the keeper, who, thus forewarned, would have a fresh mount ready on the moment, that there might be no delay and the mail carried through on schedule time. Between stations, where hostile demonstrations by the Indians were the most frequent, two or three riders were put on for mutual protection and the better to insure the safe conduct of the mail.

Twice on the journey we were met or overtaken by riders who had been wounded, as they informed us and as their bloody shirts and pale faces plainly indicated; but they held steadily to the course, determined that nothing short of death should break the schedule time for the mail. It was a sight to arouse the sympathy of all and caused no little alarm in camp to see one day a pony go loping by with an empty saddle, save only the little sack of mail; the force of habit and the homing instinct with the pony carrying him through to the end of his route, though the brave rider lay somewhere along the trail, cold and stiff in death.

But there were other perils equally great with those caused by hostile Indians. Snowstorms on the mountains, floods in the rivers and tempests on the plains had to be met and overcome. Once in crossing the Platte, a very treacherous stream to ford, a pony sank in the quicksands and was drowned. But the rider, with the sack of mail in his teeth, swam ashore, carrying it fifteen miles on foot to the station, where he arrived only an hour behind schedule time.

During a terrific storm in the mountains a pony, making a misstep on the slippery rocks, fell and his leg was broken. The rider, as an act of mercy, shot the faithful little animal, and with the sack of mail wandered eighteen hours on foot in a blinding snowstorm before reaching a station.

The time will never be forgotten when we first became acquainted with the means adopted by the riders for warning the station keepers of their approach. While encamped on the trail one night a quarter of a mile from a station a rider in passing fired the accustomed three shots. We were in a dangerous country and close watch was being kept, and the men on guard that night, thinking the firing was but the preliminary skirmish of a more extended attack, in great alarm fired their guns in the air, and shouting "Indians!" ran hurriedly into camp. This created a general alarm, and every available man was up in a moment. The wagons were already corralled so as to form a barricade, and behind these, according to established usages, we were all hastening under arms, when the horses took the alarm and stampeded in a body. It was a condition that confronted us now and not a theory. Already jaded and needing rest and recuperation, the animals were hardly equal to this extra strain, and it required strenuous effort for the next twenty-four hours to

effect a "round-up," and as much longer to rest and prepare them for the journey yet ahead.

An alarm creating a stampede apparently passes through a band of horses like an electric shock, and every hoof moves in unison. Any old "skate," ringboned and spavined though he may be, and on the verge of dissolution, will be "up and a-coming" with the best of them in a stampede.

The horse in his wild state, like the deer or rabbit, evidently was created for flight in time of danger rather than for defense, and in his intimate association with man for thousands of years has not outgrown the instinct that teaches him to take to his heels when alarmed, rather than stand his ground and fight, if necessary, in self-defense.

One of the finest of our band of horses, a "Suffolk Punch," was an importation direct from England and weighed, when we started, twenty-four hundred pounds. He was a thing of beauty, and in disposition gentle and tractable as a dog. A boy sixteen years old was his attendant and keeper. Punch seemed to have a fondness for the boy, who fed him, rubbed his legs, climbed on his back, rode and fondled him as a child might fondle any household pet. But in course of time the horse, on the long and tiresome journey, became irritable and would allow no one excepting the boy to come near him. Once breaking loose he sprang upon a gelding, crushed him to the ground, and soon would have trampled and bit his life out had there been no interference. The horse seemed to be afflicted as men often are in prolonged sieges of physical endurance, when they lose their mental balance and become testy and sometimes quarrelsome, and serious difficulty arises.

A little later along, after this occurrence, we halted one

day for fuel and rest, when the boy, as was his habit, took the horse out to "bait" at the end of his halter, a few yards distant from camp. The horse lay down, and, after his accustomed "roll," arose and shook himself as a lion shakes his mane, when the boy in turn lazily stretched himself out on the ground, having hold of the end of the halter. But suddenly, like some infuriated wild beast, the horse sprang to his side, seized him by his clothing, and, lifting him bodily between his powerful jaws, shook the boy as a dog would shake a rat; and then, lowering him to the ground, proceeded to trample the boy with his iron-shod hoofs. A half-dozen men with neck yokes, singletrees and whatever weapons could be seized upon at the moment ran forward and beat the horse off. The boy, limp and unconscious, was carried to the nearest wagon, where restoratives were applied, and he soon revived, his first words being not of himself, but "What's the matter with Punch?" Punch was then chained to the hind end of the heaviest wagon, from which he was never released until he reached California. There, after a little rest and quiet, his wonted good nature returned. The boy's left nipple, with a piece of the skin as large as the palm of one's hand, was taken off, though no bones were broken, and he soon recovered from his injuries, but forever after lost faith in his pet.

Buffalo were plentiful along the line of our march at this time, and, though wild and difficult of approach within rifle range, before passing the feeding grounds I had determined to have

A BUFFALO HUNT.

It was on the headwaters of the Platte that we went into camp one evening, expecting to remain a day or two for rest and recuperation. As indicated by the "chips," which were our only fuel for cooking purposes, the much-coveted game seemed to be abundant, and as burning the "chips" was about as close to a buffalo as any of our party so far had approached, I thought this the time and place to test my skill, surprise the camp and awaken a general feeling of good-natured envy by killing one or more of these monarchs of the plains.

The next morning before fairly light I started out, armed with a Sharp's carbine and plenty of ammunition, elate with the prospect of reaching a "wallow" before the departure of the buffalo for the feeding grounds. I traveled on and on, straining my eyes at every dark object in the distance, till just at sunrise on the crest of a ridge about a mile away the form of a monster buffalo loomed up against the blue sky. His appearance to me was like that of the cyclone as described by Bill Nye: "fully seventeen hands high, with a black mane and tail," and he was surely "coming my way." Presently two or three more came in sight, when I secreted myself in a gulch and anxiously awaited developments. One after another they continued to appear over the ridge until about three hundred were in full view. They were feeding with heads down, and in a slow, glacial-like movement came nearer and nearer.

Distances are deceiving on the plains, and when the herd came, as I believed, within rifle range, with as much composure as possible I drew a bead on the foremost one and fired. From experiences since gained in measuring

distances in the clear and rarefied air of the higher altitudes I am convinced my shot fell short a hundred yards or more; but the buffalo was evidently deceived as to the direction from which the report of my rifle came, for instead of turning in flight, as anticipated, they raised their heads, and with a rush and roar like that of some immense cataract, fairly shaking the ground, they came toward me head on. This was assuming an aspect on their part altogether unlooked for, for at the present pace, unless in some way turned or checked, the whole herd would be upon me in a few moments more. Hastily throwing another cartridge into the gun, without much aim or thought, I fired a second shot, and still another. By this time they seemed to take cognizance of my presence, and, changing direction to the right, soon passed over the ridge out of sight. I looked anxiously to see one or more fall, and was enthusiastic enough to follow on their trail for some distance, looking for "blood" or other evidence of my skill as a hunter and marksman, but was doomed to disappointment. Had one fallen, so elated was I with the hope of bringing back some substantial evidence of my prowess I might have undertaken to drag a whole carcass with me into camp; but as matters finally turned out I was glad enough to reach headquarters that night without being so handicapped.

Indeed, I had traveled much farther than anticipated, and on the return trip laid down to rest in a thicket of willows on the river bottom, being well nigh exhausted, and soon fell into a sound sleep. From this I was partially aroused by a great noise and commotion of some kind going on around me. There was the tramp of hoofs, and the first thought was that the tables had been turned and the buffalo herd was now hunting me. But my fears soon

took on a different form, for now I could distinguish a babel of voices, none of which seemed intelligible; and then it occurred to me possibly my sleep had been like that of Rip Van Winkle, and I had awakened in another age and time. But returning to full consciousness, what was my surprise to find myself surrounded by a large band of Indians just going into camp near the willows that had sheltered me from the rays of the sun.

Here was an unlooked for turn of events, and the discovery occasioned no little uneasiness, as it was now nearly nightfall and I was yet two or three miles distant from my friends, and the attitude these savages would assume toward me when my presence among them was discovered was a matter that could not be foretold. The women and children were all busy arranging the camp, and as I arose a number of "warriors" (gentlemen of leisure) came up and accosted me with the customary salutation "how," this word being about the extent of aboriginal acquirement of the "foreign" languages up to that time. They seemed about as much surprised as I was myself, and I undertook to tell them there was a large encampment of white men a short distance down the river, and that one shot from my gun, like a blast from Roderick's horn, would be "worth a thousand men."

It was plain to be seen their attention up to this time was taken largely with my gun, and as I had been accustomed to the use of a rifle from early boyhood, and at any ordinary range was accounted a good off-hand shot, I resolved to give them an exhibition of my skill, and at the same time impress upon their untutored minds the merits of a breech-loading gun. I had an earthen jug with me which had contained water, and in the sign language directed a young Indian to hang it on a bush about a

hundred yards distant. He had barely complied with this request and stepped aside when I drew up and shattered the jug at the first shot, the handle alone remaining. Though receiving this with the stoicism so common to the Indian, it was evident an impression had been made, and, following up the advantage, I slipped another cartridge into the barrel and fired a second shot, this time striking the remaining portion of the jug, off the limb. They looked on in ill-concealed amazement as the possibilities of this wonderful weapon were thus demonstrated, and a leader among them made several attempts to get possession of the gun, ostensibly for a closer inspection, but I succeeded in parrying him with trifling excuses, keeping the gun in my own hands.

Being satisfied that a favorable impression had been created, I took advantage of the opportunity, and, without waiting for an invitation to "tea," bid them good-bye and hurried off to camp, casting back furtive glances now and then to see if there was anything like a hostile movement going on behind. They were Arapahoes, a powerful and warlike tribe, but friendly with the whites just at that time. The monotony of the camp was relieved with stories of the buffalo hunt for several evenings thereafter.

Without further adventure of any considerable note the middle of June found us at the Devil's Gate, in the Wind River Mountains, in what is now the western portion of the State of Wyoming. Our camp is near the Pacific Springs, the first water found on the route flowing toward the Pacific Ocean. The altitude is great, the winds are high and during our stay here a rain sets in, which soon turns to sleet and snow, causing great suffering among the horses, many of which have already succumbed to the hardships of the journey.

STEAMBOAT ROCK. ECHO CANYON, UTAH.

The Devil's Gate is a slit or gorge in the mountains, through which flows the Wind River on its eastern passage, emptying into the Big Horn. This gorge seems to be the connecting link or outlet for the air currents from west to east and vice versa as they surge up against the rocky barrier of the great Continental Divide. Through the Devil's Gate the winds sometimes rush with a wailing sound that gives rise to the name of the gorge, while the river and the mountains in which it has its source take their name from the winds that seem constantly to blow. The Divide, so called, is a distinctive feature in the face of the country, as springs are found here whose fountain heads are but a few hundred yards apart and whose waters flow in opposite directions.

After a fifteen days' march from the Wind River we reach the Wasatch Mountains, and from their summit obtain the first glimpse of Zion,

THE HOLY CITY.

The route leads through Echo Canyon, the only direct pass from the East through the Wasatch Range to Salt Lake, the Mormon capital. This pass was seized upon by the Mormons for defense against the United States Army, sent across the plains as alluded to in a former chapter. Active preparations were made to make Echo Canyon the Mormon Thermopylæ, and many of their crude fortifications were still there. Great piles of rocks had been placed along the rim of the steep bluffs to cover their sharpshooters and to hurl over the precipice into the ranks of an invading army. Indeed, this spot was well chosen, and had they made a determined stand it would have required a great sacrifice of men to have dislodged them. An army

not very large at most, two thousand miles from its base, over a trackless desert, might, by a few determined men, have been baffled and detained there months, if not years. But either the Government had been misinformed as to their intent and purposes or the Mormons must have come suddenly down from the high horse they had so recently mounted in opposition to the constituted authorities.

A Peace Commissioner was sent out from Washington in advance of the army to inquire into the political status of the new "State of Deseret," as the Mormons had named the territory upon which they were the first white settlers, claiming sovereignity as they did against all comers. The report of this Commissioner was made the basis for final adjustment of the pending difficulties. So, with the assurance of good faith on the part of the Mormons, the army, under a special stipulation to that effect, passed directly through and beyond Salt Lake to Camp Floyd, forty miles south and west from the city, and there went into permanent camp.

But in filing through the streets of Zion a very strange sight met the view. A place under normal conditions of about twelve thousand inhabitants, was deserted, except for the presence of a few men, who stood with torch in hand ready to fire the combustibles that had been previously prepared and placed in every house for the total destruction of the city in case the army should halt there and take possession contrary to agreement. But no such conditions arose and the so-called Mormon War came suddenly to an end.

We had been over three months on the road, and the Great Salt Lake basin, as viewed from the summit of the Wasatch, looked to us beautiful as the fabled Garden of the Gods. The rations of flapjacks, in the preparation of

which our cooks had become expert, with the simple addition of salt horse and coffee, were no longer regarded as delicacies, and when we reached the valley, where milk, butter and eggs were plentiful, though held at fabulous prices, a day of rejoicing had surely come. But even this welcome change had its bitter accompaniment, for all products of the dairy, including eggs, had a salt and brackish taste, against which an overcrowded stomach soon rebelled. Although assured by the prophets that this trifling peculiarity, incident to the close proximity of the Great Salt Lake itself, would wear away with prolonged acquaintance, we did not tarry long enough to test the truthfulness of the prophecy.

It was about the first of July that we passed around the southern end of the lake where Garfield and the big smelters now stand. The Indians to the westward were known to be hostile and there had been no Pony through for at least ten days. The settlers we chanced to meet on the road coming in to Salt Lake in great alarm all gave the same account of existing conditions, predicting a general

INDIAN OUTBREAK.

Beyond the settlements was a desert waste, in crossing which water had to be carried, and as the necessity arose rations of water mixed with flour were parceled out to the teams, for upon keeping up the strength of the animals all human hope depended. In this extremity we traveled a part of a day and all of one night before reaching a country where water and feed could be obtained, and then in no great abundance. On this "trek" all who were able to do so, in order to conserve the strength of the horses, were compelled to walk through alkali beds and hot, burning sands.

Grave matters were now being presented for our consideration. The train had been augmented by the addition of two or three smaller ones; and, while this gave about thirty able-bodied men, fairly well armed, it also brought with it the responsibility of caring for and protecting the lives of a dozen women and children, whose safety demanded the very best we were able to give. There were five or six large wagons containing the supplies, and two light spring wagons which served as ambulances for the accommodation of any who might become sick or in any way disabled. Besides the working teams, there were a hundred head of lead and saddle horses, all of great value if safely landed in California, and these must be watched and guarded by day and night at whatever cost. What added to the general disquietude and increased anxiety—feed for the stock and our own provisions as well, were running low.

The outlook, then, was not a flattering one as we passed out to the westward beyond the Great Salt Lake. Apparently two propositions were open to us, one of which must be adopted without delay:—either to go into camp and exhaust our supplies while awaiting developments, and eventually turn back disappointed, humiliated and defeated, or to go forward and brave the dangers of which we were apprehensive.

While revolving these reflections in our minds the Fourth of July came, when we laid up for a day to deliberate and to celebrate. It is difficult to conceive of a situation so grave that a patriotic American, in possession of all his faculties, would fail to take cognizance in some way of the birthday of our national independence. Not having a copy of the Declaration to read, patriotic songs were substituted and a general good feeling was awakened in the camp.

Ahead, some fifteen miles distant and within plain view, a spur of mountains lay across our track, which could only be crossed by following a steep canyon to its summit, where there was a tableland or mesa extending some little distance before descending on the opposite side of the range. As we had been informed, a band of renegade Indians, bearing the suggestive cognomen of the "Goshoots," occupied the mesa and held this pass as a vantage ground for purposes of robbery and plunder. The Pony had already been attacked there, as was known, and now for some reason had been cut off entirely for over two weeks.

At a council held that afternoon, at which time the situation was fully canvassed, it was decided to go on, and every possible preparation for defense was made. As a means of safety the flour and bacon in the big wagons was arranged so as to form a temporary barricade, inside of which the women and children were lodged, and, having divided the fighting forces into two companies of fifteen men each and chosen leaders, we lay quietly down, allowing the fires to go out as if for an all night's rest. The plan was to pull up stakes a little later, and by a forced march reach the canyon before daylight, and pass through, thus outwitting the wily savage and avoiding an attack on his chosen ground.

Signal fires were burning in the mountains all night, which fact we regarded as an evidence that our movements were being watched. In accordance with the plan adopted we pulled out about 10 o'clock, and, after having put our teams to the limit of endurance through the night, daylight came on and found us still out on the open plains about three miles distant from the canyon and in full view of the Indians, should any be awaiting our approach. That they were so in waiting will soon appear.

Fresh tracks of Indian ponies in great numbers leading toward the pass could be seen along the trail, and an attack before reaching the summit seemed inevitable. All the horrors of Indian warfare were now confronting us like living pictures, but there was no other alternative—the gauntlet must be run.

On reaching the mouth of the canyon five men were advanced as skirmishers on either flank, the balance remaining at intervals on each side of the train. Not a bird, bee or insect of any description gave forth a sound, no word was spoken, and the silence that prevailed was oppressive and ominous. The sun had just reached the tops of the bald mountains and the last man and horse of the train had entered the canyon, the teams and wagons ahead and the lead horses in the rear, when the dread silence was broken by a dozen rifle shots ringing out upon the still morning air, accompanied by the yells of fifty savages secreted under the low-lying scrub cedars that grew far up on the mountain side. Two of the team horses on the front wagon fell dead at the first volley, thus blocking the passage of the train, as the dead animals had to be lifted out of the way and two lead horses brought up, harnessed and hitched in their places before a wheel could be turned. This occupied fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time the yells from the savages and their murderous fire was kept up. All the wagons were peppered with rifle shots—and among them some arrows—which penetrated the covers, but lodged in the flour and bacon and other heavy material, behind which lay the women and children, paralyzed with fear, but receiving no further injury. The delay seemed interminable, but finally the teams moved on, and meantime the men, with rifles in hand, skirmished up the sides of the canyon, driving the

Indians back so that their shots became less frequent and less effective.

Throughout the entire length of the canyon Indians were in sight on the bald mountains above and out of range, and by signals directed the movements of those who were doing the shooting from among the cedars below. As soon as the summit and level plain was reached the wagons were corralled and preparations were made for a siege, but the Indians were too cowardly to come within range of our guns at this time, and, after a few parting shots, disappeared, though we knew not at what moment the attack might be renewed. It was the vigorous and active resistance made by our sharpshooters undoubtedly that saved the train from eventual capture and all our people from massacre.

In the progress of the skirmish it was impossible to tell by the report of a gun from which side of the canyon a shot was fired. The Indians doing the shooting were secreted in the thick tops of the cedars, so that the smoke from their guns could not readily be seen, while the entire canyon was filled with the echo of every discharge. In this way our men were often deceived and led into dangerous situations, sometimes narrowly escaping death. A member of our party, Sam Pitts by name, a country-raised young fellow, whose number eleven brogans had often been made the subject of good-natured banter around the campfire, in his over-zealousness to get a "fair crack at an Injun," as he expressed it, exposed himself unnecessarily, and while standing in the open a bullet from under a cedar bush struck the dry earth between his feet. "By gosh!" exclaimed Pitts, falling a little back behind a bush, "I believe that Injun shot at my feet!" Whereupon the "Injun," emboldened by this retrograde movement, sud-

denly appeared upon a jutting rock, and, clapping his heels together as he sprang into the air, emitted a series of "whoops" that resounded in the canyon like the howling of a band of coyotes. But this was his last war dance, and had the effect of making a good Indian of him, for while gyrating as above described he was struck by a bullet from Pitts' rifle that brought him tumbling limp and lifeless upon the boulders beneath. Only for the intervention of his comrades Pitts would have been foolhardy enough to have gone for the Indian's scalp or some other trophy.

The smoke of battle having cleared away, we were enabled to count noses and arrive at the following summary: At least one Indian had been killed, and five of our horses, while two others, wounded to the death, followed to the summit and there died. It was pitiable to see the wounded horses staggering along, apparently dreading to be left alone to die, and, after falling to the ground, lifting their heads and watching the train till it passed out of sight, as if in mute appeal for sympathy and aid.

Fearing now to travel by daylight, we renewed the journey after nightfall, keeping out a strong advance guard, and in our hearts praying for some intelligence from the Pony, for his appearance on the accustomed route would be accepted as evidence that the atmosphere to the westward had cleared and that the Indians had in a measure ceased from their hostile demonstrations. The writer remembers that night in the advance we walked cautiously in the middle of the road, keeping eyes and ears open for any unwelcome visitor or sound, for how should we know but there was a "lurking devil" behind every rock and bush. Signal fires as before were seen in the distance, and an attack from ambush was greatly feared.

Presently the click-i-ty-click, click-i-ty-click of a horse's hoofs on the gallop came to our ears. Sounds in the mountains at night seem to travel as easily and almost as far as the sight does in the daytime, and this might be an Indian runner sent ahead to warn his henchmen somewhere on the trail of our approach, or it might be the Pony rehabilitated and once more on his accustomed route. As the hoof-beats drew near we divided the squad and secreted ourselves on opposite sides of the trail. The moon at its full was shining brightly, and presently a man on horseback came galloping toward us. It was the Pony from Carson, the first to come through after the outbreak.

We hailed him, asking the news from the West. He had come through a hostile country from Carson City, a distance of two hundred miles, on one pony and alone. The Indians, he said, had been dispersed by the volunteer miners, and the route for the time being was clear. The courageous rider had made the extraordinary trip with no covering over his shoulders but a flannel shirt, and carrying no equipment but a six-shooter and a chunk of dried beef. But he knew the country well; the sinews of both pony and rider were of steel, and when rest and feed became a necessity he led up a ravine away from the trail, and, letting the pony out on one end of a lariat, tied the other to his wrist and lay down to sleep, while the pony grazed on the bunchgrass that grew in abundance along the mountain sides. But the rider had been entrusted with an important mission, the execution of which was to bring into play the highest order of physical courage and a deep sense of the moral obligation he had assumed, and therefore no danger was so great or hardship so severe as to cause him for a moment to hesitate or turn from the duty assigned him. Such was the material of which the pony and the Pony

riders were made that carried the mail and dispatches across the desert and over the mountain trails to the far West in 1860.

Taking courage from the example set by this man who had braved the dangers alone, we kept on our course to the Sink of the Carson, where the writer left the train and proceeded on foot to

VIRGINIA CITY.

The news of the first battle of Bull Run was carried across the plains from St. Joe, Missouri, to Carson City, Nevada, a distance of fourteen hundred miles, by means of the Pony Express, in five days and twenty-two hours. The interest which this extraordinary feat must at any other time have aroused was lost sight of in the more startling intelligence which the Pony carried across the continent with the velocity of a swift-moving train.

While this message was being heralded all the way up the grade, from Carson to Gold Hill, Silver City and Virginia City, two young men, who upon a brief acquaintance had become friendly and intimate (one from the Southern States and the other from the North), were sitting together at the base of Mount Davidson enjoying a commanding view of the picturesque camp below and of the plains and desert beyond.

Virginia City at that time consisted for the greater part of one main street, on either side of which was a row of cabins made of cloth stretched over frames of rough and unhewed timbers, with now and then a more pretentious building, constructed entirely of undressed boards set upright and battened to keep out the chilling blasts of that mountain region. The place represented in its general

appearance what it was in fact, a typical mining camp of the Wild West of that early period. Slight evidences of a more advanced civilization were now and then seen, such as a burying ground, set apart though not fenced, and, according to tradition, its only occupants up to that time were men who had been either shot or stabbed to death.

The summer of 1860, the period from which this writing is taken, the group of mines on the great Comstock Lode—the Virginia, the Gould and Curry, the Ophir and the Savage (mines whose fabulous wealth was soon to astonish the world)—were little more than prospects. There being as yet very inadequate means in the country for reducing the ore, it had accumulated on the dumps in large quantities, and the writer found his first employment after reaching Virginia City assorting and shoveling ore into piles on the dumps according to grade, receiving $4.00 a day as compensation for his labor; and later sold on the streets for twenty-five cents each, all the way from Virginia to Gold Hill and Silver City, copies of the first issue of the *Virginia City Enterprise.*

Every pound of food for man or beast, and every article of utility, including machinery for stamp and sawmill purposes, powder, blankets and clothing, had all to be conveyed from California on the backs of mules, across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, over rough and dangerous trails on which the lives of both men and animals were often sacrificed. A heavy pack, striking a jutting rock on one side of the trail, would sometimes throw the mule out of balance down into the canyon on the opposite side, hundreds of feet below. In an emergency like this no attempt even was made to recover the pack, the mule being dead beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Many men whose names have since become famous in

mining circles and in the development of the West walked the streets of Virginia at that time in gum boots and clad in the plain garb of the every-day miner. Mackay, Floyd, Fair and O'Brien were then on the bottom round of the financial ladder upon which they afterward ascended like a rocket, outstripping the dreams of avarice.

The Territory of Nevada was just being formed from a part of Utah, and the writer had the privilege of listening to the inaugural address of General Nye, of New York, the first Territorial Governor, delivered at Carson City in the early summer of 1861. Judge Terry, a Southern leader and a man of great force of character, having already become notorious in the politics of California, and as the slayer of Senator Broderick in a duel fought on political grounds, undertook clandestinely to carry the new Territory into the slave-holding ranks, but his scheme was discovered and defeated through the efforts of loyal and patriotic men, and Nevada was thus saved to the Union.

In the literary world Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and others drew their early inspiration from the heights of the Sierras near the spot and amidst the scenes of which we now write.

No matter how well or peaceably disposed the great mass of miners and prospectors may have been at that time, the gambling house and saloon was the only place where they could assemble evenings during their leisure hours to exchange gossip concerning the latest "discovery" and discuss the topics of the day. The gambling houses were generally made of cloth, through the walls of which a pistol shot would pass without impediment of speed, finding its way into the street and thus endangering the life and limb of the innocent bystander or passing pedestrian. So one's protection was about as well assured within the

gambling house as on the outside. Twenty-dollar gold pieces were the chips generally used in the numerous games going on around the room, and when fifteen or twenty tables were in operation at one time the clink of gold coin at the tables and of glasses at the bar could be heard above the din of voices and the shuffle of feet. Whenever a shot was heard on the streets or elsewhere the people paused in instant dread, for no one discharged a gun in Virginia City at that time except it be with deadly intent and purpose.

The whole side of the mountain and plateau surrounding the city was honeycombed with prospect holes and shafts ranging from ten to two hundred and fifty feet in depth. These being open and unguarded, accidents from their exposed positions frequently occurred. A peculiar instance of this character is recalled. An old habitue of the saloon and a familiar figure on the street had been three days missing from his accustomed haunts. A search being made, his hat was found at the bottom of a forty-foot shaft. Into this, by the aid of a windlass, one of a searching party was lowered, but further than the hat no evidence of the missing man was anywhere to be seen. But, prosecuting the search further, the sound of deep and labored breathing was heard. Astonished and somewhat alarmed at hearing strange noises so far beneath the ground, where no trace of any living thing was evident, the affair began to take on the appearance of a mystery as deep, perhaps, as the shaft itself. Continuing the investigation, however, a drift was discovered, at the farther end of which the object of the search was found. The stifling air of the drift was redolent with the fumes of whisky, and an empty jug, hugged close to the side of the prostrate man, in mute eloquence told the story of his thraldom.

It appears that on his way home, after a round-up of the saloons, he had lucklessly fallen into the shaft, carrying with him to the bottom a jug of whisky, his sole and only solace and companion, whether lying prone in his lonely cabin or helpless at the bottom of a forty-foot shaft. Not having been killed by the fall, he had crawled into the drift, and there managed to keep up his spirits until the contents of the jug was exhausted, and then with meek resignation quietly awaited developments. By the aid of the windlass he was lifted out to the open air, and after imbibing a couple of additional drinks which were kindly offered, he walked unaided to his cabin.

Some time after this occurrence a man on horseback rode into a shaft two hundred feet deep, and the dead bodies of both rider and horse were found at the bottom some weeks thereafter.

Probably no city in the Union founded within the last half century has contributed so much in actual wealth or furnished such interesting data to be woven into the history of that stirring period as Virginia City, Nevada. Many of the men who, a little later, expended their energies and lavished their wealth in making San Francisco and California great and prosperous drew their capital from the base of Mount Davidson, the estimated output of the Comstock Lode amounting to the fabulous sum of $750,000,000.

The mirage out on the desert had been unusually attractive and brilliant, and the two young men introduced at the beginning of this chapter had been watching this phenomenon and exchanging views upon its appearance and the impressions it had made upon their minds; for Virginia City, it should be remembered, was favored with the most wonderful of these exhibitions in nature. The decision reached was that a battle in actual progress had

been represented. As remembered now, the view was a fair reproduction of the moving pictures on canvas, as seen at the present day. The vision was realistic. The smoke of battle was there; "the steed, the mustering squadron and the clattering car" were as plainly visible as when, a few days earlier, they had been seen and heard on the plains of Manassas, three thousand miles away, in the first great conflict of the Civil War. The two friends little dreamed at the time that war between the States had actually begun.

But just at this moment both young men were startled by the cry of a carrier with a bundle of papers—an extra of the *Virginia City Enterprise*—shouting as he ran: "The first great battle of the Rebellion fought at Bull Run, Virginia! Union troops defeated and in retreat!"

While war seemed inevitable and a collision between the opposing forces not altogether unlooked for (before this we had had no direct information from the East for many weeks), this news came upon the writer like a crushing blow, and by it a feeling of patriotic pride was aroused, and a sense of the deep obligation every citizen is under to his country was awakened; and while giving audible expression to these sentiments he had also determined, at the first opportunity, to take up the gage of battle in the pending struggle for the preservation of the Union.

The Southern man with equal promptness expressed a like sentiment, but in an opposite direction. He would return to his home in Louisiana and there enter the lists in behalf of his native South. These opposing views, though warmly expressed, in no manner changed the friendly and amicable relations existing between the two young men.

We now bid farewell to the West of ante bellum days, to

the plains, to the Pony and the Pony riders, for their memory is to be preserved in bronze and marble and with the painter's brush; and, trusting these have all proved worthy of the space awarded them, we take up the long journey to the Atlantic seaboard and the

THEATER OF WAR.

From Carson westward the Sierras rise abruptly, the California stage taking a zigzag course along the mountain side a distance of ten or twelve miles to the summit or highest point reached by the road.

On a fine morning early in August I boarded this stage at Carson—my ultimate destination being San Francisco and the East, by way of Panama. This route over the Sierras was made famous by Horace Greeley only the year before in the account given by him of the wild and precipitous stage ride he took down the western slope of the Sierras with the redoubtable "Hank" Monk as driver.

The ascent from Carson to the summit was slow and tedious enough, the timber and dense undergrowth often shutting out the view, and passengers, getting tired of the heavy drag up the grade, often left their seats, and by a much more direct route over a trail reached the summit and the intersection of the road ahead of the stage. Mr. Greeley, it seems, not aware of this "cut-off," became impatient of the slow progress being made, and so complained to the driver, whom he had already "tipped" with a twenty-dollar gold piece—he being especially anxious to reach Placerville that night, where he had an engagement to speak. But for more than an hour the six magnificent gray horses attached to the coach (especially selected for the trip) moved at a provokingly moderate jog, seldom faster

than a walk. Mr. Greeley, anxious to end the journey and fearing to miss his appointment, did not hesitate to make his impatience at this seeming delay audibly manifest. He was assured, however, that the ground would be covered in due time, and that there was no occasion for worry. But this assurance did not seem altogether satisfying, and the nervousness of the distinguished passenger increased as time and distance wore slowly away.

At length the summit was reached, and here, as if to add fuel to the flames, a halt was made for a breathing spell and to water the grays. At this delay Mr. Greeley is said to have broken forth in some choice expletives that have not been made a matter of record. Finally, at the cry of "All aboard!" the driver sprang into the box, and, drawing up the reins, threw the "silken braid" swishing through the air, emitting loud reports like the fire of musketry on the skirmish line. In response to this the grays, now fresh and champing the bit, sprang off down the western slope of the Sierras at a rate of speed that soon changed Mr. Greeley's thoughts from his late appointment into new and altogether different channels.

The grade, narrow at all times, in places had been washed away by recent rains, leaving deep gulches, into which the stage plunged and rebounded like a rudderless bark in a tempest-tossed sea, making it extremely difficult for a passenger to remain in anything like a dignified or recumbent position. In one of these sudden lurches Mr. Greeley was thrown from a seat in the rear to the front of the coach, where he saved himself from an immediate retrograde movement by clinging frantically to a strap.

Forgetful of his appointment, and now thoroughly alarmed, he thrust his head out of the coach and shouted to the driver to exercise great caution and slacken his speed.

But Monk, with the assurance of a master hand and greatly enjoying the discomfiture of his "tenderfoot" passenger, replied: "Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley; there is no occasion for alarm. I will see you safely landed in Placerville on schedule time," and under the stimulus of a resounding crack of the whip the grays forged ahead with renewed energy. Down the steep and narrow passage, with boulders a thousand tons in weight hanging threateningly overhead on one hand, while on the other, around sharp curves, the coach ran on two wheels along the brink of yawning chasms a hundred fathoms deep. To use the vernacular of the period, the situation soon became sufficiently alarming to "raise the hair on a bald head," especially if it be one unaccustomed to mountain roads and the mode of travel peculiar to that time and place. Mr. Greeley, alarmed for his life, and hopeless so far as any abatement of speed was looked for, clung grimly to the straps, and with Christian resignation awaited the final overthrow of the coach, which he now believed would be the inevitable outcome. At length, however, descending from the barren, snow-clad summit of the Sierras into the timber belt below, the projecting limbs of the giant cedars along the track presented a fresh source of alarm, threatening to rake off the entire top of the coach as it swayed and lurched from one side of the road to the other in its headlong downward passage.

With smoking nostrils and flaming flanks, the grays are suddenly brought to a stand in front of a relay station, where a rapid change of horses is made, but not of drivers. Casting about during the brief respite given here, Mr. Greeley ascertained the fact that the coach had dropped three thousand feet in coming a distance of twelve miles, and that the ground had been covered in fifty-five minutes.

The remainder of the journey was uneventful until about three miles out the stage met a large number of citizens in carriages, headed by the Mayor, who had come to escort Mr. Greeley into Placerville, but Monk had given his word to carry the distinguished passenger safely through to the end of the route, and, having accepted a valuable tip as an earnest of good faith, could not afford at this stage of the proceedings to hazard his reputation; so, completely ignoring the delegation, and never making a halt, he drove on at full speed clear into the city.

Like Mr. Greeley, I had become impatient in making this ascent and took the "cut-off" as above described. Among my fellow-passengers was a man who had been pointed out on the streets of Virginia City as a gambler and desperado, having already, though not of middle age, several "notches" cut in the stock of his revolver. The trail taken led through dense thickets, in places entirely out of sight and hearing of the stage or the road, and when fairly out of hailing distance from all others who should come up behind me on the trail but the "bad man" from Virginia City. He was armed to the teeth, and, as it appeared to me, a very ugly looking fellow; and the fact that I was wearing a buckskin shirt that contained about $800 in gold coin, carefully sewed up in rows, did not act as a sedative upon my nerves.

We were entirely alone—he being in the rear where we were compelled to walk by file—and, of course, it occurred to me this desperate man might take a notion to demand the immediate surrender of my money, or to arrive at it in some more direct manner. We worked our way along up the trail, very little being said; but meantime I took furtive glances over my shoulder to see if any preparations for carrying out such a purpose were openly evident.

The route was difficult, the weather warm, and the perspiration that poured off my back and ran down the trail was in much greater volume than I had ever experienced before.

At last, reaching a broad flat rock where there was room for two, we sat down and a conversation ensued, in the progress of which my traveling compatriot volunteered the information that he owned a saloon and gambling house in Virginia City and another in Placerville, the terminus of the stage line. But before moving on he gave me a nervous shock of an altogether different character by asking the loan of ten dollars. Whether this was a pretext for getting me to expose my purse, thereby making it a little more easy of access, I could not tell; but remembering "the Lord loves a cheerful giver," and thus making a "virtue of a necessity," I handed over the ten dollars without hesitation and with as much "cheerfulness" as I could command under the circumstances. Whether the promptness with which I separated from my coin had any effect upon the consciousness of my new-found friend must be left to further developments. At any rate, a sensation of relief was felt when, soon after, we reached the junction of the road and there met the stage.

Before reaching our destination we had become quite intimate, he sharing with me on the way the greater portion of the ten dollars borrowed in lunches, cigars, etc., etc. On disembarking at Placerville I was not altogether surprised to see the "bad man" greeted on every hand and hailed as a good fellow by every one he met. Aside from returning promptly the ten dollars borrowed, he did not allow me to spend a cent for any purpose while I remained in the city, and our final separation the next morning was one of apparent regret to both.

Reaching San Francisco by boat direct from Sacramento on the evening of August 6th, a cold wind with a fog sweeping up the bay (whereas the weather in Sacramento had been intensely hot) chilled all the passengers to the marrow.

San Francisco, with a population of about 50,000, was then just entering upon the period of its greatest prosperity. Aside from the rich products of the mines of California, the wealth that soon came pouring in from the Comstock Lode was centered here; a ceaseless flood of emigration had set in across the plains, while two endless chains of white sails—one coming and one going—choked up the passage of the Golden Gate, filling the great bay and enriching San Francisco with the commerce of the world.

Taking advantage of the first vessel to sail, on the 11th of August I took passage for Panama on

"THE OLD SONORA."

This was said to have been the first passenger steamship to reach the California coast by the way of Cape Horn. It was a surprise to me and a pleasure as well on going aboard to find Lanier, my Southern friend and former associate of Virginia City, who had also engaged a passage and was about to embark on the journey to New Orleans by the way of Panama; and, though our objects in life were so widely at variance, we were still to be friends and companions.

Among the passengers, men largely predominated, mostly fortune-seekers returning to the States after having braved the dangers and hardships of the plains or the long journey by water around the Horn, and buffeting with fortune with

varying degrees of success for months or years in the new Eldorado. Out of the seven or eight hundred passengers of the class above described, a very limited number had "struck it rich" and amassed a competency for those early times, while a few, like myself, had saved a few hundred dollars; the great mass, however, were as destitute as when they reached the coast, being barely able to pay for a return passage in the steerage. But rich or poor, and disappointed though many had been, all were happy now in anticipation of soon reaching home, there to meet the loved ones waiting with open arms to receive them.

For the fifteen days en route for Panama the weather was delightful, and the fact that Confederate cruisers were already sweeping both oceans kept up a lively interest among the passengers, alert in anticipation of some adventure of a warlike character. On a long voyage at sea, to watch for passing sails becomes an all-engrossing pastime under the most ordinary conditions, but with the Sonora's passengers every species of craft seen in the distance took on an added significance and aroused the curiosity of all on board.

In the bow of our steamer was a very large gun, and, although rusty and unserviceable for any belligerent purpose, to the unpracticed eye it looked formidable enough. Besides, we had with us, as freight en route for the East, a large supply of muskets and ammunition that had been brought to the Pacific Coast to meet the emergency of the war threatened at Salt Lake. As an escort for all this Government property—and what also afforded a good deal of satisfaction, in case of being overhauled by a Confederate cruiser—there was on board a small company of United States soldiers. Being thus equipped, it was believed in our innocent hearts we would be able to man

the big gun, and, with a loaded musket in the hands of every warlike passenger, the Sonora could successfully resist any force the enemy could send against her.

We had already had several little scares, and the interest in imaginary privateers continued unabated until one fine morning when off Acapulco a sail on our port bow was sighted by the lookout. She was square rigged forward, "rakish" looking, and upon closer inspection the fact soon became apparent that "she" was a man-of-war. Our officers, if they in any way recognized the stranger, were non-committal, and the excitement on board the Sonora, already great, reached a climax when a little later a thick cloud of smoke burst from the side of the strange ship, to be followed almost instantly by the report of a gun that came booming across the intervening water, a distance of a mile or more.

Among the lady passengers, now huddled together in little groups on both decks, "there was whispering with white lips, 'The foe, they come, they come!'" For my own part I calmly awaited developments with as much composure as possible.

Our big gun, which up to this time had lain on the main deck like a sleeping lion, after being loaded with a blank charge of powder, was run out, and belched forth an answer to the challenge just received; and at the same instant the stars and stripes were displayed from the masthead of the Sonora. Whereupon the stranger, first letting go her sheets, hove to, and in turn ran up the national colors. It proved to be an American frigate carrying six guns on a side and about three hundred sailors and marines, at that time cruising off the coast of Mexico and Central America. They were short of provisions and had hailed for the purpose of procuring an additional supply.

Yielding to this request, the Sonora stood by until the required necessaries had been transferred to the deck of the frigate. This was done by means of a lighter or small open boat, and occupied not more than an hour's time, at the end of which both vessels proceeded on their course. When about a mile apart the masts and spars of the frigate were seen to be filled with sailors, looking, at that distance, like a swarm of ants running up the rigging. They were barely visible, and as they swung caps in the air there came to our ears in a faint murmur the regulation three cheers—"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

A sensation of relief was felt among the passengers generally at the outcome of this little episode, but there was one down deep in whose heart a hope had found lodgment from the first that the strange ship, with her grinning broadsides, would prove to be a Confederate cruiser. That one was my friend and companion, and the only Southerner on board with whom I became acquainted.

Of course, in our intimacy the causes leading up to the rebellion were never discussed, and neither was in the habit of boasting of his ability to whip, single-handed and alone, five of the other fellows; but the warm friendship that sprang up between us has always appealed to me as the best reason why the two sections should never have gone to war. For were we not of the same race and blood, trained in the same chivalric school and imbued with the same spirit of liberty, justice and humanity; in short, a people of a common destiny to be worked out under one flag and one constitution? The capture of the Sonora and the confiscation of her cargo by a Confederate cruiser would have given my friend an opportunity to embark at once in a cause already dear to his heart, and which, from his standpoint, was as patriotic and just as that which

impelled me to travel six thousand miles for an opportunity to join the lists in defense of the Union and the flag.

The aspirations that moved the one no doubt were identical with the spirit that animated the breast of the other, but at the same time one must have been right and the other wrong, and friends and brothers though we were, the differences between the sections could only be adjusted through the arbitrament of the sword.

A burial at sea is looked upon with superstitious dread by sailors generally, and the most indifferent observer can but be more or less affected by that most melancholy of ceremonies; but when a young man or boy, among strangers thousands of miles from home, sees the remains of an only friend and companion of a long voyage weighted with old iron and sunk out of sight into the dark waters, the impression made is likely to be a lasting one. The thousands that go down annually, victims of old ocean's maw, are the evidences of her infinite capacity to engulf and destroy; and what other means are there by which the remains of mortal man can be so effectually disposed of and blotted from earth and from memory as through consignment to the fathomless deep.

Being steerage passengers, the meat on which we fed was not of that savory and vitalizing kind that was thought to have contributed so much to the greatness of Julius Cæsar, and a slight indisposition of which Lanier occasionally complained was believed to be nothing more than a temporary indigestion. Cheerful and buoyant as he was at all times, I little dreamed my friend was so soon to be stricken with a fatal malady. But one evening about 9 o'clock, while walking the main deck in the full enjoyment of a semi-tropical night, he was seized with a vertigo and

came near falling to the deck. Running to his side, I assisted him to a seat, and at once sought the ship's surgeon. There was some delay, however, as that functionary had already retired for the night, and when aroused he seemed indignant there should be any intimation that haste was necessary. But what added most to my surprise was to find in the ship's surgeon a boyish-looking fellow whom I recognized at once as a former school friend from Michigan—Dr. Sam. Whittemore. The incident going to show, even in that period of inadequate means of rapid communication, that the world was not very large.

At last we reached the place where I had left my friend but a few minutes before, and found him lying apparently lifeless on the deck. A few rough sailors with blanched faces were standing near, and a hasty examination by the physician, aided by the dim light of a lantern, soon disclosed the fact that Lanier had already passed to that bourn beyond the reach of war's loud alarms. What mattered the cause of the Confederacy to him now; where was the spirit that animated his breast but a few moments before; and was this to be the fate of his beloved South? These and a thousand thoughts passed quickly in review. But there was little time given for reflection here. Without an autopsy or any investigation as to the cause of death, further than the oral statement made by the surgeon, the corpse was sewed up in coarse gunny cloth, lashed to a plank (having heavy weights attached to the feet), and there left for the remainder of the night, the mate announcing at the same time that final disposition of the body would be made at sunrise.

At that early hour a few sailors and passengers of the steerage had assembled, and just as the sun, like a blaze of fire, rose out of the water to light up the melancholy

scene, the ship's machinery was stopped and the ponderous "walking-beams" lay idle. By order of the first officer the body was carried out and laid on the wheel house, with feet toward the stern of the ship, when the mate, with bared head and in a subdued voice, read a short prayer and a verse from the Bible, closing, not with "Earth to earth and dust to dust," but with that other passage holding out a hope for the time to come, when "the sea shall give up the dead which are in it." This ceremony ended, a sailor lifted the head of the plank, and sliding over feet foremost, the corpse disappeared; and,

"For a moment like a drop of rain
Sank into the depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

The great walking-beams were again in motion, the wheels began to turn, churning the dark waters into an angry foam; the ship moved on, and the sailors, with a "heave ho, hio," returned to their accustomed tasks.

Many times it occurred to me after Lanier's death, and during the four years of bloody war that followed, how easy it would have been at the beginning, had the people of the North and South known each other as he and I, to have settled their differences.

At Acapulco we anchored for a day beside two foreign ships of war and one American. Of the many harbors it has been the good fortune of the writer to visit, that of Acapulco seems to be the most complete. Beginning with a narrow entrance of ample depth, the harbor, shaped like a bowl, with no jutting rocks or promontories to interfere or mar its symmetry, is surrounded by high walls, making it a place of delight to look upon, and safe retreat for vessels of every class.

The city lies in amphitheater shape; the streets in terraces rise one above another in semi-circles to a height of several hundred feet. A sleepy Mexican town in those days, to be sure, but a situation of great natural beauty, with a climate unsurpassed.

The passengers were entertained here with swimming exhibitions by natives, who take to the water and live in it as naturally as a duck. The waters are transparent to a great depth, and coins or other valuables thrown in can be seen descending in a zigzag course till the bottom is reached. But these trophies, when thrown in, were invariably recovered and brought out by the native divers, who swarmed after them like a shoal of minnows after a luckless fly that accidentally strikes the smooth surface of the water.

An exhibition of another character was afforded here that proved more exciting than any other incident of the voyage, save only that of the Confederate cruiser that proved to be an American man-of-war. A number of beeves were taken on board alive to be slaughtered as the appetites of the seven or eight hundred passengers seemed to demand. They were of the lean, long-horned and hungry sort common to Mexico, and pretty active on foot. Three or four of this kind were "trolled" out to the ship, where, by means of a tackle and pulley attached to the horns, they were drawn up bodily, a distance of twenty or thirty feet, to the main deck, and there secured in stalls. The operation altogether, though novel, was a gruesome one. The weight of the animal suspended by the horns caused the eyes to sink in their sockets out of sight, and on being restored to their feet they seemed blinded and stupefied, generally having to be forced into their stanchions.

While suspended in mid-air their limbs were limp and motionless; but one fellow rebelled and struggled to free himself, and when at last he reached his feet again and the pulley was thrown off, he shook his head, snorting viciously a couple of times, and then started off across the deck with a mad rush. A good many passengers had gathered around, and right into their midst the bull plunged, throwing his horns to the right and left, without regard for the social status of any—whether those from the cabin, who were entitled to the first cut off the loin, or those of the steerage, who were glad enough to get steaks off the shoulder and neck.

The panic caused by this movement was universal throughout the main deck. Passengers, the ship's officers and sailors alike, climbed upon the bulwarks and out on the yardarms to escape the infuriated beast. Having demolished the chicken coop, the bull at last landed in the hog pen, where he was roped and "hauled taut" by the sailors, who secured him with a "half hitch" between the stanchions.

At Panama were found three more ships with grinning broadsides, one English, one French and one Spanish. The presence of these ships hovering near our shores had to me even then an ominous significance, and, though young, I believed the great powers had sent them to keep watch along our borders like birds of prey, ready to gather up the dismembered fragments when the final dissolution of the Union should come. Indeed, the progress of the war soon disclosed the fact that every civilized Government of Europe and the Old World was against us, save only one.

But one ruler sent his ships to our shores in those darkest days of our national existence with a friendly and

sympathetic message, and that was the Great White Czar, Alexander II of Russia. In those days, at least, in anything like an international imbroglio Russia was a power that must be reckoned with; and the sending by that Government of two powerful fleets of battleships, one to San Francisco and one to New York, under sealed orders, was interpreted by France and England to mean just this: "Keep hands off in the contest now going on in the United States for the supremacy of the Union, for the day that you officially recognize the so-called Southern Confederacy as an independent belligerent power, that day Russia's ships of war will be placed at the disposal of the American Government."

That any man who periled his life in defense of his country in that great struggle should, at a later period, turn his sympathy away from and his hand against Russia in the dark hour of her adversity cannot well be regarded in any other light than that of the grossest ingratitude, no matter what may have been Russia's faults in the government of her own people or her attitude toward neighboring powers.

Ships of the larger class on reaching Panama are obliged, on account of shallow water, to anchor a distance of three miles out, near the Island of Pireco. A ship larger than eighty tons burden cannot get closer to the landing than two miles out. From this point passengers are conveyed in small, open boats until more shallow water is reached, and thence on the backs of half-clad natives to the landing.

Panama was strongly fortified and a large cathedral erected as early as 1760; but these, like every other mark of Spain's early enterprises in the Western Hemisphere, have gone to decay. Entering the streets of Panama, a

noticeable feature at that time was the native soldier or gendarme serving as police, barefooted and coatless, lounging on dry goods boxes, with guns leaning up against the nearest wall. A travesty on the name of "soldier." Compared with this fellow, the "hay-foot, straw-foot" recruit of our Civil War was a paragon.

A delay of twelve hours in Panama and we cross the Isthmus to Aspinwall (now Colon), and there remain three days, awaiting reshipment of Government arms and other freight included in our lists before taking passage for New York. Many of the houses in Aspinwall are provided with commodious balconies, in which the inhabitants live and sleep a great portion of the time.

On being escorted to my room at a hotel by a young boy carrying a candle, I found a large bed of the seventeenth century pattern covered with a canopy and enclosed on all sides with a heavy mosquito netting, a single sheet of linen constituting the only covering. The boy, after opening the bed, lifted the pillows and looked along the wall as if in search of some object of special concern. This suggesting the possibility of the bed being already occupied by "natives" that are so often encountered in more civilized communities and in all climates, I innocently asked if he was looking for "bugs" of any kind. "No," he said, "no buggy—scorpion!" Learning that he was only looking for scorpions, I retired for the night, but not to sleep very soundly, for often during the lonely hours before the blessed dawn came to my relief I arose to renew the search for scorpions.

Taking passage on the steamship

THE NORTHERN LIGHT,

Captain Tinklepau, master, we passed through the Caribbean Sea and within sight of a number of the West Indies Islands, the nervous anxiety felt by all on account of possible interference by Confederate privateers was never abated.

While on the Isthmus many of the steerage passengers had secured parrots, monkeys and other birds and animals to take to their homes for household pets. These were kept in cages down on the main deck, where every morning there was to be seen quite a menagerie of these interesting little natural specimens of the tropics. Outside the ship and just forward of the wheelhouse was a large washstand securely railed in, where the passengers, many of them foreigners, performed their ablutions and gave their pets a bath. The cabin passengers were in the habit of gathering around to witness this curious exhibition, and one morning in rough weather, when the sea was running high, a passenger who had a large cage containing several birds of brilliant and variegated plumage, having risen quite late, came on deck with matted hair and only partly dressed, and, without taking an observation of the weather, seized his cage of birds and rushed out to the washstand to give his pets a bath. But just at this moment a tremendous sea rolled in, breaking in front of the wheelhouse, and in a resistless torrent swept clear over the deck. The unlucky passenger seized the railing, and with great difficulty held on, but the cage, with its burden of pets, was carried off on the crest of the wave and soon sank out of sight. The man, fortunate in not being carried away with his birds, with a look of deep disappointment, and gesticulating in

the direction the birds had gone, called out: "Zee leetle bird he go to be ze sailor, I d'know, or he mak ze leetle fish his break."

When off Cape Hatteras we encountered a violent storm that raged for a day and a night, threatening to engulf the ship and send her to the bottom; and in the midst of this my reflections were not so much of the dangers confronting us as upon the loss of a dear brother who, only two years before, went down in these same waters, never to rise again.

The anxiety felt by returning passengers a long time absent in a foreign land, to leave the ship that has carried them safely over, and once more set foot on native soil, has been the experience of many; but to one whose country is in the throes of a bloody war, the outcome of which must of necessity be a matter of conjecture, anxiety becomes a burden and the feeling one that is difficult to describe. This was the experience of many passengers on board the Northern Light as she neared New York harbor the middle of September, 1861.

It seemed that the delays of quarantine and custom-house inspection would never end, and on going ashore at last, an atmosphere as of some pending calamity seemed to prevail. The body of General Lyon, who was killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek the 10th of August, one of the first officers of distinguished rank to fall in defense of the Union, had just arrived, and preparations were being made for burial with civic and military honors. Flags were at half-mast, public buildings draped in mourning, and through the rush and turmoil of a great city, a general feeling of depression was manifested.

It seems that at almost every turn of the long journey from Virginia City, Nevada, to New York by the way of

San Francisco, Panama and Aspinwall, circumstances had combined to fasten attention upon the distressing condition into which the country had fallen and to increase patriotic ardor. It is frankly admitted that up to this time the spirit of adventure had entered largely into the motives that impelled me to undertake other enterprises, but a higher sense of duty was fast setting in, and I resolved, after making a brief visit to my mother and friends, to venture at once upon the uncertain sea of war.

But, as in case of many others moved by a like impulse, my mother was a widow, and owing to her influence and other ties, I was induced to remain at home; and, to meet necessities, as on a former occasion, engaged in the more prosaic and peaceful occupation of teacher of a public school. This was a great falling off from the height of my original ambition, but the opportunity was improved and my desires satisfied for the time by the introduction of, and repeating in tableau form for public exhibition, many of the events then transpiring at the front; such as, "The Assassination of Elsworth, the Confederate Spy," and other scenes calculated to increase patriotic ardor and arouse the war spirit. Representations of this character required the donning of uniforms and the presentation on the stage of old muskets and rusty sabers, the heirlooms of a century gone by; and this mimic warfare, so popular at the time, seemed a fitting prelude to the real drama in which so many were to act a part later on.

It is no disparagement to any other class of enlistments to say in this connection that sixty-five per cent. of the 2,500,000 men who took up arms in defense of the Union were country and village raised boys, not yet out of their "teens;" and it was in this class that the calamities of the war struck home with the greatest force.

On the arrival of each daily mail at the country village there were gatherings of the people at the corner store, which was also the post office, to hear the news from the front, and to read or listen to the reading of such letters as may have been received from the soldier boys. Not many were able to subscribe for a daily paper; in fact, but few were printed in those days, and generally not more than one in a village or country precinct. The fortunate possessor of this, however, generous and public-spirited, would read, for the benefit of all, the details of the latest battle; or, from the number assembled, a reader would be called for that purpose, and often the teacher or the village pastor responded. In these gatherings women with pale and anxious faces predominated; and not infrequently a shrill cry or wail breaking in upon the attentive listeners told the oft-repeated story that hope had suddenly gone out of some poor mother's heart, as she heard the name of her boy read out in the long list of the killed and wounded.

For four long years the nation mourned and the burden of sorrow increased, while billions of treasure were poured out and, meantime, 500,000 of the best young blood of the land went down to a glorious death.

In this struggle my mother had little to offer save only a loyal heart and her boys, and before the war ended

SIX OF US ENLISTED.

Aside from my own brother, four cousins who were left orphans some years before the breaking out of hostilities, having to look to my mother as their guardian, became members of the family, and the six grew up as brothers, and all went into the army. All but one enlisted in the

ranks; the eldest at the age of thirty, and the youngest at thirteen.

Before peace was declared four of them became commissioned officers, as follows:

Captain John H. Wells, 25th Mich. Infantry.

Captain Chas. H. Wells, 38th Ill. Infantry.

Captain Almond B. Wells, 1st Nev. Cavalry.

Captain James M. Wells, 8th Mich. Cavalry.

Sergt. William S. Wells, 8th Mich. Cavalry.

Drummer boy Elmer E. Wells, 25th Mich. Infantry (age thirteen).

Three of the number were prisoners of war, and three were wounded; but all survived and returned to civil life but one, Captain Almond B. Wells, who, after peace was declared, went into the Regular Army, and at this writing is retired on account of age, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

Of all the sacrifices which a successful prosecution of the war entailed upon the country, that of raising men to bear arms weighed heaviest. It is surprising to learn from the official records of the Adjutant-General's Office, War Department, that 2,431,770 men were enrolled in the nation's defense. These, however, were not all called to the front, many thousands having seen very little service beyond the routine duty of a military camp or rendezvous for training purposes. But they enlisted in good faith, left their homes, and the avenues of industry formerly occupied by them were left vacant.

With this heavy drain upon the country's industrial wealth, to say nothing of the desolation brought upon thousands of hitherto happy homes, it was in time found to be impossible to keep up the decimated ranks of the army by volunteer enlistments, and so on the 3d day of

May, 1863, Congress passed what was known as the "Conscript Bill," making every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years liable for military duty, wherever and whenever called upon to serve. On the 1st of April that law went into effect.

The delinquent States, counties and municipalities, in order to fill the quota of troops demanded, offered large sums of money for able-bodied men to volunteer, and when this means failed, the "Draft" was applied, unrelenting in its scope and purpose; and, like the ill-omened bird, when men of wealth, of luxury and ease heard the flutter of its wings, there was consternation and mourning in Israel such as never had been felt before. The thought of leaving their cushioned chairs, luxuriant offices and beds of down, to don a coarse uniform and occupy a barrack for a long and tedious course of drill, living on the prescribed ration of bacon and hard-tack, was bad enough; but add to these disagreeable features the probability of being soon compelled to expose their tender bodies as targets for the enemy's shot and shell, and consternation in some quarters assumed the proportions of a panic.

Provost marshals and secret agents of the Government were stationed everywhere to enforce the draft and to see that no guilty men escaped. A rule of proscription and surveillance was inaugurated irksome as martial law itself. But in this case, as in most others, the law was so framed as to allow the rich an avenue of escape. The "drafted" man who was able to do so could hire a "substitute" to go and fight in his place, and so the original suffered the dangers and hardships of war by proxy only. Whether any of this class ever reached the point of suffering wounds or death, even by proxy, is doubtful, for the "substitute," generally speaking, made no better

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soldier than his principal would have done had he been forced into the ranks.

Against all this, and opposed to the prosecution of the war under any pretext whatever, there was a very strong feeling existing in all the Northern States. Meantime, and what added materially to the ranks of this number, the contest was going vigorously on; new levies of troops were being made; and almost every battle of any considerable importance thus far, had resulted more or less disastrously to the Union troops. Many of the timid and disgruntled (for reasons best known to themselves) fled to Canada; while others sought a safe retreat and a life "close to nature" in the mountain fastnesses of the Wild West.

Others doubtless timid and opposed to the war on principle, yet dominated by a spirit of national pride so far as the integrity of the States and the honor of the flag is concerned, either volunteered, or, when the draft came, "took their medicine" and went to the front, making good soldiers.

But there was another class which the exigencies of the time brought to the surface, whose history is unique and little understood at the present time. The greenback, the currency of the war period, had come into general circulation, and money was "flush," to use a current phrase, and the large bounties offered for substitutes aroused the cupidity of a class of vampires, barnacles and vagabonds generally, that came to be known, classified and distinguished from all others as

BOUNTY JUMPERS.

Many of these had already "served time" in the penitentiaries for various offences ranging from murder and robbery down to petty larceny; and all were conscienceless rogues or criminals of the lowest type. Coming mainly from the large cities of the Northern States and Canada they engaged in a system of enlistments for the sake of the bounties, and when opportunity offered, deserted and escaped to other States or cities, and there, under assumed names and otherwise disguised, repeated the operation, until in some cases quite a fortune had been accumulated.

A true estimate of the vagabondage which the army called together may be formed when it is known that 170,316 desertions took place during the war, and that of this number 187 were commissioned officers. New York alone furnished 35,999 of the total number of deserters, but her percentage of desertions, owing to the greater number of her large cities, was greater than that of any other State.

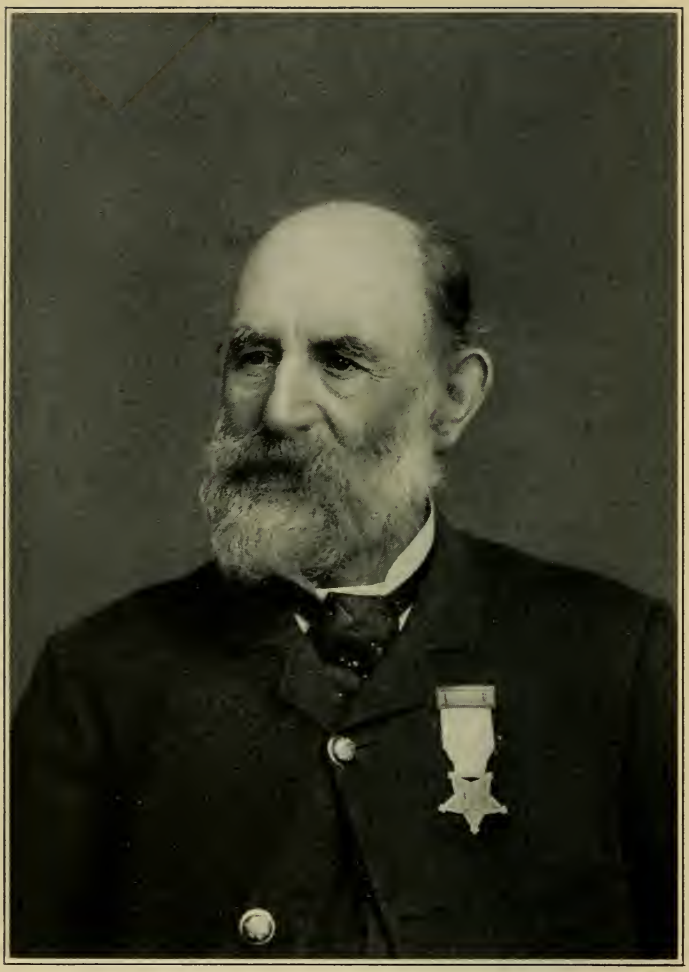
The city of Detroit, of easy access to the Canadian border, offered an inviting field for this class of enlistments, and it is not surprising that disciplined troops had to be called in to aid the authorities in holding them in leash in strong barracks erected for the purpose, until such a time as they could be shipped in carload lots to Governors Island, and from there to the Department of the Gulf where opportunities for desertion and escape to the Northern States or to Canada were reduced to the minimum; for, to seek an asylum anywhere in the Confederacy would be like jumping from the frying pan into the fire; the Confederate Government had no more use

for sneaks and deserters than our own, and the punishment they inflicted for such offences was much more swift and terrible.

In some localities the amount paid for substitutes and the different bounties offered ran up into the four figures mark; but it is only justice to state that many from the States and Canada as well, attracted by this large sum of money, enlisted in good faith, determined to take the hazards of war if only assured of a comfortable support for their families meantime.

At Detroit, barracks were erected and headquarters established for the care and safe keeping of substitutes and all that class of involuntary enlistments, until such time as they could be forwarded to the front; and the winter of 1862-3 Company F. of the 8th Cavalry was detailed for provost duty at these barracks, the writer at the time being 1st Sergt. of the company. While engaged in this service many curious incidents occurred characteristic of the men with whom the Government had to deal. Here is a case in hand:

A Canadian who had received a bounty of about $1,200, and whose wife and two little children, a day or two before the time set for his departure for Governors Island, arrived in Detroit for the purpose of bidding the husband and father good-by. They were not permitted to enter the barracks, and the "substitute" could only meet his wife and children by gaining a permit to join them on the outside under guard. The writer was detailed for that service, and all day and night remained with his little charge, taking in the city and its strange sights; the recruit, meantime, paying all bills for oyster lunches, theaters, etc. When the small hours of the night came, and with them the necessity for rest and sleep, we repaired to



Colonel Elisha Mix, Eighth Michigan Cavalry.

a hotel where all occupied one room with two large beds; the recruit with his little family occupying one of these, and I the other. After locking the door and placing the key under my pillow, I retired for the night and slept soundly until morning; and on separating the man and his wife the next day, she with her little ones to go back to her lonely home in the forests of Canada, and he to be held under guard and treated as a common felon until safely landed at the front, I could but share with them the sorrow which this parting caused.

Meantime promotions were in line and Elisha Mix, originally Captain of Co. F., had reached the rank of Major, and 1st Lieutenant Samuel Wells was made Captain of the company; and by the unanimous choice of the company the writer was promoted to the rank of 2d Lieutenant, and, soon after, in a new and shining uniform, was sent home for ten days on recruiting service. I never shall forget the gratification I felt, and the pride and delight manifested by my mother, on presenting myself before her the first time—as indeed it was the last—in the full dress uniform of an officer of the United States Army.

But events were crowding each other in rapid succession, and I was compelled to return to my post of duty at Detroit.

A squad of some twenty-five or thirty bounty jumpers of the class already described had been collected and were now to be sent on to Governors Island. "Hub" Smith, formerly a policeman on the regular force at Detroit, but now a Captain of the Provost Guard, was detailed to take charge of this shipment. Both strong and fearless, he had been accustomed, as a policeman, to dealing with rough characters, and was well chosen for this work. Three

enlisted men and myself were selected by Captain Smith to aid in guarding the prisoners—for such they really were—on the journey by rail from Detroit to their destination. It should be borne in mind that travel by rail at that time was not what it is now, as fifty-six hours were consumed in the passage from Detroit to New York.

Before embarking, every man of the motley group was thoroughly searched for everything that could be made use of as a weapon of offense or a means of escape. The connections by rail were uncertain, and our car was often sidetracked on the route for hours at a time. But there was no relief guard, and while the prisoners slept (or pretended to sleep) the vigilance of those having them in charge could in no manner be relaxed. At stations where halts were made a window on one side of the car was raised, through which food and soft drinks were passed to the prisoners. Many of these desperate men belonged in New York and Philadelphia, and it went without saying that as they neared the scenes of their former operations no opportunity for escape would be allowed to go unimproved.

So one day while traveling on the New York and Erie Railroad, the train moving slowly up a heavy grade in a blinding snowstorm, guards as well as prisoners seemed to have relaxed and fallen into a quiet state bordering close upon sleep. Captain Smith, taking advantage of this relaxation, had gone forward into the smoker to catch a cat nap, leaving myself and one other guard stationed at each door to look after the car containing the prisoners. I was at the rear door reclining on a box of wood, with one foot resting on the floor, and while thus dozing, about half asleep, my attention was arrested by a group of prisoners in the center of the car apparently engaged in a

consultation of some kind. This made me a little apprehensive, but, being very tired, did not instantly move, and one of the group, a leader among them, came sauntering toward me in a listless manner; when, a little more awakened, I began sliding down from the box of wood in order to plant myself squarely upon my feet. My hands were folded across my breast, the right hand near a six-shooter in an inside pocket.

While in the act of rising upon my feet, the tall prisoner, advancing quickly, stood over me, brandishing a knife, the blade of which looked to be as long as a cavalryman's saber, and, hissing through his teeth as he did so, said: "Don't you move a muscle or I'll cut your throat from ear to ear." This was a line of attack I had not been taught to guard against in the regular routine of drill, and so stood completely at the mercy of this desperate man; and why he did not carry out his threat at once I have never known.

Among the many reflections that passed through my mind, the first was of Captain Smith, in command of the expedition, in whose strength and valor I greatly relied, and inwardly exclaimed: "O 'Hub,' unless instantly favored with a glimpse of your stalwart form, my term of service will be cut suddenly short." It is said that prayer is no more than a desire of the heart, and this prayer must have been answered, for simultaneously with the thought Captain Smith appeared upon the scene, but he was still nearly sixty feet away, while the murderous knife was being held within a few inches of my throat.

As quick as a flash, and with the stealthy tread of a cat, Smith came down the aisle, and before I had time to realize fully what was passing my tall assailant began a backward somersault, in which his head and shoulders

went quickly to the floor, while his heels approached the ceiling, the knife, meantime, falling out of his hand. Smith, holding him by the collar and the throat, then called for a pair of handcuffs, which were supplied at once and slipped upon the prisoner's hands. While this was transpiring the guard at the other door had leveled his pistol at the prisoners in the center of the car, who, seeing their leader manacled, sank quietly into their seats.

It was the purpose of the conspirators to have overpowered the other guard and myself in the absence of Captain Smith and then jump off the slow-moving train, making good their escape. But they had not had time to mature a plan and there was no instant coöperation among them, otherwise the affair might have ended differently. Of course, we were all greatly surprised that the prisoners had in possession such a knife, but it had been smuggled through the window, doubtless by friends outside.

They were preparing for another break, as was evident from their movements, when the train should reach Jersey City the following night, but Captain Smith telegraphed the commandant at Governors Island, asking for a heavier guard, and when the train reached the long depot in Jersey City the prisoners were allowed to file out at one door, but in doing so they stepped between two files of bayonets extending clear around the car. Thus all hope of escape was cut off and our responsibility as guards came to an end, after which we were not slow in finding a hotel where all took rooms, sleeping soundly until the middle of the next day.

A day or two later, in company with the three other guards, I made the return trip via the New York Central and the Great Western railroads through Canada to Windsor and Detroit.

What with deserters, bounty jumpers and sneaks from our own borders, and refugees from the Southern States, encouraged as they were by the sympathy which the Canadian and British Governments everywhere gave our enemies, a man wearing the United States uniform, in passing through Canada at that period, was reminded at every turn that he was traveling in a foreign and hostile country. Our party on the way was repeatedly accosted and surrounded by groups of men, often bold and defiant and sometimes insulting, but by keeping close together we gained what advantage there was to be found in concert of action, and doubtless looked a little too formidable for a successful attack, except it be the occasion of a general riot, and we did not remain long enough in any one place for a belligerent force of that character to gather; but the disposition to so assemble was made manifest on every hand.

Such, in brief, is the history of the "Conscript Bill" and its legitimate child, the "Bounty Jumper," and now, to keep "touch of elbow" with events as they transpire, we take up the story of

"THE PASSING REGIMENT."

The above heading is the title of one of the most popular and engaging paintings to be seen in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C. It is done in oil by a master hand, and, between the work of art and the subject represented, the picture elicits great admiration. A full regiment of cavalry—twelve companies of one hundred men each—armed cap a pie marching by platoons or in column of fours through the streets of a populous city affords a spectacle of stirring interest. In the imagination

of the uninitiated each company of one hundred assumes the proportions of at least a thousand men, even though is be but a holiday parade in time of profound peace. But when a regiment whose ranks are made up from among the people starts out from its rendezvous to take up the gage of battle, plunging at once into the vortex of a bloody war, the interest is intensified and the imagination is none too expansive to cover the range of possibilities suggested by such a picture; familiar as these scenes became during the war, and almost of weekly occurrence, the interest in "The Passing Regiment" never abated until the end. The good-byes and the God-speeds were as heartfelt and as warmly extended to the regiments that went out later in the contest as to those responding to the first call. Familiarity with the preparations for, and the terrible scenes incident to the war itself, only increased the admiration for those who braved its perils; for, indeed, the dangers increased as time advanced.

After the winter of '62-3 the great battles were yet to be fought. Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Spottsylvania Court House, Atlanta, Chattanooga and all the great cavalry raids formed no part of the war's history at that time. The bravery of the Southern soldier, however, and his determination to fight to the bitter end was no longer a question of doubt, and those who went out to confront him in those later years surely were not looking for holiday parades.

So the 8th Michigan Cavalry, in the early spring of 1863, was greeted on the march from Mount Clemens to Detroit, there to embark by rail for Cincinnati. Crossing the Ohio River at the latter place, the regiment first went into camp at Covington, Kentucky, and thence marched via the Lexington pike to Nicholasville and Camp Nelson.

Commissary W. H. Mills. Adjutant Homer Manvel.

Officers of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry.

Colonel John Stockton, who organized the regiment at Mount Clemens and carried it to this point, being a very old man, here resigned and returned home. The command then fell upon Lieutenant-Colonel Grover S. Wormer, who was soon made full Colonel; but after a few months in the field he was detailed on recruiting and organization service at Jackson, and there remained. The command then devolved upon Major Elisha Mix, originally Captain of Company F, who had meantime been advanced to a full Colonelcy, and who commanded the regiment through all its campaigns till the close of the war.

From headquarters at Nicholasville the regiment was set at work at once, often in small detachments, hunting guerrilla bands in Eastern Kentucky and in chasing raiding parties of the enemy, who were constantly invading that country for forage and other sinews of war; and from this time forward the regiment knew no rest until mustered out in September, 1865.

Our first arm was the Spencer rifle—a magazine gun of great power—a saber and a Colt's "Navy Six." A well-drilled and disciplined regiment so armed would seem to be almost invincible, and the belief generally prevailed among the men that such was the case. The early success in routing and capturing small bands of the enemy added greatly to this confidence, and the enthusiasm to get into a general engagement knew no bounds.

These Confederate raiders through Kentucky, however, being among friends and kindred, had us at a great disadvantage. Their horses were the best, and, knowing the ground and the country well, with friends at almost every turn, they could more easily elude pursuit or give battle in positions most favorable to themselves. The Union soldier, meantime, on unfamiliar ground among strangers,

was compelled to act on his own initiative, and at the same time observe the regulations and orders governing the army when in territory claiming the protection of the United States Government.

At length near Tripletts Bridge came the first approach to a general engagement. Surprising and routing a large raiding party of the enemy, we were successful in killing, wounding and capturing about thirty of their number. The deeds of bravery and acts of individual heroism exhibited by officers and men in that engagement (as related by themselves around the camp fire the following night) were as entertaining as the Arabian Nights Tales, and enough to establish the fighting status of the regiment, had no other service ever been required of it.

Active operations of this kind soon develop the peculiar characteristics of

THE VOLUNTEER SOLDIER.

Those traits that not only render him of great value in the field, but which often constitute him the life of the camp and the bivouac or the good-natured butt of his comrades are soon made apparent; for when a soldier can't have fun, even under the most trying circumstances, his duties become irksome and his service less valuable. The volunteers are a crowd of rollicking fellows whose names, among themselves, are often transposed or set on end in a manner apparently to suit the character of the one to whom applied. It would be interesting to know by what rule of genealogical research he arrives at these apt and curious cognomens.

"Uncle Billy" Sherman, "Pap" Thomas and "Black Jack" Logan were the names applied to three favorite

Generals in the West; and any one of those names was an inspiration to the men who were brought under the command of those officers. In the French army Napoleon was the "Little Corporal," and so the list runs on. Judson Brown, of Company F, addicted to the use of whisky, and who had been arrested when coming in from a mountain distillery with a jug half full of applejack, soon came to be known as "Little Brown Jugson." W. D. McElhenney, who had been caught with a beehive full of honey rolled up in a blanket, forever after answered to the name of "Mucklehoney;" and in this manner the long and curious role of apt names was known and perpetuated.

One evening, going into camp hungry and with little prospect ahead for immediate relief, there was some complaint among the men, and in a brief talk the commanding officer urged them to stand to the work and take their medicine as he was doing himself, concluding his remarks by saying: "A soldier cannot expect to be fed, groomed and blanketed like a race horse." Whereupon John Willerton, a big Cornishman, in the broad vernacular of his kind, said: "Tha's all werry weil, Cap'n, but wen a mon's got note to hate and note to derrink (nothing to eat and nothing to drink) an' werry leetle to warre, ye kaant expect 'im to ma-ak mooch of a ra-ace." Having no ready answer for these pertinent suggestions, the officer closed the incident without further remark.

Probably not since the invasion of the British Isles by the Romans has there been found an army of any consequence, savage or civilized, that did not contain an Irishman. Indeed, the fighting forces of Christendom would be weakened if the Irish element therein contained were eliminated.

The story goes that Napoleon, confronted by an over-

whelming force, was debating whether to continue the fight or retreat, and, standing in front of his army, demanded to know if O'Shaughenssy were in the ranks, and, if so, he said: "Let him step three paces to the front." Whereupon a stalwart son of the Emerald Isle stepped out, and, saluting, answered, "Sorr!" Upon this Napoleon is said to have exclaimed, "I am satisfied. Let the battle go on!"

The 8th Cavalry was favored with the presence of a good many Irish soldiers, and among the number Martin McCune, whose ready wit and unbounded good nature had helped him out of many scrapes, was, nevertheless, frequently in trouble, and especially at times when there was a mountain distillery within a day's march. Martin, unlike the majority of his race, was slow to go under fire, and frequently invented excuses for avoiding that irksome duty. One day, while calling for volunteers to join in a scout likely to prove both fatiguing and hazardous, the officer in command, already mounted, was calling upon the men to "fall in," when Martin was discovered limping away in the distance. He had been complaining of a boil on his ankle, a trifling ailment, but hearing the call for volunteers, he was suddenly seized with a lameness. Whereupon the Captain called and asked him if he did not intend to join the scouting party. Martin, first rubbing his shin caressingly, looked up with an air and expression as of extreme disappointment and said: "'Pon me soul, Oi'd be the first mon to fall in, but Oi'm no more fit to go on duty than a dead mon; me shane is swelled clear to me hap!" A comrade standing near gave Martin the laugh, as if in doubt of the real condition of his "shane." Upon this, as if suddenly seized with a thought, Martin spoke up and said: "Never moind, Oi'll go, but

Lieutenant Lovinas H. Patton,
Eighth Michigan Cavalry.

it's very warrum, hadn't I better take some contanes and go for wather?" He was ordered to gather up the canteens and go to the spring for water, some distance below, and so disappeared, but did not return until the party of volunteers had been made up and left on the scout.

Where all are so worthy it may seem unjust to designate by name any one soldier as being foremost in the ranks of the brave and meritorious; but it sometimes happens that acts of heroism and devotion to duty stand out in relief so bold as to challenge admiration and demand special notice.

In one of the many engagements in front of Knoxville the regiment, while in the advance, had been compelled to fall back, but again rallied and took a position behind a barricade of rails. Between the opposing lines was a spring which afforded the only water for both commands. Along the slope between the lines wounded men were begging for water, but the spring, now covered by the enemy's sharpshooters, was inaccessible. Beside, the utmost effort on the part of all was required to hold the position and prevent a general retreat.

Up to this time Lovinas H. Patton had never done anything to especially distinguish him from others of his worthy comrades. But now, as will appear, the supreme test had come. The cries for water were plainly heard above the din of battle, and Patton, in a quick and impetuous manner, threw down his carbine, exclaiming as he did so: "Boys, I can't stand this any longer; I'm going to give those men some water or die trying;" whereupon he gathered up some canteens and started for the spring. A storm of bullets whistled around him as he hurried on; but, reaching the spring unharmed, he had filled his canteens and was in the act of stooping over a wounded man,

when he was struck by a rifle ball and fell desperately wounded.

The shot had entered on the right-hand side of the neck and, ranging upward, passed between the windpipe and spinal column, shattering the left jaw as it passed through the cheek bone just under the left eye. Fortunately he fell face downward and also head foremost on the sloping ground, so that the blood flowed outward, thus preventing immediate strangulation from his own blood. Night came on soon, when the wounded were all relieved and the troops fell back. Patton, after having been furnished with a horse, rode twelve miles that night, reaching a field hospital about daylight, having had no attention or aid of any kind, excepting that of a comrade to lead his horse.

Within three weeks he was discharged from the hospital and went home on leave of absence, where he remained three months on sick leave; at the expiration of which time he returned to the regiment and again took up his place in the ranks. He afterward performed repeated acts of bravery, for all of which he received notice in a special order, and was soon commissioned a First Lieutenant. Some years after the close of the war Patton died a horrible death while fighting a forest fire in northern Michigan.

William S. Wells, himself already wounded, had also his horse shot from under him. The troops retiring, Wells had fallen considerably in the rear, where he became a special target for the enemy, but true to his soldiery instincts and training, the preservation and care of his equipments occupied his mind rather than his own safety. Apparently without thought as to the best means of saving himself, he began to unloose the saddle girth and at the

same time, called out to the officer in command: "Captain, what shall I do with my saddle?"

Constantly on the move, in many hard marches and sharp contests with the enemy, the regiment had already seen sufficient service to establish that confidence between officers and men, and in the mettle and staying qualities of the animals, which must exist before cavalry can be made effective in the field, when the 8th was called upon to take a hand in one of the most notable events of the war; and now known to history as

THE MORGAN RAID.

General John H. Morgan, a native of Kentucky, was one of the most unique and striking figures on the part of the Confederates during that period remarkable for its stirring events and the illustrious names it has given to posterity. A detailed account of Morgan's adventures at the head of his daring raiders; or as a scout and spy within the Union lines, reads like a romance of the Dick Turpin school. And when early in July, 1863, the fact was heralded throughout the border States that this noted chieftain had left his retreat in the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee and at the head of three or four thousand troopers, superbly mounted, was swooping down upon Kentucky and other border States, destined nobody knew where; the alarm created in all the States bordering on the Ohio River assumed the proportions of a panic.

The tocsin of alarm once sounded, all available troops located in Kentucky and along the Ohio River, from Paducah to Cincinnati and Covington, were hastily put in readiness for action on the line of defense or in pursuit of the invader, as circumstances might direct. The news-

papers of Louisville and Cincinnati gave wide circulation to the wildest rumors as to Morgan's ultimate purpose and destination, all of which, of course, were matters of conjecture only.

Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside, in command of the Department of the Ohio, headquarters at Cincinnati, was the officer upon whom devolved the perplexing duty of directing the campaign against the bold raider.

Though Morgan left the Cumberland Mountains the latter part of June, the raid, it may be said, was only fairly launched when at the head of his troops—then supposed to be invincible—he struck a detachment of the 25th Michigan Infantry in command of Colonel Orlando H. Moore, at Tebbs Bend, Green River Bridge in southern Kentucky, the morning of July 4th.

The origin and purpose of the raid, are fully disclosed in the following official correspondence between the Confederate Generals having the matter in hand. That Morgan himself was the originator of the plan, and keen to enter upon its execution, is clearly set forth in this correspondence.

SPECIAL ORDERS
No. 44.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,
NEAR SHELBYVILLE, June 18, 1863.

General Morgan will proceed to Kentucky with a force of 2,000 officers and men, including such artillery as he may deem expedient. In addition to accomplishing the work *which he has proposed,* he will, as far as possible, break up and destroy the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. He will, if practicable, destroy depots of supplies in the state of Kentucky, after which he will return to this present position. . . . .

. . . . . .

By order of Major-General Wheeler.

E. S. BURFORD,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Prior to General Morgan's departure, I (General Wheeler) wrote him one or two letters in which I urged his rapid movements, stating that I hoped his movements would be so rapid that he would be on his return to our army before General Rosecrans could be certain he had left for Kentucky. . .

. . . . . .

In these letters to General Morgan and in General Morgan's letters to me, *not one word was said about his crossing the Ohio River;* but on the contrary, he was urged by me to observe the importance of his returning to our army as rapidly as possible. . . . . .

. . . . . .

JOS. WHEELER,
Major-General.

COL. GEORGE WILLIAM BRENT,
Assistant Adjutant-General,
Army of Tennessee.

ADDENDA.

McMINNVILLE, June 15, 1863.

MAJ. GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER:

Your dispatch is just received. Can accomplish everything with 2,000 men and four guns. To make the attempt with less might prove disastrous, as large details will be required at Louisville to destroy the transportation, shipping and government property. Can I go? *The result is certain.*

JOHN H. MORGAN,
Brigadier-General.

On the 27th of June, Gen. S. D. Sturgis, in command of the military district of Kentucky, then for the first time informed of Morgan's approach, ordered Col. J. I. David, of the 9th Michigan Cavalry, to proceed with his regiment to Sanford, scout the country beyond that point, and watch the movements of the enemy. The 20th Kentucky Infantry, numbering about 350 men, under Col. Chas. S. Hanson was stationed at Lebanon; Gen. S. P. Carter with

a small force at Somerset, and Col. Moore with 200 men of the 25th Michigan Infantry at

TEBBS END.

These outlying troops were stationed so as to cover the avenues of approach likely to be followed by an invading enemy. Morgan must have been well informed as to the location and strength of these various commands, and believing that little opposition to his steady advance could be offered, after an all night march on the 3d, the head of his column reached Green River in front of Colonel Moore, early on the morning of July 4th. The anniversary of our National independence was not an auspicious day for the Confederates. The garrison at the river had made the best possible use of the little time allowed them in which to prepare for defense, after receiving warning of Morgan's approach. There was a narrow neck of land that formed the entrance to the bend, which was flanked on either side by the stream, and through this pass, on over the bridge, the road ran upon which Morgan was rapidly drawing near. Across this neck of land, which afforded a very strong natural defense, the Union troops were entrenched behind a temporary abatis; and there, crouching among the fallen timber, the little Spartan band awaited the shock of battle. There was no delay on the part of the enemy, and Colonel Moore had not long to wait. The early sun of that glorious anniversary had not kissed away the dew, when slumbering denizens along the peaceful valley of the Green River were rudely awakened by the roar of artillery; and over the gentle slopes and hilltops the smoke of battle settled like a pall. Early in the engagement, under a flag of truce, a Confederate officer handed Colonel Moore the following dispatch:

HEADQUARTERS, MORGAN'S DIVISION.
IN THE FIELD IN FRONT OF GREEN RIVER STOCKADE,
July 4, 1863.

To the Officer Commanding the Federal Forces at Stockade, near Green River Bridge, Kentucky.

SIR:—In the name of the Confederate States Government, I demand an immediate and unconstitutional surrender of the entire force under your command together with the stockade. I am,

Very respectfully, sir,
(signed) JOHN H. MORGAN,
Commanding Cavalry,
C. S. Army.

The enemy's artillery at the first attack had been brought into play, thus early developing his superiority in numbers and equipment (Colonel Moore having no artillery), and when this message was received, breathing in every syllable the supreme confidence of the Confederate leader, two Union soldiers were lying wounded; but firm in his purpose not to surrender, there immediately went back from Colonel Moore the following laconic reply:

"To-day being the 4th of July, I cannot entertain your proposition."

The attack was then renewed with increased vigor, and repeated charges were made, but every assault was repulsed with equal courage and determination on the part of the Union troops, who seemed inspired with the memories of the day, and fought with desperate energy against overwhelming numbers.

Morgan and his command represented the flower of Kentucky chivalry. They were on their native heath, trained to horsemanship, and had the reputation of a brave and chivalrous people to uphold; but with all their dash and spirit they were unable to dislodge this little garrison of embattled farmers from Michigan. The bat-

tle raged unabated until far into the day, when Morgan was forced to withdraw his troops after a loss of 50 men killed and 250 wounded. The casualties on the Confederate side were found to be greater than the whole number of troops opposed to them. The Union losses were 6 killed and 53 wounded. So determined was the fighting conducted by the assailing forces that little attention had been given to their killed and wounded; and after a cessation of hostilities a flag of truce was sent in asking permission to bury their dead, still lying where they had fallen, in front of the Union line of works. This privilege was granted, but without waiting to avail himself of the opportunity, Morgan, badly defeated, though little daunted, left his dead and the seriously wounded to whatever fate the further fortunes of war might have for them, and continued on his ill-starred mission, reaching Lebanon at 7 o'clock the following morning, where he at once attacked Colonel Hanson, who had but a handful of men.

On the evening of July 4th the 8th Michigan Cavalry, at Camp Nelson, 50 miles distant, through a dispatch from General Sturgis, was ordered to move with all possible speed to the relief of

THE GARRISON AT LEBANON.

This order was received at 8 o'clock P. M. and at 9 o'clock the 8th was under way. To arouse a regiment of soldiers at night, after indulging in the revelries and lax discipline incident to a holiday like the 4th of July; provide feed and rations for a thousand men and animals, equip them for an indefinite march, and move out within an hour, ready for any emergency, is a feat of which the layman has little conception; but to the initiated it is

one highly commendatory of the efficiency of the officers and men of that command. Once in line, at the word "Forward," men and horses plunge into the darkness. Of what may be in front very little is known (save only that the enemy lurks there somewhere) and nothing can be seen. The face of the country seems to have been changed The roads, heretofore familiar, and smooth enough when traveled by daylight, are now metamorphosed into gulches, hills and pitfalls, often endangering the life or limb of man and beast. Until 2 o'clock the following morning the pace is kept up, first on the walk, then trotting and galloping alternately, and again dismounting to "lead." In this manner twenty-four miles have been covered in less than six hours without a halt. But our comrades are in peril and we must hasten to their relief. Four miles beyond Sanford, and only twenty from Lebanon, we reach Colonel David with the 9th Cavalry, and the 11th Michigan battery, and Colonel David, being the senior officer, assumes command.

Advancing from this point about 9 o'clock A. M., our ears were greeted with the booming of artillery in front of Lebanon. Full of confidence, and impatient as every man in the command was to hurry on and engage the enemy, the column was halted and put through various maneuvers of a dilatory character. As if to add to the disappointment and chagrin felt by the entire brigade, there appeared just at this time a courier, coming at a rapid pace, bearing a message from General Carter addressed to Colonel David urging him to hasten to the relief of Colonel Hanson at Lebanon, as Morgan's troops had already invested the town, and adding: "If support does not at once arrive, Lebanon will be destroyed and Colonel Hanson compelled to surrender the garrison."

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when we came in sight of the doomed city, then in flames. Colonel Hanson having fought from 7 in the morning until 1 o'clock in the afternoon, had surrendered, when the head of our column was not more than three miles distant. The Federal losses were six men killed and fifteen wounded in this attack, those of the enemy being much greater; but having exhausted their ammunition and the town being on fire, surrender became inevitable.

Morgan's rear guard, in plain view almost within rifle range and in great disorder, was hurrying out of the town when our brigade was thrown into line of battle. Thus mounted, the men were compelled to sit for over an hour watching the enemy as they passed out of sight. Here, if properly commanded, was presented an opportunity for these willing troops to have performed one of the grandest feats in the history of Michigan cavalry. They could have at least charged into the town and captured the disorderly mob of Morgan's rear guard; or by a rapid march following a cross road, cut his column in two, release the prisoners just taken, and by seizing his wagons recapture a vast amount of plunder taken from unoffending citizens at Lebanon, and possibly have put an end to the raid. And what added to the peculiar discomfort, while undergoing this humiliation (still mounted and in line of battle), there came on a thunderstorm of great violence, accompanied by a downpour of rain that drenched every man to the skin. What is said of the proverbial "wet hen" expresses but feebly the feelings of the Michigan troops just at this particular time. A grain of comfort was felt, however, when a section of the battery unlimbered and gave the enemy a parting salute. Also a little later, a detachment of the 8th Cavalry occupied the town, and

captured forty stragglers whose discretion had been dulled by an absorbing appetite for the standard Kentucky beverage.

At 8 o'clock P. M. of that day, by order of Colonel David, our backs were turned to the enemy and the brigade countermarched in the direction of Danville. At 10 o'clock, while still on the march, a courier overtook the command with a dispatch from General Sturgis, asking *what had become of the Michigan troops.*

This was on the 6th, and at 12.40 A. M. on the night of the 7th there appeared on the picket line of the brigade at Danville a man wrapped in a military cloak, who asked the Corporal of the Guard to be directed to the commanding officer. The stranger was conducted at once to Colonel David, and here introduced himself as Colonel W. P. Sanders, of the 5th Kentucky Cavalry Volunteers (formerly of the regular army), and informed Colonel David that, in compliance with orders direct from General Burnside, he would assume command of the brigade, and that the two regiments with the battery should be ready to move in twenty minutes. This was a change of front as welcome to officers and men as it must have been astonishing to Colonel David.

Colonel Sanders, it is a pleasure to state here, was an officer who at once inspired the esteem and confidence of his men. He was somewhat above the medium height, erect, with broad shoulders and a most engaging presence. For distinguished service Colonel Sanders rose rapidly to the rank of Brigadier-General, and finally fell, mortally wounded, in front of Knoxville, while encouraging his men to repel the advance of the enemy then about to attack the Union line of defenses, which were still incomplete. He was carried from the field and placed in the bridal

chamber of the LaMar House in that city (Knoxville), where he died the same evening. He was buried at midnight in the Presbyterian churchyard, by the dim light of a lantern, without a military salute or "the sound of a drum or a funeral note." But every shovelful of earth that fell upon his mortal remains was moistened with the tears of his comrades aiding in the last sad rites, that spoke more eloquently of his worth than sound of musket or drum, or any eulogium that words can pronounce.*

Within twenty minutes from the time Colonel Sanders reached the camp at Danville the Michigan brigade again took up the line of march. In the dust and heat of that day the hamlets of McAfee, Salvisa and Herrodsburg were passed, and Lawrenceburg was reached at 4 o'clock P. M., the brigade having made a distance of 47 miles in fifteen hours.

There now began throughout that portion of Kentucky a succession of night raids, surprises, marches and countermarches, enlivened with sharp and decisive combats of small detachments (sometimes almost hand to hand) that would form a very startling chapter if the details were given. Railroad trains were captured, passengers robbed and bridges, mills and factories burned and destroyed by the enemy. But they were often surprised in this work and routed or captured by our troops, or driven into the streams and shot or drowned in an endeavor to escape.

Meantime, by destroying the wires on the line of his march, or by making use of them in sending counterfeit

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*History records the fact that the gallant resistance offered by Colonel Sanders, at the head of 700 cavalrymen, against Longstreet's advance on Knoxville before its line of defense had been completed, saved that city from capture and Burnside's army from defeat.

dispatches, Morgan, with his main column, was able to cover his tracks and mystify the Union authorities as to his ultimate destination and purpose. So, unimpeded since leaving Lebanon on the 5th, he moved rapidly to within a few miles of Louisville, and there suddenly changed direction to the left, reaching Brandenburg, on the Ohio River, thirty miles below Louisville, on the 7th. Two steamboats, the "Alice Dean" and the "John T. McComb," bent on a peaceful pilgrimage up the river, unfortunately arrived opposite Brandenburg about the same time as Morgan. Two or three shots from one of his Parrott guns, unceremoniously thrown across their bows, was the argument made use of to induce the two steamers to heave to and run in shore to ascertain the cause of the alarm. Their curiosity was soon gratified, as both boats were immediately impressed into the service and compelled to ferry the raiders across the river. By the evening of the 8th 3,500 of the enemy (horses and men), with four pieces of artillery, had been safely landed

ON THE INDIANA SHORE.

Louisville, the objective point in Morgan's original scheme of conquest, had evidently been abandoned; but immediately in his front lay the thriving cities of New Albany, Jeffersonville, Indianapolis, Madison, Lawrenceburg and Cincinnati, and many other towns in Southern Indiana and Ohio. Even the people of Michigan were in a high state of alarm, as at one time it was thought Morgan might undertake to reach Detroit, and, crossing his command into Canada, there repose under the protecting ægis of the British flag.

The gravest anxiety had been manifested everywhere

from the inception of the raid, but among those charged with the perplexing duty of bringing it to a termination, as well as by the tens of thousands whose homes and property were placed in imminent peril, the feeling of apprehension had now reached the culminating point. The following official dispatches will afford the most comprehensive view of the situation at this time. When the fact is known (as fact it is) that more than 1,000 telegraph messages were received and sent through headquarters at Cincinnati during the progress of the raid, the importance attached to it, and the doubt and uncertainty in which the movements of the enemy were shrouded, will be better understood; for at this time it was believed the invasion was only a feint to cover a more formidable movement. The dispatches explain themselves:

LOUISVILLE, July 9, 1863.

MAJOR GENERAL HARTSUFF:

Morgan has crossed into Indiana with his force, and is near Corydon. His object must be to come in behind New Albany and Jeffersonville. My information is that their plan and object is to attack those places and destroy public works. I need two or more regiments from Mumfordville and beg they be sent here by rail. A gentleman who was induced to go with Morgan to within 8 miles of Brandenburg stated their purpose was a feint, and that Pegram and Buckner were to come in after them and attend to Louisville. I beg that the forces be sent. If you do not think it proper to withdraw them at all, are there not other forces which can be sent here?

(Signed) J. T. BOYLE,
Brigadier-General.

LOUISVILLE, July 9, 1863.
9 P. M.

GENERAL HARTSUFF:

I received your dispatch and have sent troops. The citizens of Corydon resisted Morgan and several were killed in the fight. Morgan had declared his intention was not to come to New Albany, but I do not believe him. Hobson is crossing his

force. I sent transports and gunboats to him. The people of Indiana believe Morgan will attack New Albany in the morning or to-night. I will offer best resistance I can until Hobson arrives.

(Signed) J. T. BOYLE,
Brigadier-General.

Immediately upon landing on the opposite shore the head of Morgan's column was turned northward. The thriving little city of Corydon, about fifteen miles in the interior and directly on the line of march toward Indianapolis, was reached on the 9th, and proved to be the first to feel the shock of the invasion. The citizens of Corydon gallantly resisted Morgan's attack, and several were killed and wounded.

Meantime, the Federal forces under General E. H. Hobson, who first overtook and engaged Morgan at Marrowbone, Kentucky, on the 3d of July, and who had followed his course from that time forward, had arrived on the bank of the Ohio, and while Morgan was plundering the citizens of Corydon, Hobson, with 2,500 men, was crossing the river at Brandenburg. The dispatch given below will explain the situation at this juncture:

INDIANAPOLIS, July 9, 1863.

GEN. BURNSIDE:

Information received here indicates that Morgan will march into the interior of Indiana. Are there no troops in Kentucky that can be spared and sent to our relief?

(Signed) O. P. MORTON,
Gov. of Indiana.

While events were transpiring as narrated in the foregoing pages, the warfare by small detachments in the rear was being prosecuted with relentless energy. Morgan had already sustained many losses of men and officers, either killed or captured, and his disappoint-

ments must have been great, chief among them being the relinquishment of his designs upon Louisville. Besides, unexpected to him, no doubt, his crossing the river had placed him in an attitude where his own safety and that of his entire command must be taken into account. The lofty ambition that first sent him forth in quest of empire had suddenly dwindled to the bare hope of avoiding a general engagement and making his final escape by recrossing the Ohio into Kentucky or West Virginia, there to find a hospitable retreat. Hobson's brigade was now close upon his rear; a large force of the militia of Indiana and Ohio had been hurriedly mustered to cooperate with the troops for defense in the interior; the river from Paducah to Buffington's Island was patrolled with gunboats and troopships that could be made effective at any point where the enemy might undertake to recross, and all available cavalry within the department had been mustered for a supreme effort to head off Morgan's retreat and wear him to a finish somewhere north of the Ohio River.

Accordingly, the "Michigan Brigade" at Lawrenceburg at midnight on the 11th took up the march by way of Eminence and La Grange for Westpoint on the river, which place they reached 24 hours later, a halt of four hours at Eminence being the only rest for men and animals in a 73-mile march over very rough and mountainous country roads. While at Westport Colonel Sanders was intercepted by the following dispatch:

CINCINNATI, July 11, 1863.

COL. SANDERS,
Eminence.

It is reported that Morgan may attempt recross the Ohio at either Westport, Grassy Flats, or opposite Bedford. Keep out scouts well in the direction of Lockport, Port Royal, Bed-

ford and Westport. You can hire citizen scouts and pay them well. Obey any orders that Gen. Boyle may send you. If Morgan attempts to cross at any one of these places, you ought to be able to whip him in detail. If he succeeds in crossing, he may try to cross Kentucky River between Covington and Lockport, and go out by Mount Stirling, in which case you must press him hard. I leave your movements to your own good judgment, to a great extent.

(Signed) A. E. BURNSIDE.

To the above Colonel Sanders sent this reply:

La Grange, July 11, 1863.

General Boyle:

I am moving as fast as artillery can go. We have marched since 12 o'clock last night. Am taking horses where necessary. Will be at the river by 10 P. M. Have sent scouts as directed.

(Signed) W. P. SANDERS,
Col. Commanding.

On reaching Westport it was learned that Morgan had already passed that point, moving in the direction of Madison. Early on Sunday morning, the 12th, the 8th and 9th Michigan, with the battery, in order to gain time, were embarked on transports; but on reaching Madison it was learned the swift-footed trooper had already passed, heading toward Cincinnati, with Hobson still

HOT UPON THE TRAIL.

The fact that Morgan, from the beginning of the race, seems to have passed just a little ahead the point where our troops hoped to form a junction with him, no doubt calls for an explanation.

In nautical parlance "A stern chase is a long one," and, as the ship, so the cavalry. The command in the lead takes the wind out of the sails of the one that follows. Being ahead, Morgan had first choice of everything

needed to accelerate his march and keep his men and animals in good heart. As both commands were dependent upon the country for forage and rations, the Confederates generally swept the board of both. This was especially true as to horses and forage, for what they failed to seize and appropriate for their immediate use was carried away or destroyed, thus leaving our soldiers to drag out their weary marches on animals frequently half starved, jaded and footsore. Being in loyal territory, our men, from sense of patriotic duty, were restrained from taking indiscriminately from the people, but not so with Morgan, whose mission was one of plunder. Officers of the Federal Army were empowered to give receipts for the value of all property impressed for the good of the service, wherever found. Horses were valued at $90 a head, and the farmer whose team had been taken from the pasture, the plow or the stable, could send in his receipts to the Quartermaster's Department, and eventually receive $180 in greenbacks. Besides, he was authorized to take up and make use of the wornout animals left behind, many of which, with a few days' rest and care, became valuable again for service on the farm. As to the matter of rations for the men, no account whatever was kept of that.

Throughout the States of Indiana and Ohio, up to the hour of Morgan's final surrender, and the return of the troops to Kentucky, the loyal people flocked to the roadside along the line of march, fairly freighted with the very best their sumptuous larders afforded, and urged it upon the hungry troops. Old men and women, young boys and fair maidens, vied with each other in being the first to serve and feed the Union soldier. Their encouraging cheers, their expressions of gratitude (often in tears) and

their patriotic appeals gave strength and courage to our men. And here, more than ever before or afterwards during the war, was impressed upon the soldier by these loyal demonstrations the great importance of the mission in which the Union Army was engaged.

Leaving Madison, we steamed on up the river, now and then disembarking small raiding parties with orders to penetrate the interior a distance of ten or twelve miles, if necessary, in order to keep a lookout on the movements of the enemy. By this means Morgan was found to be making all possible haste in the direction of Lawrenceburg and Cincinnati. Among the inhabitants of the latter place the greatest consternation now prevailed, the city already being

UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

At 9 o'clock that night, the 12th, orders came for our command to embark on transports for Cincinnati. This was done and crowding on a full head of steam, we reached the latter place at 5 that morning. The following appeared in the morning papers, and in large posters throughout the city.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, July 12, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS.

No. 114.

Martial law is hereby declared in the cities of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, all business will be suspended until further orders, and all citizens will be required to organize in accordance with the direction of the State and municipal authorities. The commanding General, convinced that no one whose services are necessary for the defense of these cities would care to leave now, places no restriction upon travel.

By command of Major-General Burnside.

(Signed) LEWIS RICHMOND,

Assistant Adj. General.

The principal avenues of ingress and egress were guarded by a military patrol, and all horses available for the cavalry and artillery were being impressed into service. There was a great scurrying among owners of fine stock, placed between two fires (that of the Federal authorities within the city, and the fear of Morgan's troopers from without) and they were seeking every possible avenue of escape for their petted animals.

The telegraphic wires at General Burnside's headquarters, and those of every division within the Department of the Army of the Ohio, that had been kept warm by day and night from the time the raid into Kentucky was first announced were now raised to a white heat in the dispatch of orders to the numerous commands directly or indirectly engaged in the pursuit and the supposed defense. Detachments of our command were ordered to take position on the various roads leading into Cincinnati from the north and west, there to await further developments, while mounted videttes were extended out into the country at a greater distance, to give timely warning of the enemy's approach. Colonel Sanders, with the balance of the brigade, moved up the broad pike to Avondale, an aristocratic suburban place on the hill; where they went into camp, picketing the various roads in that direction.

The Michigan Brigade were now the principal guardians of Cincinnati with headquarters at Avondale. Wherever garrisoned there was constantly urged upon officers and men the most lavish hospitality. Not a Government ration was drawn or issued to our troops during the occupation. Provisions were brought to the camp, outlying posts and videttes, by wagon-loads, and frequently the rations were delivered by the fair hands that had prepared them.

Two companies were hurried out on the road upon which Morgan's column was supposed to be advancing. The orders were to halt and detain (if in the night) all persons attempting to enter the city who could not give a prompt and satisfactory account of themselves. The night passed without incident, but just as the day began to break, there was a low rumbling sound as of wheels, heard in the distance coming down the macadamized road. The outlying vidette called the sergeant of the guard; but before his arrival a vehicle of some kind appeared through a dense fog that had now set in. The guard, being a recruit and somewhat nervous, called out "Halt! Who comes there?" But no responsive answer being returned, the challenge was repeated and followed by a shot from the soldier's Spencer rifle. Immediately the misty air of that September morning was rent by the shrill cry of a woman, evidently in distress. This had the effect of arousing the camp, and the entire reserve picket force turned out under arms in a moment. Meantime, the sergeant with the vidette, going forward, found a woman, with a horse hitched to a wagon loaded with melons and other products of the farm and garden, standing in the middle of the road. She had started with her supplies for the market, intent upon "catching the early worm." But seeing the soldiers approach, and believing she had been held up by some of Morgan's raiders and was about to be robbed, she threw up her hands and cried out: "Oh! Mein Gott in Himmel, vas is das! vas is das!" Being voluble and excitable, and understanding but little English, it was difficult to explain to her the situation. Meantime, and what added greatly to the old lady's consternation, the soldiers gathered around the wagon, and the melons began to disappear like mist under the rays of the

noonday sun. This fact seemed to have a more irritating effect than that of being shot at by the pickets. But finally a guard was detailed to escort her through the lines, and without further annoyance she proceeded on her way.

Among the patriotic citizens of Avondale most gratefully remembered were the

GREENWOODS, MITCHELLS AND DOMINICKS.

It was while the command was passing the residence of Mr. Mitchell on the march up the road, in the early morning of the 12th, that a group of young ladies were seen in the garden by the roadside gathering raspberries for breakfast. Waving their handkerchiefs, they called out, "God bless the boys in blue. Who are you?" "The Michigan Brigade," was the reply. "Where are you going?" "We are going into camp on the hill to guard the city against the approach of the enemy." "God bless the brave soldiers of the Union!" came another salutation from the young ladies. The camp had no sooner been established than Mr. Mitchell appeared upon the scene and introduced himself by inviting Colonel Sanders and the whole headquarters staff to breakfast. It is hardly necessary to add that the invitation was promptly accepted.

On arriving at the Mitchell residence the fact was soon disclosed that the young ladies who had first saluted the passing brigade were the primary cause of the invitation to breakfast. After a few minutes' conversation, relating mainly to the imminent danger that threatened the city, the officers were conducted to the dining room, where an elegant breakfast was heartily enjoyed.

It is difficult to describe the sensations of a soldier who

has been for a prolonged period engaged in unremitting, laborious and dangerous service, when, temporarily relieved from duty, he is invited from the ranks in soiled and dusty uniform, and seated at a table laid with spotless linen and spread with every luxury that wealth and a lavish hospitality can supply. This more particularly when he is served and waited upon by a bevy of accomplished young women, who, in sheer gratitude for the services he has rendered, sing his praises and stand ready to strew his pathway with roses. Glorious services! Most glorious reward! If there is a man still living who belonged to that command and was the recipient of those gracious favors (and thousands of them were in that tedious march through Indiana and Ohio) and is not a better citizen for the experience there gained, it is to be regretted he was not early in the engagement numbered with the missing.

The breakfast over, the folding doors were thrown open and the Misses Cochran (two of the charming young hostesses) sang with piano accompaniment "When This Cruel War Is Over," a song much in vogue at that time, but then heard for the first time by our soldiers. Before the song had ended some of the officers were seen to turn aside, in pretense of brushing away a fly or the offending dust, but in fact to hide the tears that were coursing unbidden down their bronzed faces.

From time to time throughout the day we were in receipt of reports by courier from General Burnside, giving information of Morgan's movements, so far as could be definitely learned. Shortly before the hour of noon Mr. Dominick, also a resident of Avondale, appeared at brigade headquarters and cordially invited the staff to dine with him, fixing the hour at 1 P. M. Here, as in the case of the breakfast, no second invitation was needed, and, arriving

promptly on schedule time at the residence of the host, the officers were agreeably surprised to find among the guests Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell (who had graciously entertained them in the morning), accompanied by the five young ladies, whose presence lent such a charm to the breakfast hour. At Mr. Dominick's new songs were included in the repertory of these entertaining friends, and the old songs were repeated with added spirit and grace.

The brief respite enjoyed in these hospitable homes, the cheerful smiles and warm-hearted greetings, brought vividly to mind the faces of loved ones far away, the firesides left behind and the glad welcome that awaited us there. At last, compelled to say good-bye and passing down the road out of sight, there came once more from the Dominick residence the faint receding echoes of "When This Cruel War Is Over." On reaching camp a beautiful bouquet of flowers was found at headquarters "From the Ladies of Cincinnati to the Officers and Men of the Michigan Brigade," and at 4 o'clock that afternoon the brigade

AGAIN TOOK UP THE MARCH.

Morgan, thinking discretion the better part of valor, as in the case of Louisville, had given up his designs on Cincinnati, and, leaving that city to the right, made rapid strides in the direction of Camp Dennison, which place he reached early in the morning. To this place Colonel Sanders was ordered to hasten his troops, and there report to General Hobson, still hovering close on Morgan's rear. Our march that night led out by the way of Montgomery, twelve miles to the northeast from Cincinnati, and there communication by courier was had with General Hobson, who ordered the brigade to take the advance, and, pressing

closely on Morgan's right flank, prevent him from turning to the Ohio River, then in a low stage of water and offering good facilities for fording. The command marched, scouted and reconnoitered the roads on both flanks that night, reaching Camp Shady, near Camp Dennison, at 2 o'clock the morning of the 14th, where a halt was made for two hours. It was no more than fairly daylight, however, when the column was again in motion, and for the two succeeding days this order of march was continued, halting each morning at 2 o'clock for two hours' rest. Thus about six hours had been given to the men and horses for feed, rest and sleep out of sixty-two hours of continuous marching.

Meantime the general direction had been to the eastward, keeping close on the right flank of the enemy. More than a score of thriving towns and villages had been included in the itinerary. Throughout that portion of the march accomplished by daylight there had been one continuous ovation by the people, and frequently their demonstrations of gratitude and patriotic joy enlivened the tedious journey far into the night. By the roadside temporary tables and platforms were erected, and the thrifty housewives of Southern Ohio had loaded them with the delicacies of the season and the more substantial products of the farm and garden. These were urged upon the troops in such quantities that they sometimes became satiated and unable to partake any further of this generous hospitality. Elegant young women who had prepared with their own hands a tempting dish were often heard to make personal appeals to a soldier (already surfeited) to "just taste" of their pie or cake, as the case might be, and they would then be satisfied. Bevies of young women, and children with waving banners, singing "Rally 'Round

the Flag," greeted the soldiers in every village and hamlet. In short, the people turned out en masse, not to see the "passing regiment" decked out in the pomp and splendor of a holiday parade, but they came rather to express their gratitude to these bronzed veterans for services rendered in upholding the flag of the Union, and in defending their homes and firesides.

But Morgan in the lead, meantime, is levying contributions, plundering the inhabitants and burning the mills and factories of those refusing to accede to his demands. For miles on either flank the country is stripped of horses, and his own wornout animals by scores are found dazed and stupefied by the roadside. Our own mounts are in a pitiable condition, and their depleted ranks need filling every hour in the day and night, but fresh ones are seldom to be found. Farmers who had already been compelled to give up their stock frequently came to the command, and in tears prayed for protection against the further ravages of the invader.

On a Sunday some of the troops chanced to meet a farmer driving a fine team, accompanied by his dutiful wife, on their way to church. Two of the battery horses were about to collapse, and the old gentleman was told that, waiving all scruples of the day and the sacredness of his mission, he would be asked to "swap" horses. To this consent was finally given, and the country-bred bays, turned from their pious pilgrimage, were hastily togged out with the habiliments of war, while the jaded old battery team, no doubt rejoicing in this sudden change of front, were quietly driven to church.

About 9 o'clock the following night the troops were compelled to cross a stream by a deep, rocky ford having high and precipitous banks. Standing on a rock that projected

far out into the stream was a young woman holding a lantern. Its dim light disclosed a pale and anxious face, and features of more than ordinary beauty. In reply to a question from one of our men the young woman said she was "lighting the soldier boys to glory and to victory."

The succeeding days up to the 18th were but a repetition of what has already been related. The command has now passed through the towns of Batavia, Sardinia and Winchester, and has arrived at Jackson, where communication is had with General Judah, commanding the gunboats on the Ohio River, and also with General Hobson on the left. At this point a consultation is held with the brigade commanders and the staff officers of General Judah, and it is decided to make a united effort to drive Morgan to the river, near

BUFFINGTON'S ISLAND.

General Judah was to crowd on all possible steam and place his gunboats around the bend in the river behind the island, while the cavalry pressed them in the rear and on the flanks. Accordingly, the Michigan Brigade marched all that day and night (a distance of 45 miles), reaching Chester early Sunday morning, the 19th, and there, sure enough, our advance struck Morgan's rear guard, his front already being engaged with the forces under General Judah, who had disembarked and were defending the ford at Buffington's Bar. The troops were joined here by a detachment of the 2d and 7th Ohio Cavalry, who were at once deployed as skirmishers, while the 8th and 9th Michigan formed line of battle, and, marching under cover of a strip of timber, awaited the signal for a charge. It was now 5 o'clock; the sun of that peaceful Sabbath morn-

ing had just risen, and, like a flashlight on the camera, revealed the entire field, photographing upon memory this grand spectacle of war. The enemy had now faced about and formed three lines of battle, mounted and in plain view on ground sloping to the front. Their artillery was playing upon the gunboats then steaming around the bend behind the island. The 11th Michigan Battery was located in the center between the two regiments, one section of which had already gained a position on a high hill and opened fire. This was to be the signal for a general advance.

New life and vigor now seemed to have been enthused into the jaded men and horses of the brigade, as through the plowed field, over rocks, ditches and fences the rush began. Volley after volley was poured into the enemy, and their lines, already wavering, soon broke into a rout. This gave fresh impetus to the Federal troops, who pressed them so closely that one line of battle, with their artillery, was driven over an embankment thirty feet high, and there captured.

For more than a mile the pursuit was kept up. The ground over which the enemy passed was strewn with every conceivable form of wearing apparel, including articles of the toilet and fancy goods for women and children; even baby shoes and stockings were found among the plunder. A wagon-load of pistols and shotguns, entirely new, taken from the thrifty merchants of Indiana and Ohio, might have been gathered in an hour's time. Fearing the consequence of capture, having in possession these articles not contraband of war, they had thoughtfully disposed of them in anticipation of the final hour of surrender. A courier had meantime been dispatched to Generals Schackleford and Welford on the left, urging

them to close in and press the enemy with all possible vigor from that quarter; and in response they moved up promptly and began a vigorous attack. The Ohio River, with General Judah's gunboats, was in the enemy's front, while they were completely surrounded from the land side by Federal cavalry, who were dogging their flanks and rear like hounds on the lagging quarry.

With broken columns, seeking cover in strips of timber, gulches and ravines, and remorselessly pressed from every quarter, they soon began to surrender. Colonel Basil Duke, the ranking officer among the captured, being cut off with a small detachment and surrounded on all sides, surrendered to Sergeant C. F. Boke, of Company "B," 9th Michigan Cavalry. Colonel Springer, with 575 men, horses and equipments, surrendered to the 8th Michigan. On the extreme left Colonel "Dick" Morgan, a brother of the Chief, surrendered to Colonel Wolford. And thus, by regiment, brigade and division, the ranks of Morgan's dreaded invaders melted away. About 2,300 officers and men, with ammunition, horses and equipments, including three guns, were captured.

The marching for many days and nights had been continuous, including a distance from Cincinnati of 250 miles. The heat of the summer was intense, the country everywhere dry and parched, and men and animals of both commands were suffering intensely for water, rest and sleep. A fellow-feeling sometimes makes us wondrous kind, and the men soon began to fraternize. The limpid waters of the Ohio were but a few yards distant, and when the adjournment for twenty minutes was had for all hands to repair to that stream to wash, the feeling of fraternity often became one of cordiality. And over all a great sense of relief was felt that for the moment at least, there

was concord among these warring elements. The Michigan Brigade under the command of Colonel Sanders, had now fairly redeemed itself from the miserable fiasco at Lebanon.

Colonel Sanders, himself a Kentuckian, had many friends in Morgan's command, and was frequently heard to call out, "Hello, Jim, Tom or Dick," as one after another of his old friends, now prisoners of war, appeared upon the scene. Addressing Colonel Wormer, of the 8th Michigan (both officers being on foot), Colonel Sanders said, "Colonel, walk up the line with me." Presently he inquired for Richard Gutheridge, and was told that Gutheridge could be found a little further along, washing himself on the banks of the river. A young man standing knee-deep in the water and splashing it over his face and neck was soon discovered by Colonel Sanders, who called out, "Hello, Richard, what are you doing here?" Gutheridge answered, "I suppose you ought to know, Colonel." "When did you hear from home last, Dick?" continued the Colonel. "Not for a long time, we have been going too fast the past month or more, for the United States mail to keep up with us." "Have you any money, Dick?" continued the Colonel. Upon this (Richard replying in the negative), Colonel Sanders took a roll of greenbacks from his pocket and handed it to him. On being asked who this young man was, in whom he seemed to take so much interest, Colonel Sanders replied, "That is a brother of the young lady to whom I am engaged to be married."

This victory would seem to have been complete, but alas! it was discovered when too late to mend, that the wily chieftain himself, under cover of the darkness, had again

SLIPPED THROUGH THE FEDERAL LINES.

Pushing on into the interior of Ohio, when next heard from he was winding his way to the northward with about 800 men. To intercept and cut him off somewhere on the march, General Schackleford, at the head of a small command, is shipped by rail direct to Steubenville. Disembarking there, it is learned that Morgan is endeavoring to effect a crossing below Wheeling. Upon receipt of this intelligence a detachment under Major Rue at once started by rail for that point. But Morgan, through the assistance of sympathizing friends, learning of this movement, again changed his course and, retrograding to the interior, again pushed northward. The next move of Major Rue's command brought them by rail to Shanghi Landing, about twenty miles above Steubenville. It is now Sunday, the 26th. We are in one of the northeastern-most counties of the State of Ohio, and the climax is hourly expected. A citizen runner from the interior brings the intelligence that Morgan's column, still heading northward, is not more than six miles distant. Again the march is taken up; small detachments scouting the crossroads and bridle paths from right to left, in an endeavor to locate the quarry.

The loyalty and hospitality of the citizens of Indiana and Ohio have been dwelt upon elsewhere, but in addition to this, the local troops or State militia rendered valuable assistance at various stages of the invasion; but like untrained men everywhere, their movements when left to themselves were not always in strict accord with army regulations. The feeling among the citizens was at a fever heat, for it was not known at what hour nor on what road Morgan, or detachments of his band, might appear.

At this time a small detachment was detailed to proceed to a certain crossing on the Highlandtown road, a hamlet about six miles distant, to learn if the enemy had been seen in that direction. The orders were to go and return to the command with all possible haste. We dashed through the country on the gallop, and dusty and travel-stained as we were, the people by the roadside could hardly distinguish us from the enemy. Frequently men, women and children, on our approach, were seen skipping out at the back door and down through the garden into the cornfield or timber beyond; often bareheaded and coatless, and never looking back to learn whether they were pursued or not.

On nearing the place of our destination we found that pickets, consisting of volunteer citizens armed with good muskets, had been stationed out on the road a distance of a mile or more, to watch for Morgan's column, with the expectation of giving them a warm reception when they came. On first coming in sight of one of these posts (we were going at a lively gallop, and in blissful ignorance of an armed force in our immediate front) when bang! bang! bang! went three or four shots (apparently aimed at the ambient air, for none of them came near us) and, looking up, a half dozen men with smoking guns were seen running for the timber on either side of the road. Continuing our course, going by on the lope, the direction of their retreat was traceable from the sound of crackling brush as they disappeared in the timber a half mile distant.

In rejoining the command from this scout, we met two citizens on horseback (Harbaugh and Sterling by name) coming at full speed, with the intelligence that Morgan had been attacked that morning near Salineville by a

detachment of the 9th Michigan under Major Way, who had cut them in two, capturing about three hundred men; that Morgan himself, who was traveling in a covered rig, taken from a citizen somewhere on his route, had barely escaped by cutting a horse loose from the carriage and riding away barebacked; and that the remnant of his command (about three hundred strong) was near Gavers on a road leading to West Point and the Ohio River.

Taking Harbaugh for a guide, we struck a crossroad, by which some distance was saved, and soon fell in the rear of Major Rue's column, then hurrying forward to intercept Morgan at a crossing a mile or two yet ahead. Looking across to the west and north, the cloud of dust raised by the retreating Confederates was plain to be seen, and they of course could see our dust as well. Their road ran directly east, while ours intersected it, running north and south. To be the first to reach the junction of the two roads was the goal for which both commands were now striving. Our animals, already on the verge of collapse, were urged forward under whip and spur, and the two columns of dust rapidly drew together. To be the first at the crossing meant for us, beside a temporary respite, the end of the raid, and

MORGAN'S FINAL CAPTURE.

For him and the remnant of his command it meant final escape through the mountainous regions of West Virginia, among friends and sympathizers, who would bid him Godspeed on his way to rejoin the Confederate Army in Tennessee.

As we neared the junction of the roads the country was more open and level, and at times the two forces were

visible to each other. The last final effort was here put forth, and our column, under Major Rue, had barely reached the crossing and wheeled into line facing the enemy when the head of their command came in sight over a ridge not more than three hundred yards distant.

The great raid was now at an end. Seeing our troops in line ready to receive them, white handkerchiefs and strips of white linen were swung in the air,

IN TOKEN OF SURRENDER.

Not a gun was fired. The officers were allowed to keep their side arms and personal effects, and after all the guns and pistols were stacked in a body and a guard placed over them, the men of both sides mingled without restraint. Soon retiring to a near-by farmhouse (Patterson's) where water was plenty, Morgan and his officers, with our own, indulged in bountiful libations of that refreshing beverage, taken from the northeast corner of the well. Then lying down on the grass, guards and prisoners for more than an hour slept in one common bed.

This sudden collapse and surrender, without firing a gun, came as a surprise to the Union troops, but the secret was soon explained when Morgan came forward declaring he had already surrendered to James Burbick, a citizen whom he had impressed and was taking with him as a guide; but this pretended surrender to an individual without a command (and he a prisoner) was a proposition Major Rue could not entertain.

At this juncture General Shackleford, in command of all the Union forces, came up, when the unconditional surrender demanded from the first by Major Rue was agreed upon. With the exception of the two companies

of the 8th Michigan (Companies F and L), commanded by Lieutenants N. S. Boyanton and James M. Wells, respectively, the Union troops present at this surrender were all Kentuckians. The leaders of each command, as well as many of the soldiers, had known each other from boyhood, and friendly greetings were exchanged all around.

From the time of Morgan's first appearance in Kentucky the interminable chase had been kept up throughout the entire breadth of three States, the distance covered aggregating twelve hundred miles. Scarcely a Government ration for man or beast had been drawn during the time, both armies depending upon the country for subsistence. The march of the two columns throughout Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio had been like a "besom of destruction." The smokehouses and chicken coops of the thrifty farmers along the route had been especially marked for devastation. Horses were taken alike from the stable, the carriage and the plow; and often saddles, bridles, blankets and like equipments went with them. In the various assaults made by Morgan upon unoffending citizens, some thirteen had been killed or wounded, and no good on earth to him or anybody else had been accomplished.

As soon as transportation could be had, the officers and men captured were shipped from Salineville (the nearest railroad station) to Camp Douglas, in Chicago, and other military prisons. The chieftain and his staff were sent to the State penitentiary at Columbus. It was claimed by the Confederates at the time, and by their sympathizers at the North, that Morgan was there treated as a common felon, but that is not true. He and his officers were kept in rooms apart from other prisoners, and were taken out regularly twice a day for exercise and fresh air while there confined. Their treatment by the Federals was,

therefore, much more humane and considerate than that received by the Union soldiers in the hands of the Southern Confederacy.

The troops remaining behind now moved out to the river, and, while awaiting transportation to Cincinnati and Covington by rail, took up headquarters at

STEUBENVILLE.

The hospitality which had been so bountifully bestowed upon all since the beginning of the raid was continued at this place. We had been a whole month by day and night traveling through the hot dust of summer, or wallowing in the mud, as was sometimes the case, without opportunity for a change of clothing or an application of soap and water. Taking heed of our conditions the citizens of Steubenville contributed, without stint, shoes, underclothing, towels and other articles, and opened wide the gates. In their front yards tables were spread with what, to a hungry soldier, seemed to embrace the very best of the good things of this world. But to all this the presence of young women presiding and anticipating, as they seemed to do, every wish, added a three-fold charm.

Mr. Joseph Wells, an old resident of the place and a namesake of the writer, came to our camp one day, introduced himself, and in a conversation that ensued the conclusion was reached that a distant relationship between us existed, whereupon an invitation was extended to visit him at his home, an aristocratic suburban place on the bluffs. To this consent was reluctantly given, for, however stout-hearted one might be in the performance of the duties of a soldier, the services in which we were then engaged were not well calculated to give one ease and confidence in the

drawing-room. But the evening passed off pleasantly and without serious blunders, as far as I was able to discern, and when the hour for retiring came the host lighted me to my chamber. After throwing down the covers and removing the "shams" (it was an old-fashioned feather bed), he wished me good night and pleasant dreams and retired from the room. After assuring myself that the door was closed and my movements would no longer be observed, I approached the bed with its spotless linen covers in some trepidation, and, pressing downward from the top, my arm sank into its billowy folds up to my shoulder. A pile of rocks or rails to keep from the water beneath, and a poncho to ward off the descending moisture had often been my bed and only shelter for weeks and months, and it occurred to me I would never be able to adapt myself to a bed like the one before me and obtain a night's rest. But not wishing to arouse the suspicion of my hospitable friends, or in any manner shock their sense of propriety, I undressed, jumped in and immediately sank out of sight; but after rolling over a couple of times to "muss it up," I arose, and, taking one of the covers, spread it on the carpet, and with my coat for a pillow laid quietly down and slept soundly till morning.

During our stay at Steubenville the farmers from the outlying districts through which the troops had passed came pouring in to air their grievances and ask for compensation for property taken from them "for the good of the service." Others, more grateful, came with their wives and daughters to meet and thank the soldiers for the great deliverance wrought by them. One old farmer, a German, with his daughter (a girl about seventeen years old, having a carroty complexion and one of those peculiar female figures in which it is difficult to tell where the

waist begins and leaves off), understanding these jolly soldiers were also bachelors, proposed to make a supreme sacrifice on the altar of his adopted country and turn his only daughter over "to wife" to any one of them, should he wish to embrace—the opportunity. There being no great rivalry apparent in coming forward to take advantage of his generous offer, the father himself finally settled upon a modest officer as being the one, in his judgment, well suited for the hand of his daughter. So without consulting the feelings of the officer in question, he led the girl up, and, placing her hand in that of the man of his choice (holding the two together with the grip of a lion), he said: "Got bless you, mein schilderns, I geef her to you, ain't it?" The young officer, blushing and in a halting voice tried to explain that he did not care for another matrimonial venture, and it was with the greatest difficulty he finally convinced the old gentleman that he already had a wife and children at home.

A sufficient number of cars having been obtained to accommodate the troops in waiting, a train was made up in two sections and started for Cincinnati. There still being no Government rations in sight, a small town through which the soldiers were to pass was asked by telegraph if it could furnish a luncheon, naming the number of men in one section of the train, and the adjoining town, a short distance beyond, was requested to feed as many more. Assurance was given in each case that a sufficient amount of provisions would be forthcoming, and on our arrival at the first station the people were out en masse, with more than enough rations to feed the entire command, and the soldiers of both sections, after filling themselves to repletion, were urged to take more.

Reluctantly bidding these people good-bye, the next town

was soon reached, when lo! and behold! the entire platform extending around the railroad station was loaded with good things to eat. But alas! the hungry men who sought the board at Station No. 1, where, oh where, were they? Every effort to bring them up at the extemporized tables failed. They could no longer be held in rank, and the people, it was plain to be seen, were sorely disappointed. Handsome young women who had prepared the tempting dishes besought the men to "just bite off one little piece." It is a poor soldier who would not undertake to "bite off" a piece under such an appeal as that, and they did. With spasmodic efforts at swallowing they sampled the dishes, taking in the whole line, until mercifully relieved by the sound of the whistle and the cry of "all aboard."

All through the rural districts, as well as in the towns and cities, from Steubenville to Cincinnati, the people turned out by the roadside and cheered as we passed. Licensed to do about as they pleased, the men were all over the train, on the cow-catcher, in the engine cab and on top of the cars. Among them were mechanics and engineers, and often a soldier could be seen at the throttle or the brakes. They were now thoroughly rested from their fatiguing marches, and although soon to return to a field where the reception given by the people would more likely be of the kind to welcome them to "hospitable graves," rather then to tables spread with all the luxuries of the culinary art, they were as full of good cheer as their stomachs were of fried chicken, and they took a lively interest in every passing event.

A big Irish sergeant who, in some way on the raid, had secured or captured a rebel guidon, would stand on top of the car and wave it before the admiring throngs, as an

evidence of his prowess. One day, the train going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, had just passed a crowd of people, when the sergeant turning his back to the front of the train, and facing the rear, in order to hold the attention of the people as long as possible, waving his captured flag and gesticulating as he did so, did not heed the warning of a "low bridge," given by a loose netting suspended over the track for that purpose. The train dashed on and in a moment the back of the sergeant's head came in collision with one of the timbers of the bridge, which threw him flat, and apparently lifeless, on the deck of the car. At the next station he was carried off, still insensible, and there left with a detail of two men to stand by, and give him a decent burial, if such service be required, as all believed the case would be. In course of time Cincinnati was reached, then Covington and Nicholasville, where we had been but a short time, when the big sergeant, to the astonishment of all, appeared one day, still carrying the guidon, and looking fresh and rosy as ever.

While stooping over from the top of a car to speak to some one (the train being in motion) my wallet dropped from the side pocket of my coat to the ground. It opened as it fell, scattering the contents, which were the photographs of my mother and sister, some postage stamps, and trinkets valuable to me if to no one else, and a letter or two, the superscription of which would reveal my name, rank and regiment, to anyone who might chance to pick them up. I watched them with a sigh as they fluttered a moment in the air and then sank out of sight, not expecting ever to see them again. But it is the unexpected that happens in time of war—as well as in peace. It was now about the first of August and in the September following I was made a prisoner in East Tennessee and carried first

to Atlanta and then to Libby Prison, Richmond, Virginia. During the time of confinement in the latter place a package addressed to me came to the regiment which, later on, proved to be the lost pocketbook with contents. The package, in addition, contained a letter from the young girl who had found it near the spot where it had fallen from my pocket, as above described.

Eight months had passed before my return to the regiment after the capture, and, meantime, the package had been delivered to John McCreary, a soldier in my company, who, on leave of absence, had gone home, thinking to deliver it to me there, as the tunneling from Libby, with the names of those who escaped had already become current. But as I reached home, McCreary had returned to the regiment carrying the package with him; and, to end a story already too long, I did not recover the package for more than a year from the time of its loss. These circumstances are related here because of the relationship which they bear to another occurrence to be related a little further on in the progress of these memoirs.

Later in August our cavalry took the advance of Burnside's army

FROM KENTUCKY INTO EAST TENNESSEE.

Upon Lincoln's first call for volunteers to aid in upholding the Constitution and the laws, the governors of the several border slave-holding States treated the appeal with contempt; replying in effect, that not a man or a dollar would ever be contributed by them to aid the Federal authorities in a proposed effort to coerce the six Southern States already in insurrection, viz.: South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida and

Texas. But in the light of history, the doughty governors of the border States either did not have a just conception of the national spirit that animated the breasts of a very large proportion of the citizens of their commonwealths, or they were then undertaking to run a "high bluff" as opposed to the will of their own people, and against the constituted authorities.

It is a fact, but little understood at this time, that the slave-holding States, so misrepresented by their respective governors at the outbreak of hostilities, contributed, before the close of the war that followed in consequence of the rebellion, 300,000 men, who freely offered their services and their lives in defense of the Union and the flag they loved so well. Not only this, but these loyal Southerners, before entering the lists, were compelled to face the most galling contumely and proscription among the neighbors of a lifetime; and often their own family circles were disrupted and torn asunder.

It is not disputed at this time but that the men of the South who espoused the cause of secession were actuated by what they conceived to be the right; but if these worthy motives are conceded to them, they assuredly should do no less than grant the same liberal concession to those of their old friends and neighbors who took up the gage of battle in defense of the Union.

Out of the vast number of Southern men who thus contended, 39,508 laid down their lives, and their bones are left to enrich the soil that gave them birth, and upon which their young manhood was nurtured and sustained. Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, in replying to Mr. Lincoln's first call for troops, April 15th, said: "I say emphatically Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States." But, strange as

it may seem, among the loyal sons of the South who attested their faith in a united country Kentucky sent 75,760 into the field, and 10,774 of these sealed their faith in death. Governor Harris, of Tennessee, replied, April 18th: "Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but 50,000, if necessary, for the defense of our rights." But shut in by mountain ranges and surrounded on every side by the hosts of treason, the sparsely populated State of Tennessee enrolled 31,772 of her sons in the Union ranks, and before peace had spread her soft mantle over their picturesque hills 6,779 had perished, and their names are found on the scroll of the nation's honored dead.

In all of the original seceding States, indeed, in every Southern State, there were loyal men who openly espoused the cause of the Union and enrolled themselves in the ranks of her army. These are facts that should be better understood, not for the purpose of keeping alive any animosities that may have existed prejudicial to these men among their own people, but rather that their names at last may be handed down with other heroes; for, in the belief of this writer, the time is not far distant when the loyal South will honor by the erection of monumental piles the memory of her brave sons who wore the blue, as well as those who wore the gray.

We now had with us a number of Tennesseeans, who had fled from their homes and joined our ranks in Kentucky. Many of them were born and raised in the Cumberland Mountains, and for Union proclivities had been compelled to leave their native State and seek safety in a more congenial clime, and also that they might find an opportunity to enroll their names in a cause dear to them as life itself. Though uneducated and ignorant of the

world as many were, their loyalty to the Government was strong as that which bound them to their homes and kindred. It sometimes happened our march led past the doors where many of these men first saw the light of day, and where their happy childhood had been spent. The mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts often came out along the road for an opportunity to embrace and say good-bye to their sons and brothers, perhaps for the last time. But our march was hurried and the orders to keep an unbroken rank were strict. Frequently, however, when coming to a halt an opportunity was given for these last most affecting salutations. On one occasion an old mother, after having embraced her boy, dropped on her knees in the attitude of prayer. "That's right, mother," said the son, as he mounted his horse and rode off. "You do the praying and I'll do the fighting." But the prison pens of the South were yearning for these loyal men, so many of whom never saw their homes again.

Descending into the more populous valleys, our troops were often greeted with cheers and shouts for the army and for the Union. At Athens, on the Cumberland River, an American flag, just "unearthed" from a feather bed, where it had been secreted since the war began, was stretched across the street in honor of our coming, and the troops marched proudly under its folds.

Having scouted the country throughout East Tennessee for a month or more, a small brigade consisting of one thousand men of the 8th Michigan and 1st East Tennessee Cavalry, with two pieces of artillery, commanded by Colonel R. K. Byrd, of the 1st East Tennessee, were encamped a few days at Calhoun, on the Hiwassee River, watching the movements of the enemy from the direction of Chattanooga. From the 19th to the 23d of September

we lay there nervously and anxiously listening to the distant rumble of their big guns, while the contending armies of the North and South were in a fierce grapple for the mastery at Chickamauga. The great battle having been fought, there was reason to believe some decisive movement would follow soon, but we were somewhat surprised on the morning of the 26th, when a party of our scouts, coming in from the South, brought the intelligence that a large force of the enemy was rapidly approaching from the direction of Chattanooga, led by

GENERAL N. B. FOREST.

His was a name more likely to strike terror to the heart of a Yankee soldier taken by surprise than any other in the Southern Confederacy, for Forest was a very daring and successful cavalryman.

The writer at this time was in command of a company, but early that morning, before receiving the news of the threatened attack, had reported on the sick list. Thus, being excused from duty by the brigade surgeon, his men, under command of another officer, had gone out to take their turn in the daily routine of picket duty. This statement is made to show how it happened just then he was without a command. It also explains the circumstances that soon after led the writer unwittingly into the difficulties that are made the theme of the ensuing chapter. So, not wishing to retire with the wagon train and ambulance, which had been put in motion to the rear on the first sound of alarm, taking up a Spencer rifle lying idly in the quarters, I determined to learn more than the knowledge already gained of the real duty of "the man behind the gun."

By this time the dust raised by the enemy's column could be seen over the tops of the timber, winding its course among the hills, and rapidly drawing near. Colonel Byrd, like all East Tennesseeans in the Union Army, had a supreme dread of capture, as indeed he had reason to be; for as prisoners of war they were often subjected to great indignities by their Southern captors, and were sometimes shot or hung with but little ceremony. So, while making hasty preparations for a spirited defense, Colonel Byrd was heard to remark: "If those fellows catch me, by the Eternal, they'll hang me." With this added danger threatening, it is not surprising that in preparing for battle he also looked well to the avenues of escape. From the encampment of the Union troops (which was in the edge of a strip of timber on an elevated plateau) there was a descending plain, about a mile in extent, to the village of Calhoun and the river, on the opposite or southwesterly side of which another mile of open ground intervened to the timber beyond. Out of this the enemy now began to pour in column of fours, looking like some great monster emerging from its lair among the wooded hills. They rode boldly out on the open plain, without apparent regard for our battery, which had already opened fire, and was doing some pretty effective work, as we could plainly see, when a shot now and then threw up the dust under their line, causing the horses to rear and plunge, temporarily breaking the ranks. But immediately closing up, they galloped out of sight, soon reaching the cover of a high hill directly in the rear of Calhoun, and less than half a mile distant from the river. On the summit of the hill was a dismantled earthworks that had previously been abandoned by the enemy. In an incredibly short space of time, dismounted men were seen

at the top of this hill, the foremost of whom, after reaching the summit, sprang upon the works and greeted us with the old rebel yell; but a volley from our Spencer rifles at a half mile range caused them as quickly to disappear. A few minutes later, a battery of Rodman guns planted in the old works, belched forth a defiance more terrifying than the triumphant shouts of the Johnnies, for at the very first round two shots plumped down in the midst of our horses, now saddled and standing just in rear of the camp, ready for a hasty move in any direction.

Our only hope now was to check the enemy's progress at the river and if possible prevent their crossing. The outlying pickets had already been drawn in, and every available man was hurried on foot to the river. Being independent of a command, I concluded to ride a horse down to the front to be the better prepared for an emergency in case of

A GENERAL RETREAT.

A servant belonging to that numerous family of "Washingtons" found among the colored race in the South (so many of whose male members are christened "George") was taken along to the village and left in care of the horse behind a brick building, with strict injunctions to remain there until called for. The village of Calhoun, while halting between two opinions (on the subject of the war the inhabitants were about equally divided) found itself literally between two fires. For both batteries were now playing over the housetops, a shot from either side occasionally clipping the roof or chimney stacks of some of the highest buildings.

Falling in with one of the companies of my regiment,

we took up a position in a stockade of upright timbers driven into the ground along the bank of the river. The enemy already occupied the basements of the buildings within hailing distance on the opposite banks, and a contest of sharp shooting at once began with deadly intent and purpose on both sides. Toward every opening from which the flash of a gun, hat, or any part or appearance of a man's anatomy could be seen, the shots were directed. Becoming so much engrossed with this work, I paid no attention to an order coming about this time to retire, but kept on firing until, looking around, I found myself entirely alone. Remembering the horse nearby in charge of my faithful "George," I took no especial concern at this, believing when thus mounted I could overtake the troops that were on foot, in a very short time, and so run no more risk than those who had left earlier in the contest. But imagine my surprise and disappointment, on reaching the building, behind which it was expected my horse would be found, rearing and plunging, impatient for the hand of his master, to find that both horse and groom had already decamped. The reason for George's early departure was soon made apparent, for on looking farther I saw where a shot from the enemy's battery had passed through the roof beneath which he had been left in supposed security; and being thus showered with the spray of broken shingles, mixed now and then with pieces of brick, doubtless proved too much for George's patriotism, and he at once showed a clean pair of heels, as well as the tail of a good horse, to the enemy.

A further surprise now greeted me on seeing so many of the men we were shooting at a few minutes before across the river scurrying through the streets of Calhoun, all apparently in a very sound and healthy condition, and

I concluded, without further delay, to imitate the example set by George, and take to the rear as rapidly as possible. From the friendly shelter of scattering houses I soon had to appear in the open field, in plain sight of the enemy, who already occupied the town in large numbers.

I now sought the protection of the railroad track which ran near our camp, but on approaching the higher ground, the embankment, or fill of the road grew less, and soon, in order to keep under cover, I was compelled to drop to my knees, in this manner hoping to

MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE.

On reaching the encampment another disappointment awaited me; for, save now and then a horse still hitched and unclaimed, the place was deserted. A general retreat had taken place, and shot from the enemy's battery still crashing through the timber added to my discomfort. No time was lost, however, in reaching a horse standing hitched to a tree near by, and jumping wildly from side to side at the end of a halter. Taking out my knife I cut the hitching strap which was drawn very tight, and when in the act of mounting, a shell bursting somewhere in close proximity sent a fragment weighing about three pounds against the tree from which the horse had just been freed, and glancing off it struck me on the instep, causing a painful sore soon after. My new-found treasure in the shape of a horse, while by no means an "Arabian," rose at once to the occasion, and giving him a free rein and spur, together we sped away up the road through the timber; both apparently anxious to pass over and beyond the divide, out of range of shot and shell that continued to follow like a Nemesis.

On attempting to place my feet in the stirrups the straps were found to be too short, and when the difficult feat was accomplished, my knees were in close proximity to my chin. But not being out for inspection or on dress parade, I took little note of this, and continued to urge my horse to the limit of his speed. We soon passed over the ridge down into the valley at a point where I had hoped to be out of range, but on reaching the intersection of the highway with the railroad, I saw the trunk of a man's body whose head had been carried away by a cannon shot, and concluding we were not yet altogether safe, urged my faithful little animal to still greater effort. Soon coming into a cloud of dust, I was somewhat alarmed by the cry of "Halt" that rang out a short distance ahead, and reining up found myself within fifty yards of the rear guard of our retreating troops. They had formed across the road awaiting the approach of the enemy, and completely hidden by the dust, which hung like a cloud for a long distance just above the ground, within the radius of the skirting timber. I had come near receiving a volley from our own troops. What added pleasure to this meeting, however, was finding here my horse, which had been recognized by some of my comrades and taken from George in his flight down the road. George, however, without unnecessary delay, continued his retreat on foot and alone. As related by those who saw him, from the manner in which he took to the timber after being dismounted, it is doubtful when, if ever, he stopped running long enough to find out the War was over and that he was free.

We retreated all that day and night, hard pressed for the most part, the rear being covered in the manner described. Forming across the road, hidden by the dust, and

there waiting until the enemy's advance rode within range, the rear guard would fire a volley or two, causing the enemy to halt and deploy, thus giving our men time to take up a position farther to the rear. These tactics were followed until night came on, when the enemy was compelled to advance with greater caution, and we found some relief from their determined assaults. I stayed with the rear guard until my stock of ammunition was exhausted, and then rode on in an effort to overtake the main column, but was unable to come up with them.

After a running fight for a distance of twenty-five miles in the direction of Loudon, the enemy seemed to have been pretty well distanced; and about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning I was taken desperately ill and soon found it impossible to go farther. This was near a little hamlet called Mouse Creek, where, in company with a half dozen other men, I went to a hotel kept by a family by the name of McKee, known to us in our raids through that country previously as a Union house, or a public place kept by people friendly to our cause. Two women were its only occupants at this time, the men belonging to the house, not already driven from the country, having gone out with our troops during the night. I now sought this shelter for a little rest that could no longer be delayed. On being directed to a room I took my watch and money from my pocket and crowded them inside the leg of my boot for greater safety; and then stretching myself upon a bed, soon fell into a fitful and feverish sleep; and in it had a dream ("which was not all a dream") in which I was being mercilessly pursued by the enemy and constantly made a target for their rifles. Trying to defend myself, the lever to my repeater failed to throw the cartridges into the barrel, and when the trigger was pulled there was no recoil

or report. The gun, seemingly, like myself, had lost its nerve and fell limp and useless at my feet. In desperation I then tried to run, but my limbs were nerveless as the gun and failed to execute my will. A stalwart soldier in gray, bearded, and with fixed bayonet, rushed upon me. I felt the cold steel entering my breast—and then awoke. On springing to my feet, I found the soldier of my dream with gun in hand, standing over me. He informed me that I was a prisoner and must go with him, and on leaving the room found the house surrounded by an armed guard and all of its inmates prisoners of war. It was now the 26th day of September and (as if by the irony of fate) just two months from the day in which I had participated in the capture of General Morgan in Columbiana County, Ohio.

From the barefoot condition of many of my captors, I greatly feared being compelled in the end to

PART WITH MY BOOTS.

In such an event the watch and money secreted therein would most likely be discovered and disappear with the boots, so I took these valuables, when unobserved, from their temporary hiding place, and without saying a word handed them to one of the ladies of the house, who chanced to be standing just behind me. She, seeming to understand, took the watch and money in silence as I had offered them. I did this believing these loyal women to be more deserving of my little personal effects than my captors. The prisoners were soon hurried off up the road a mile or so beyond the outskirts of the village, where all went into camp, the Confederates having with them about 125 prisoners, captured that night and the day before.

At the first opportunity I stretched myself on the ground, hoping to obtain a little rest and sleep before the march to the rear was taken up, which must follow soon, for there was danger of interference by the Federal Infantry at Loudon, only about twelve miles distant.

The camp having been settled and daylight coming on, numbers of soldiers came around to take a better look at the live Yankees captured during the night. For my own part, I felt more dead than alive, and had I looked as I felt they would doubtless have carried me off for burial before the heat of the day came on. No officers being present at the time, a guard standing near (after looking long and anxiously, as I thought, at my boots, which were of a first-class pattern, having high tops with a red border) ordered me to take them off, saying that he needed just such a pair in his own business. After glancing at those he had on I could not well dispute the necessity that urged him, and under this pressure was compelled, though reluctantly, to part with my boots. The soldier meantime offered his own in return, surely not expecting they could ever render me any particular service, but doubtless as a souvenir or memento of the friendly interchange that had there taken place. This transaction passing off smoothly, others gathered around, and article after article of my wardrobe disappeared, "like the baseless fabric of this vision." They were replaced by others, many of them curious and misshapen enough. When I finally arose, togged out in an entirely new uniform, "Solomon in all his glory" could not have resembled me. The trousers vouchsafed me were made of green baize, the cloth generally used for covering billiard tables. Before fairly out of the dilemma into which I had so unluckily fallen, the garment in question covered a pair of nether limbs, re-

duced from what were then fair and manly proportions, to about the size and dimensions of a billiard cue. So the trousers in the end seemed not altogether inappropriate.

Careful search was made for watch, money or other valuables about my person, but, finding none, they seemed to think it a strange circumstance that an officer in the Yankee army should be found thus destitute. This fact, doubtless, coupled with their curiosity, led my captors to revisit the house where the capture took place, and where, as before stated, I left my watch and money. Possibly they did this for the purpose of pursuing farther the inquiry and search for any valuables I may have left there.

The movement of the prisoners to the rear began that afternoon about 5 o'clock. With mounted guards on either side, our march on foot continued all that night and the days following, until Dallas, Georgia, was reached—a distance of fifty miles. A good portion of this was over the road that marked the course of our retreat from the Hiwassee the day and night before. It is pretty severe on a cavalryman not accustomed to the use of his legs, even when in good health and abundantly supplied with rations, to be dismounted and compelled to make a prolonged march on foot. Only for the extreme kindness of a guard near me, who, during the night (when unobserved by the officers in command), got down from his horse and permitted me to get into his saddle and ride until thoroughly rested, I should have fallen by the way. Some time the next day we reached the Hiwassee at Calhoun, the scene of our conflict forty-eight hours before. Having ourselves destroyed the bridge, we could not well complain at being compelled to wade the river in water to our armpits.

Reaching Dalton, we were shipped in open freight cars to Atlanta, and there confined in a stockade, in common with about twelve hundred other prisoners, mostly captured at Chickamauga, and many of them wounded. While the guards on the way from Dalton to Atlanta had had nothing whatever to do with our capture, they were apparently getting all the glory for it, for the people were cheering them on every hand as we passed through the country. As the train, made up of open freight cars, moved slowly through the villages or hamlets, women and children came out and greeted their soldiers with waving flags and hurriedly passed up baskets of fruit and other delicacies to eat. But often in the hurry they were unable to distinguish between guards and prisoners, and thus an opportunity was given now and then for a modest, unassuming and half-famished Yankee to accept of a basket of sandwiches or a chicken pie. But when a mistake of this kind was discovered the unhappy donor would spring back as from some venomous reptile and exclaim, "Ah! Yankees!"

On reaching Atlanta we fell into the hands of a young Lieutenant of Home Guards wearing a fancy uniform that had never been soiled by service in the camp or field, and doubtless himself had never heard the report of an enemy's gun. Under a heavy escort he marched us up and down the principal streets of the city, not so much apparently to exhibit the prisoners as to show himself and his uniform to the admiring throngs that lined the pavements. The women were all very curious to see the "Yankees," and were sometimes saucy and even insulting. But as a rule the curious crowd remained quiet and offered no remarks; but one old gentleman approached as we halted for a time on the street and accosted me as follows: "Young man, you are in the predicament now that

every Yankee will be placed in (if not killed) whoever dares to set a hostile foot on Georgia soil. The Southern people can never be conquered. The constant prayer of our women is that every child born in the coming generation may be a male, that we may raise up armies to fight you to the end of time." Although I may not have had perfect faith in my ability to "make good" just at that time, yet in answer I ventured the prediction that within the year I would return to Georgia not, indeed, as a prisoner of war, but as one of a victorious army, and that the American flag would then be waving over the City Hall at Atlanta and the State Capitol at Milledgeville. The conversation was here cut short, as we were ordered to move on, and the old gentleman's contempt at this prophecy was fairly depicted in his countenance, notwithstanding he in all probability, as well as myself, lived long enough to see the prediction a verity.

At the end of two weeks a trainload of prisoners was made up and started by rail for Richmond, Virginia, by way of Augusta, Salisbury, Columbus and Petersburg. On this journey, which occupied fourteen days, the prisoners were temporarily quieted and, for a time, were induced to bear with greater fortitude and resignation the privations incidental to their surroundings which they were compelled to undergo, by statements made to them to the effect that as soon as Richmond was reached all were to be exchanged or paroled and at once sent home. These statements proved to be wholly imaginary. Coming up from Petersburg, we crossed the long bridge just below Belle Isle, and, disembarking on the Richmond side of the James River, were marched in columns of twos down Cary Street to a point, as we believed, where the exchange was to take place.

Visions of home and loved ones whom we expected

LIBBY PRISON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865, BY GEORGE S. COOK.

soon to meet were uppermost in our minds, and, thus encouraged, we passed down the streets, incidentally viewing the strange sights of the Confederate capital—that Mecca the Union Army had been striving so long to reach. For my own part I remember to have read many of the signs over the business places, but only one has been retained through the long years that have intervened since that day. As our column halted under a dark and frowning wall of brick and mortar, on looking up, there over the entrance to a jail-like structure I saw painted on a board in large black letters these words: "A. Libby & Sons, Ship Chandlers and Grocers." And immediately the thought came to me, despite the fair promises made to us on the journey from Atlanta that an exchange of prisoners would take place on our arrival in Richmond, we had now reached our final destination, and that the building before us was the notorious Libby Prison of which we had heard so much, and instinctively the familiar quotation came to my mind: "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

At the windows, which were barred like those of a jail, could be seen the wan faces of our friends who had preceded us. The officers of our party were singled out and escorted to the office of the "Hotel de Libby," while the enlisted men were sent to Bell Isle, Castle Thunder and other places in different parts of the city. After a thorough search for weapons and more valuables, and our names, rank and regiment had been made a matter of record, we were escorted up a flight of stairs, at the head of which was a door secured by ponderous bolts. These were thrown back, and between the points of two bayonets in the hands of stalwart soldiers standing on either side

we passed the dreaded portals and found ourselves at last secure within the famous

BASTILE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Our group, on entering, was quickly surrounded by the old prisoners, all anxious to learn something of the progress of the war and of their friends in the various commands to which they belonged, as the information the Confederates furnished was very meager and exceedingly unreliable.

For the first three months many of the prisoners lay on the bare floor, with nothing either over or under them, and only their boots on which to lay their heads at night. Among the twelve hundred men confined there at the time (all officers in our service of greater or lesser rank) was represented almost every trade and profession. Many were masters of science, art and literature, whose names were not unknown to fame. There were preachers, painters, sculptors, orators and poets. Many were the beautiful and curious designs wrought from beef bones saved for that purpose after the bones had first been picked to the marrow by our hungry men.

The pencil and pen sketches, drawn on whatever even surface might be found, often showed evidence of genius and a cultivated hand. Among those more or less famous in music I remember one of the Lumbard family, of Chicago, at that time celebrated singers of the Northwest, who led and conducted the musical part of Lincoln's campaign for the Presidency in 1860. General Neal Dow, the father and founder of the Maine liquor law, treated us now and then to a temperance lecture, which, in a practical view, seemed to be quite unnecessary, as food was very scarce and intoxicating drinks absolutely out of

the question. Religious services were held quite frequently, but in an evil hour a minstrel troupe was organized, which came near swamping religion and all other considerations for the time being. Any old prisoner will remember the song of "Johnny Smoker," and how the chorus, "Wizer, Wizer, Rinctum Bum," was rendered by the minstrel band, and with what gusto it was received by the whole prison.

The prisoners were constantly hungry, and dreams by night were filled with visions of home and loved ones, and tables spread with every conceivable luxury known to the culinary art; but on waking in the morning the old sensation of hunger came back with renewed force. In my more contrite and submissive moments I remember to have agreed with myself that if spared to get out of that place I would never ask or require anything more or better to eat than bread and butter. Often I wakened in the night hungry, and, going to the kitchen, scraped and ate the burned rice from the bottom of the kettles, as they had been left soaking in water that they might readily be cleaned for the next hungry installment.

Some of the prisoners were in the habit of lying on the floor late of mornings, to the annoyance of those who wished to be up and about. Often an inquest, "super viscum corporis," was held, and curious and witty epitaphs were placed at the head, as though the sleeper were a dear departed friend. Mock funeral services were sometimes observed, and after this ceremony the "remains" were taken up and, amid great lamentations, carried to some remote part of the prison for interment. This was often under the hydrant. These corpses frequently became quite lively before the ceremonies ended, and the funeral would then break up in a row.

An armed guard, for the purpose of calling the roll and

for other reasons, visited the prison daily. Having no better employment, the prisoners resorted to various stratagems to embarrass and mystify the guards. But when practical jokes became too serious, and those directly responsible could not be apprehended in any other way, the authorities would reach the guilty parties by shutting off the rations of the entire prison for twenty-four hours. This treatment generally produced results.

In calling the roll, the prisoners in each room separately had to stand in line four ranks deep. Then a commissioned officer, stepping along in front, would count off the fours. To puzzle and annoy him, a number of prisoners standing in the rear rank (after having been so counted), unobserved by the officer in front, would fall out, and, slipping through a hole in the partition wall (which had been dug through for that purpose and screened from observation), go through into an adjoining room and there be counted a second time. Thus the authorities gained from three to half a dozen more men by count than they had names on their rolls. This also would throw off suspicion in case it became necessary at any time to account for the absence of any member of the tunneling party. This trick (varying in the numbers to be counted) was repeated several times. But, unable to make their different accounts agree, they would finally drive the whole mass of prisoners into the lower east room for a roll-call by name. In this position we were packed like sardines in a box and unable to move. After answering to his name the prisoner was compelled to move out through the crowd to the door, and there pass between the points of two bayonets in the hands of the guards. A man standing in the back part or near the center of the room, having in this manner to respond to his name, the very best he could

do would occupy twenty to thirty minutes in finding his way through this mass of men to the door.

This operation prevented further mischief for one day, at least, and in the matter of preserving order had a very salutary effect.

An event of general interest during the confinement in Libby, and especially so to me, was the visit of the great raider, General Morgan, who had, since his capture in Ohio, escaped from Columbus, and thence found his way to the Confederate capital, where he was given an ovation and lionized by the people to the extent that the ladies at a reception given him (so the local papers stated) gathered around in great numbers and kissed his hand. Having had a taste of prison life himself, he made this tour of inspection in Libby, no doubt, that he might the better enjoy his own release from the toils, and incidentally, perhaps, to witness the discomfort of the other fellows when under the conditions that proved so irksome to him.

Having heard through Confederate sources that he had been shaven, clothed in stripes and treated as a common felon at Columbus, I was a little apprehensive he might, on discovering me as one of his captors, be pleased to see me placed in like embarrassing circumstances; and, for this reason did not make myself known to him, otherwise I should surely have gone forward and congratulated the General on his good fortune in making the escape. While to be decorated in the garb of a common felon would have been humiliating enough, yet I would gladly have accepted almost any sort of clothing at that time, in lieu of those I had on, the same presented me by my captors in East Tennessee.

In Libby the prisoners lived under discipline of their own, adopted from the military plan, and in this way kept

themselves in comparative good health. A quartermaster selected from among the number apportioned the rations and dealt them out daily. Regular details were made for policing the quarters, and although compelled to use cold water with no soap, the floors were mopped every day, and there was a penalty attached for spitting on the floor. At our request the room was provided with cuspidors made of small boxes of wood filled with sawdust. These self-imposed duties in a great measure relieved the irksomeness of prison life, and this leads me to say: the Southern soldier as a prisoner, though provided with better quarters and better and more abundant rations than we, did not seem to fare so well, and to this day he contends that his treatment was even worse. The difference is easily explained. He lacked the ingenuity to make the best out of the materials at hand, and the inclination to help himself. Part of the daily duty of many of our farm and shop-raised boys before entering the army was found in the kitchen with their mothers, aiding in the general household work. Many were accustomed from childhood to wait on, and in a measure support and shift for themselves. The Southerner, on the other hand, had been accustomed to being waited upon, and when it came to the exigencies of prison life he was not so well prepared as the Northerner, for, under such conditions, there's something required more than mere bravery. The inability to take care of himself accounts for a large share of the discomfort that often attended the Southern soldier as a prisoner.

The Libby, at the time of which I write, was situated between Cary and Canal Streets, in the city of Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the Southern Confederacy. The width of the building extended one hundred and ten feet

from one street to the other, its sides running along either street, 140 feet east and west. It was three stories high on Cary, with a basement cellar under the entire building, making it four stories high on Canal Street. Across the width of the building, extending from the basement to the roof, were two partition walls, dividing each floor into three rooms or apartments of equal size. Our prisoners at this time occupied the two upper floors, or the six upper rooms. The rooms were designated as the upper and lower east rooms, the upper and lower middle rooms, and the upper and lower west rooms. The middle room on the first floor below was used for cooking purposes, and was known as the kitchen. It had three fireplaces in its east partition wall. This kitchen was the only place in the building the prisoners had free access to, save the six rooms spoken of above. The fireplaces were not utilized, but in front of each one of them were three stoves, the pipes of which went into the chimney flues, running upward above the fireplaces. The flues did not extend below this floor, so the partition wall from here down was solid. The east room on the first floor was used for hospital purposes; the west room was the office where the prison officials were quartered, and the basement beneath was divided into dungeons for the confinement and punishment of unruly prisoners. The doors and windows were barred like those of a jail. Heavy guards, of course, were stationed on the outside, so the only hope of escape seemed to be through

THE TUNNELING PROCESS.

Aside from the effects of hunger, there was a feeling of unrest among the prisoners which, if yielded to, often led to serious despondency and even insanity. Plan after

plan was devised for escape, which upon trial proved to be impracticable. In the dead hours of the night a few could be seen prowling around the prison, in the hope that some means of egress might offer. On dark stormy nights the guards sometimes came up for temporary shelter under cover of the prison walls, where, unobserved by anyone from the outside, they would enter into conversation with the prisoners, often giving expressions of sympathy. Among them frequently was found a man of Northern birth, who had been conscripted into the Confederate army, and at heart a Unionist. Bribes were sometimes offered by the prisoners, and taken by the guards; but attempts to escape by that means generally resulted in the prisoner being handed over to the authorities, after he had gotten outside and given up his valuables.

At one time a plan was laid for the escape of all the prisoners in Richmond. There were fifteen or twenty thousand confined in various parts of the city at the time. At a preconcerted signal these were to break out, overpower the guards, take their arms, seize the Tredagar Iron Works; where, it had been learned from the daily papers which reached the prison occasionally, there were enough small arms and ammunition stored to put a loaded gun into the hands of every prisoner. Successful thus far, the design was to take possession of the city and the Confederate Congress then in session (including President Davis) and hold them until aid could come from our forces in Virginia. The signal for the outbreak was fixed; every prison had its special duty assigned, and the day of the night on which the attempt was to be made came, when lo! the secret had been revealed by a traitor in the prison.

This act of treachery was charged upon Lieutenant Colonel J. M. Sanderson, of New York, and although no direct evidence was produced, many threats were made by the prisoners against his life. Indeed the authorities, fearing he might be assassinated, took Sanderson out of the prison and kept him secreted until the excitement died out. But this only strengthened the suspicion of his guilt, and in a short time he was exchanged or paroled, and pending a court martial fled to London.

After this misadventure it was resolved that any new plan should include only men whose sagacity and fidelity could be implicitly relied upon. By their continued movements at night the prisoners most desirous of escape gradually came to know each other and to take counsel together. In this way a compact association, consisting of only fifteen men, was formed, when tunneling was finally decided upon. An effort to go out through a large sewer was abandoned as impracticable after the loss of

A VAST AMOUNT OF LABOR.

It was then determined to begin in the basement under the east end of the building, a place familiarly designated as "rat hell," and tunnel eastward, coming out under a carriage shed attached to a large building on the opposite side of the street. From this point the escaping prisoners could lie screened from observation by the guards, behind a high board fence extending from the ground to the roof of the shed, until they found it safe to emerge. The tunnel was to run under a short cross street reaching from Canal to Cary Street, at the east end of the prison.

But how was this cellar, which was to form the base of all tunneling operations, to be reached? The prisoners

could not go into the hospital room and thence through the floor into the cellar, for in this room were nurses and guards who would at once discover the plan. They could not go into the basement under the kitchen, for there were the dungeons for the punishment of offending prisoners, and guards on duty all the time. Every step taken had to be kept a profound secret; not only from the Confederate authorities, but from the majority of the prisoners also, and until access to the cellar could be obtained nothing could be done.

It was finally determined to go behind the stoves in one of the fireplaces just described, and taking out bricks in the center, follow the partition wall down below the floor on which the cook and hospital rooms were located (a distance of three or four feet) and then break through the wall into the cellar, thus escaping observation from every quarter. This was successfully accomplished. Major A. G. Hamilton, of the 11th Kentucky Cavalry, was the author of this plan, while Thomas E. Rose, late of the 16th U. S. Infantry, then Colonel of the 77th Pennsylvania Volunteers, was the chief engineer of all tunneling operations, the originator and leading spirit of the entire enterprise. The first to propose the plan, and foremost in the great labor incident to its accomplishment, he was also first to make the exit through the tunnel, having gone out into the street the night before the escape took place to reconnoiter, and returning again to assure his associates and all who were to be benefited by his daring example that escape by such means was not only possible but practicable. And at last, as if by the irony of fate, when the 109 men had gone out, Colonel Rose among the number, he was among the first of the recaptured prisoners to be brought back and placed in solitary confinement

Col. Thomas E. Rose. at the Age of Sixty.

for thirty days on a diet of meal and water, as a punishment for his offense.

Thomas Elwood Rose was born March 12th, 1830, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania. He enlisted as a private soldier in the three months' service at the outbreak of the war, and worked his way up to become full Colonel of a regiment, the 77th Pennsylvania Infantry. After having rendered the most valuable service through the Civil War, he was honorably discharged December 6th, 1865, having been advanced to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, meantime. He commanded the 2d Brigade, 2d Division 20th Army Corps at the battle of Liberty Gap. His command was desperately engaged at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19-20th, 1863, he being captured on the second day and sent to Libby Prison. After all this distinguished service, July 1866, Colonel Rose was commissioned Captain 11th U. S. Infantry, and in that capacity served his Government on the frontier in Indian campaigns to April, 1892—a period of 26 years of faithful service in the Regular Army without a promotion—and then was raised only to the rank of Major by brevet. Drawing near the close of his service on account of old age, he was finally passed to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. Army by brevet, and so was retired at the age of 64 years, March 12th, 1894. This soldier incomparable died November 6th, 1907, at Washington, D. C. Had such a record been made by a soldier in the French or British armies, aside from substantial recognition in the way of promotion, the highest honors within the gift of those governments would undoubtedly have been bestowed, viz.: The Decoration of the Legion of Honor, or the Victoria Cross.

Returning now to the escape—beginning in the fire-

place, the bricks were removed from the center of the wall, so as to make an opening wide enough to admit a man's body. From fifty to seventy-five bricks were taken out. The work was all accomplished secretly and at night. After "lights out," or 9 o'clock, at which time everybody in the prison was supposed to be lying down, two men, having first quietly removed the bricks, would go down and take turns with each other in digging throughout the night. In the meantime, two or three others, detailed for the purpose, would remain on watch in different parts of the prison, to ward off eavesdroppers, and be ready to give the signal and help the two workmen up on the first approach of day. This accomplished, the bricks were carefully replaced, covered over with soot and dirt, which was always plentiful behind the stoves, and in this condition the place was left secure from observation until night came on again. This operation was repeated every night for more than seven weeks.

The authorities made regular tours of inspection through the prison every day, while hundreds of prisoners were in this room and about these stoves, engaged in cooking from early morning till 9 o'clock at night; and yet not more than twenty or twenty-five men ever knew of the work until it was nearly all accomplished. From the bottom of the cellar an opening was first made through the stone wall, some four or five feet thick, and then the work of excavating began. Clam shells and case knives were the principal tools used, and with these simple instruments a tunnel sixteen inches in diameter, eight or nine feet below the surface of the ground and about sixty feet long was dug.

As the work progressed, difficulty in removing the dirt from the tunnel was experienced. To overcome this, a

spittoon from one of the rooms above, a box about eight inches square and five inches deep, was taken down into the cellar; and the man digging inside would pull the box in by means of a cord attached to one side, and after filling it with dirt, give a signal, when the man in the cellar, by another string would pull the box out and empty it. By this wearisome process the whole mass of dirt was removed.

The back end of the cellar or basement was not used by the authorities, and was seldom invaded by any person or thing except rats. It was filled several feet deep with straw, which had been placed there for hospital purposes, though not in use at that time.

As the dirt from the tunnel came out, it was spread evenly over the bottom of the cellar and covered with this straw, thus concealing it from observation through the day. The front part of the cellar was used as a store room, and attaches of the prison were in and out by day, but seldom, if ever, at night.

When the tunnel had reached a distance of twenty feet, the air became so foul that one man had to fan the open mouth while the other was digging. Even then, at times, a candle would not burn. Yet to dig successfully light was found to be necessary as well as air. This was obtained by stealthily taking a portion of the candles furnished the various rooms each night.

Those who had been let into the secret of the tunnel now began to put themselves in readiness for the exodus, which it was believed would mark the real beginning of their trials. To harden our limbs and muscles, persistent and continued walking and other physical exercises were resorted to. My comrade and myself once walked a distance of twenty-two miles around the room in a single

day. Athletic games, such as running, jumping and boxing, were also in vogue. A favorite exercise was that of placing two sticks on end, each within a circle about three inches in diameter and three feet apart, marked on the floor at one end of the room. Then two men, starting evenly from the other end (110 feet distant) would run to see which could pick up one of the sticks, set it up squarely on end within another circle near by, and get back to the starting point first. This was a pretty fair test of speed, and agility, and proved a valuable exercise.

The rigors of one of the severest winters known to the history of the country added greatly to the discomfort of the prisoners at this time. The James River in front of the prison was frozen over solidly and occupied by skating parties for days at a time. While watching the skaters from the upper windows of the prison one day the ice gave way and five or six young men were precipitated into the river and drowned. Cries were plainly heard at the prison, and the people were seen rushing to and fro in a vain endeavor to rescue the unfortunate victims.

The Confederate authorities, seeing the destitution among the prisoners, and their suffering from the cold, finally agreed to a proposition which in the end proved of great advantage to both. The understanding was that they would impartially distribute for our use and comfort any blankets or clothing the Government might send for that purpose. This was no sooner known at the North than great boxes and bundles came in filled with the necessaries in clothing and delicacies to eat. From this time forward the general condition of the prisoners was greatly improved.

While these articles were shipped under the supervision of the Government, they were in fact made up by the

Ladies' Sanitary Commission, an organization that extended throughout the Northern States, maintained for the relief of the Federal soldiers in the field and very largely supported by the loyal women of that section. Young and old contributed alike to its maintenance. Little girls not yet in their teens added their mite to the general fund. Well it was for these devoted women that their overburdened hearts found a modicum of relief, while their busy hands found employment in the preparation of lint and bandages, blankets, socks, shirts and underclothing for the sick and wounded and destitute soldier in the camp, in the field and in the prison pen.

In the main the agreement was fairly carried out on the part of the Confederates, but in time these good things came in such quantities that their own soldiers (none too well provided for themselves) began quietly to open the boxes and appropriate such articles as struck their fancy most. So the guards about the prison and many Confederate soldiers on the streets were soon sporting Yankee uniforms. However, "It is an ill wind that does not blow good to some one," as will be seen further on in the story of an overcoat and

A NICE PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

Among other things received from the sanitary fund was a pair of woolen socks such as "mother used to knit." On putting them on, something was discovered in the toe of one of them. Upon investigation it proved to be a note written in a delicate female hand by a young lady residing in the city of Philadelphia, who had herself—so the note informed me—knit the socks, and she took the means of inviting the soldier into whose hands, or upon

whose feet, the socks might luckily fall, to write her a letter in acknowledgment. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to add that I complied with her request, and that upon this a correspondence ensued. But, alas! our letters had to pass the unsympathetic eye of the prison censor before delighting the senses of the one for whom they were especially written. If, however, the censor viewed them as I did, certainly no adverse criticism could arise, for "love," they say, "is blind." In the course of time the young lady's picture was received, and with it an invitation to visit her at her home in Philadelphia. But owing to the close proximity of soldiers on guard from without, and bolts and bars within, my movements were somewhat circumscribed, and, however ardent may have been my desire, I was unable to comply with the young lady's request. It has been said that "love laughs at locksmiths," but in this case it was different. You couldn't well vanquish a stalwart rebel on guard by laughing at him. But what has ever since been a source of deep regret, in the hurry and excitement of the escape that followed soon, I lost the young lady's letters and her picture, and the fortunes of war caused our paths to diverge; but her memory, God bless her, in the kindly act through which our brief acquaintance began, is green in my heart to-day.

Aside from a cavalryman's overcoat and other articles of clothing I drew from these supplies, there came from home a large box of delicacies and extra clothing, made up by the deft and loving hands of my mother and sister. If it were possible the value of these precious things could in any manner have been enhanced it would arise from the fact that many of them were contributed by the girls in the town in which my mother lived and where I had previously gone to school.

But I was still nearly barefooted and destitute of a hat, and, before the escape could be undertaken, must have a suitable covering for

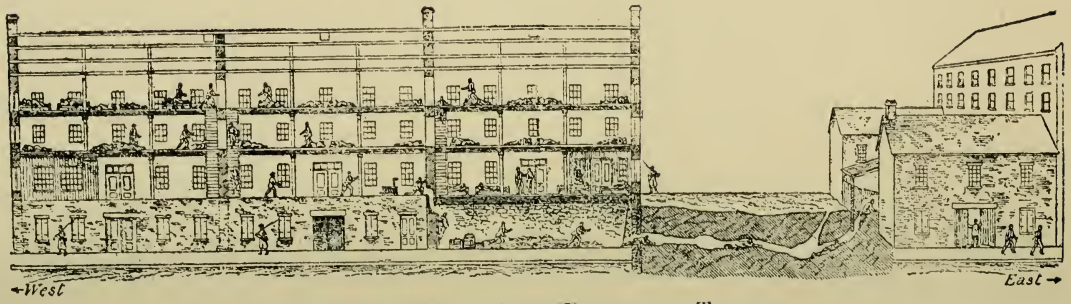
BOTH HEAD AND FEET.

For a long time my eyes were on a pair of boots belonging to Lieutenant Mead, of a Union Kentucky regiment, and I had often tried to negotiate a deal for them, offering Mead many of the choicest things that came in my box for his boots. But Mead, who was not in the secret of the tunnel and knew nothing of the special purpose for which the boots were wanted, was inexorable. I had often tried them on to show how well they fitted me, even better, I thought, than they fitted Mead. But in fact I had already begun to consider the boots mine, for when the night came for the escape I lay down by his side, ostensibly for a night's rest, though the thought of sleep was never farther from my mind. But I had not long to wait. Within an hour Mead was wrapped in profound slumber, when I quietly pulled on the boots, and, like the Arab, "folded my tent and silently stole away."

Still the head needed protection as well as the feet, and, in passing out among my sleeping comrades, I stumbled upon a hat which later proved to be the property of Lieutenant Thomas H. McKee, of the 1st West Virginia Regiment, who nightly shared the luxuries of the floor with me in that immediate neighborhood. Without compunction or unnecessary ceremony, I placed the hat where it would do the most good for the present, and proceeded on my way, afterward learning, to my regret, that McKee was sick that night, and in consequence unable to participate in the escape. What will serve as a sequel to the story of the hat and boots will appear later on.

There was no way of judging the distance across the street over which the tunnel ran, save as the ground was measured by the eye from the windows above. So when the digging had proceeded far enough, as was believed, to reach the carriage shed, it was thought best by those in charge to prospect by means of a small hole running upward for the purpose. This opening was made at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

A short time before some workmen had been employed making repairs and strengthening the doors and windows. It was their custom to leave their tools in the prison over night. So, improving that opportunity, an auger and chisel were stolen from the carpenters' outfit and carried down into the cellar for use in that quarter, and these tools, originally designed for fastening our chains, did good service in forwarding the escape. The chisel was the principal tool in use the night the prospecting hole was made. The man engaged in digging was reaching ahead into a small opening, letting the dirt rattle back down the inclined plane, when suddenly the chisel went out through the surface at a point in the full glare of a street lamp, and not more than ten or twelve paces from where a sentinel walked. The noise made by the chisel was heard by a guard, who asked another near by if he had heard any unusual noise, and, replying in the affirmative, the other said: "It is nothing but rats." Upon this both guards walked on. Their conversation was plainly overheard by the real "rat" under the ground but a few feet away. The hole was then stopped up with little stones, an old trousers leg stuffed with dirt and whatever material could be utilized for the purpose, and the main tunnel then went on some ten or fifteen feet farther. The plan was wisely adopted to let as many prisoners into the secret



SECTIONAL VIEW OF LIBBY PRISON AND TUNNEL.

when the work was completed as could well get out in a single night, and then, by leaving someone behind to cover up the excavations in the walls, prevent the discovery of the tunnel, so that eventually others might escape, by the same means,

FROM LIBBY TO LIBERTY.

Accordingly, on the night of the 9th of February, 1864, everything being in readiness, about two hundred men, who at this time had been taken into the secret, were assembled in the cook room after 9 o'clock, ready to take the desperate chance of escape. This was a trying moment. The digging of the tunnel had been a gigantic undertaking, accompanied with great anxiety, hardship and privation; and, completed at last, it only opened the way to dangers no man could forecast.

Aside from Colonel Rose, one of the first to take advantage of the exodus was Colonel A. D. Streight, of the 51st Indiana, who was being held by the Confederates as a hostage, and, according to the report of the escape as given by the *Richmond Dispatch,* printed elsewhere, "a notorious character charged with having raised a negro regiment." Streight, it was thought by the prisoners, was being unnecessarily persecuted by the Confederates, and, for a portion of the time at least, during the process of the tunneling was confined in one of the dungeons; but, having been released and returned to the rooms above just before the escape, he was made one of the first to go through the tunnel, and, with two or three other officers, was secreted and cared for in Richmond for a week or more by Miss Bettie Vanlew, finally making good his escape. This lady, after the surrender, was appointed postmistress of Richmond by President Grant in considera-

tion of her kindness to the Union prisoners. Although it soon after was known that she had performed this act of loyalty to the Union cause, it is believed she was never in any way disturbed by the people of Richmond.

Some fifteen or twenty had gone down through the hole in the wall into the cellar, and my turn had just come, when a noise at the outside door caused a report to be circulated to the effect that those who had already passed through the tunnel had been captured and that the guards were coming in to take the whole party in arrest. This was made the signal for a general stampede across the room, a distance of one hundred and ten feet, to the stairway in the corner leading up to the rooms where the prisoners belonged. My partner, who was equipped with a haversack containing a scant supply of rations saved for the occasion and a map of the country, which together we had drawn up with a pencil, ran back with the crowd. I remained behind the stoves and reflected a minute, and, listening at the door, could hear no one coming in. "And if they do," I thought, "they know nothing of this hole and nothing of the tunnel, and anyhow I may just as well go down and out, it can be no worse for me." Accordingly, down through the hole in the wall I went, without any thought of the obligation I was under to the Confederacy for six months' board and lodging.

On reaching the tunnel I found Lieutenant A. P. White, of Erie, Pennsylvania, just going in. He said: "Wells, I will wait for you at the shed." I remained at the opening until he made his way through, for on account of foul air it was dangerous for more than one person to enter the tunnel at a time. I was soon through, dragging my overcoat on my legs with one hand behind me, the other being ahead, and found on emerging that White

had gone and that I was alone. Stretching myself up at full length I breathed the fresh air for the first time in six long months. After standing so long on the hard floor the soft ground under my feet was noticeable at once, and involuntarily I looked overhead and about me, as if to assure myself that it was not all a dream. My determination to accomplish what had thus been undertaken was still strong and I resolved to push on, and by continued efforts realize the benefits of the labors already performed or perish in the attempt. Every nerve was strung to the highest tension, all fear had vanished and my senses were alert and quick as those of a wild animal.

From the shed we had to pass through a gate which opened on Canal Street. Along this street, to within ten steps of the gate, a sentinel walked, who, on reaching the end of his beat, would face about and go a distance of forty paces the other way. Taking advantage of the time when his back was turned the prisoners would open the gate, and, stepping out on Canal Street, pass out of sight. In this manner all emerged from the shed, one by one, or sometimes in parties of two or three, as the case might be. It would have been very injudicious to have formed larger parties. The alarm causing the prisoners to stampede from the cook room proved to be a false one, and that night one hundred and nine men got out, it being daylight, however, when the last one reached the shed. Among this number was my partner, but after four days of ceaseless endeavor he was recaptured. Of the whole number who went through the tunnel only forty-three were successful in reaching the Federal lines; all others were eventually overtaken, carried back and placed in the dungeons below.

Watching my opportunity, I slipped out in the manner just described and walked two squares eastward on Canal

Street. I had no fixed plan for getting out of the city, but was guided wholly by impulse and by circumstances as presented, though my general purpose was by some means, if possible, to place the Chickahominy River (which to the northward is not more than six miles distant from Richmond) between myself and my pursuers that night. The especial object in so doing was to baffle any pursuit that might be made with dogs, for, though at liberty, I was

NOT YET FREE.

The Federal uniform and overcoat I wore was rather an advantage than otherwise, for the Confederate soldiers, as stated elsewhere, had appropriated clothing sent by our Government and were then commonly wearing our overcoats on the streets. After reaching the borders of the city, beyond the street lamps, I took the center of the road and made my way as quietly and rapidly as possible, but soon discovered a light in front. Dropping upon the ground and watching closely I saw a sentinel pass the light with musket at a right shoulder. The place I took to be a guardhouse or perhaps a hospital. Then creeping on my hands and knees some distance around, thus flanked the light and the sentinel, and soon after came to the fortifications around the city. Here there was great danger and difficulty in eluding detection and arrest. On these fortifications were large siege guns in position and sentinels mounted on the parapets. For more than an hour I felt my way along, never standing at full height, and most of the time on my hands and knees. This caution and perseverance brought me safely out upon an open plain, far beyond the city and its defenses.

Coming to a thicket of brush on low bottom land, cov-

ered here and there with water, I believed myself near the Chickahominy. To test this fact I crawled out on some flood wood over the body of water, and, breaking off a large piece of light-colored bark, threw it in. In a few minutes I had the pleasure of seeing the bark move away with the current of the stream, and without delay proceeded to place the Chickahominy between myself and Richmond. In doing this, however, I was compelled to wade in water and mud waist deep.

The uplands on the northern banks were barely reached, however, when daylight came on, and I at once sought a hiding place by crawling inside an old enclosure which had grown up to a dense thicket of laurel. As daylight came on I could hear the voices of Confederate soldiers encamped near the river a half mile away. About 9 o'clock A. M. a company of cavalry, some twenty or thirty in number, came up the road from the camp, and, rising to my feet, I could see their heads as they passed on the gallop, not more than two hundred yards distant.

These, as I readily divined, were in pursuit of escaped prisoners, for that morning at the accustomed roll-call one hundred and nine failed to answer to their names. It appears that Confederate cavalry, infantry and trained dogs were at once brought into requisition to hunt down the fugitives. A rigorous search was also instituted by the authorities to discover, if possible, the means through which the exodus was made. But some of the prisoners remaining behind, in accordance with a previous arrangement, took the precaution to stop up the places of egress, and at the same time pried off a bar from a window and hung out a rope, made by tying together strips of blankets. This ruse led the authorities to suppose the escape had been accomplished by going out through the window, hav-

GETTYSBURG COLL
Gettysburg, Pa.
LIBRARY

ing first bribed the guards. In this, of course, they were deceived, and the guards and officers on duty were arrested and sent to the guardhouse, all the while protesting their innocence. Search was made throughout the day, but it was not until nearly nightfall that a colored boy, chancing to go into the shed, discovered the hole where the prisoners had emerged. But the Confederates did not learn by what means the prisoners reached the cellar for many months thereafter.

My hiding place for the day was on a gentle slope at the lower side of which was a spring where some colored women came to do washing. At times I could understand their conversation, and as the cavalry passed up the road, I heard them say something about "de Yankee pris'ners." Chickens and hogs came about through the day, all seeming to view me suspiciously, the hogs especially. These would dash away with a loud boo-a-boo, after looking at me intently for a moment. This noise made me a little nervous, as it increased the chances of my discovery and capture.

Night again coming down, after first taking an observation, I moved on, and presently came to a road which I ventured to follow for a short distance, before turning into the brush again. In passing, I noticed some saw logs, and it occurred to me there must be a mill not far off. Soon, at a point where the road forked, I saw a man coming toward me, and believing that everybody must by this time be up in arms about the escape, this gave me great anxiety. But knowing it would not do to show signs of hesitation or fear, I accosted the unwelcome stranger at once and said: "Good evening, sir, can you tell me which of these roads leads to the mill?" Of course I was making a blind guess as I had no positive knowledge of the exist-

ence of a "mill" in that neighborhood. He said, "To Gaine's mill?" and I answered, "Yes," and then told him I had an uncle living down there somewhere, by the name of Jackson, and asked if he knew any member of that family. He said he thought there was a Henry Jackson not far from the mill, and I assured him that "Henry" was my "uncle" and the very man I was looking for; and then told him I belonged to the 1st Virginia Infantry, and had obtained a furlough for a few days for the purpose of paying my relatives a visit. Thanking him kindly I hurried on, without further inquiry as to the whereabouts of my Uncle Henry.

Toward morning, I came to a cross roads where there was a mile-post and fingerboard. I climbed the post, and holding on by one hand with the other struck a match. On the board was an index finger pointing nearly in the direction I had been traveling for the past two hours, and beneath it the words, "Twelve miles to Richmond." So for nearly two hours I must have been going in the direction of Richmond instead of away from it. I had then been out the greater part of two nights and made but twelve miles on my journey. By this time hunger, fatigue and loss of sleep were closing in upon me with a deathlike grip. I pushed on however, though from sheer exhaustion often stumbled and fell to the ground. In going through an open woodland I unexpectedly came upon an encampment of Confederate teamsters; doubtless a Quartermaster's train carrying provisions to the army about Richmond. Some of the men were up knocking about among the mules and wagons. It was very dark. Assuming the rôle of a driver and bursting out in the vernacular common to the class, I walked up to an unsuspecting mule, and giving him a kick in the ribs, in a

gruff voice commanded him to "stand around." Repeating movements of this character two or three times I found my way through the encampment without interruption.

When morning came, I again sought a hiding place. Shivering and hungry throughout that day, and unable to move for fear of detection, I had a good opportunity to reflect upon the mutability of human affairs, and the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. Night coming on again, I took my bearings, and was about to start out when I overheard footsteps in the brush not far distant, and crouching down like a frightened rabbit, awaited developments. Nearer and nearer the steps came. I thought I had been discovered and that my time had come, for now the steps of two persons were distinguishable. Soon into plain sight, almost on tiptoe, walked two escaped prisoners,

RANDALL AND McCAIN.

The former was of the 2d Ohio, and the latter of the 21st Illinois Regiments. I recognized and hailed them in a whisper. They shared with me from their scant rations of corn bread, and then for the first time in thirty-six hours I tasted food. We now traveled together and once or twice during the remainder of the week obtained provisions of colored men who were true to the escaped prisoners as the needle to the pole.

We had traveled four nights, all the time in the woods, and Sunday morning found us well nigh exhausted. Now coming to the conclusion that it would be impossible to continue the journey by night we laid down for an hour's rest before starting out for the first time by daylight. Following up a ravine, we soon came into an open field

inside of which was a school house or church; and people, evidently attending service, had already begun to assemble. Two roads crossed at the school house not more than one hundred and fifty yards distant from our hiding place in the brush. Several dogs came uncomfortably near, and while we were debating what course to pursue, about seventy-five cavalrymen rode by and halted at the corner near the school house. Randall volunteered to crawl around below to see if it were possible for us to cross in that direction unobserved. He disappeared in the brush, and we never saw him again, but the report of three or four shots fired in the direction he had taken led us to suppose he had been shot and possibly killed or recaptured.*

One of the dogs now discovered McCain and myself and commenced barking furiously. We started back down the ravine, keeping as far as possible under cover of the brush. The firing below and the barking of the dog had set everybody else on the lookout, and the soldiers discovered us and gave chase down a lane, but we finally eluded them and, for the balance of the day, remained in the swamp closely secreted, being fully satisfied with our experience in trying to travel by daylight; but night coming on, the weary march was resumed.

Soon reaching an opening we discovered at a distance some one standing in the doorway of a cabin. Thinking it to be a colored man, we had little hesitancy in approaching him; but on closer inspection found instead a white man. It was then too late to back out and putting on a bold front we walked up and asked for something to eat; telling him we were Yankees recently escaped from Libby

*It has since been learned that Randall escaped, and returned home where he died a number of years ago.

Prison and were likely to perish for want of something to eat. He said he had been in the Confederate service and that he knew something of the life of a soldier; "But," said he, "I never turned a hungry man from my door, and do not propose to do so now." Whereupon, by his invitation, we followed him into the house. He gave us half a dozen dry biscuits, stating the biscuits comprised his entire stock of provisions on hand, and from the meager and scanty outfit of his cabin and its primitive surroundings, we had reason to believe he was telling the truth. He appeared friendly from the start, but we followed him closely into the house, fearing he might "present" us with a musket instead of meat. He was kind enough to tell us which way to go to avoid detection and capture, and that we were only a short distance from the York River down which a gunboat flying the American flag had passed, not more than an hour before. Had we reached York River in time to meet this boat our troubles would have come to an end at once and there would have been a different story to tell of

THE FINAL RESCUE.

Our objective from this point was Yorktown or Williamsburg, the nearest station occupied by our troops. We had gone a long distance out of the way and must now travel south. I had lost my hat (or rather, McKee's hat), our clothing hung about us in rags and all the time we were getting weaker. On the night of the sixth day out there came on a severe storm of sleet and rain, and, raking up a quantity of dry leaves by the side of a large log in a dense thicket, we covered the leaves with boughs and crawled under, lying closely together for shelter, warmth and rest. How long we had lain there is uncertain, but presently

I was awakened by McCain, who said we must get up and go on, as we were likely to become stupefied and perish from the cold. In this I agreed with him, but neither one made any effort to rise. While lying in this state of half consciousness I found my memory was failing and just then could not recall my brother's name. But suddenly, as if by a concert of thought and action, we sprang to our feet, and soon found ourselves in an open field near a road which proved to be the Williamsburg Pike, though at the time we were in doubt as to the fact. We concluded to follow it in the direction of Williamsburg, as we believed, but for safety kept back a little distance in the field. Presently we heard cavalry coming ahead of us. We had already had a little experience with Confederate cavalry and were not anxious to repeat it, but these might be our friends. We were on neutral ground, at least, and very near our own lines. It was a great risk to hail them and a great risk to let them pass by unchallenged, for it was becoming apparent we could not stand the pressure much longer. Approaching within a few paces of the road we secreted ourselves in the weeds and brush. By the clatter of the iron scabbards I knew the cavalrymen were armed with sabers (it was too dark to see), and told McCain this was to me an evidence the coming troops belonged to our side, for the Confederate cavalry, as a rule, were not so armed. They came up and passed, but nothing occurred and no word was spoken to give us any clew to their identity. The situation was anything but pleasant. The cold, freezing rain was coming down in sheets and our bones were chilled to the marrow. The main column had passed and the rear guard, about twenty in number, were in front of us. We could endure the suspense no longer and resolved to hail them, and if

it proved to be the enemy, trust to the mercy of the darkness to enable us to get away without being shot and killed. Accordingly, both stood up and I cried out, "What regiment is that?"

As quick as thought the entire squad, wheeling into line along the fence, drew their pistols, demanding at the same time our immediate surrender. The click of the hammers, which we could hear as they came into position, added to the horror of the moment, and I said to McCain, "We are gone up." With this he seemed to agree and replied that we had better surrender, as our lives depended upon it, and no time was to be lost. Accordingly, we threw up our hands and together cried out, "We will surrender." On going to the fence we found ourselves in the hands of a detachment of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, sent out as a rescuing party, who had made every necessary provision for our immediate comfort and safety.

It appears that some of the prisoners were so fortunate as to reach Williamsburg within three or four days from the time of starting out from Richmond, bringing with them the intelligence that a large number had escaped on the night of the 9th (no one knowing at the time how many) and that many were still out hiding in the swamps and along the river bottoms, dodging their pursuers and seeking a safe route on which to reach the Federal lines. Thereupon General Butler, in command of the Department of the James, having headquarters at Fortress Monroe, with characteristic promptness and energy dispatched gunboats to patrol the York, the James and Chickahominy Rivers, and at the same time sent all available cavalry scouting the country in the direction of Richmond with orders to aid in every possible manner the fleeing captives. The spirit and energy with which the troops entered upon

this work is evidenced by the fact that nine officers were picked up the night in question by this one squadron of the 11th Pennsylvania Regiment. They had brought with them led horses already saddled for the prisoners to ride, and in their haversacks carried soft bread and meat in abundance, including a ration or two of whisky for all hands. This was furnished in limited quantities, and once more mounted upon a good horse, equipped with a pistol and a full stomach, my strength and courage returned by leaps and bounds.

We had proceeded, however, but a short distance when the challenge, "Halt, who goes there?" rang out upon the still air of night. This suggested to my mind the possibility of other prisoners, and, riding hurriedly forward, a few paces from the head of the column, standing close together in the middle of the road, the forms of three men were discernible. On dismounting and going up to them I found they were fellow-prisoners—H. C. Hobart, of the 21st Wisconsin; Thomas S. West, of the 24th Wisconsin, and William B. McCreary, of the 21st Michigan Regiment —all three ranking as Colonel of the infantry service.

Colonel Hobart was then past the meridian of life, quite gray and stooped in form, and a good many years my senior. Many a night we had lain close together, sharing in common the luxuries of a hard wood floor for a bed in the "upper middle room" of the "Hotel de Libby." Here during the weary hours I had listened to his engaging conversation, and meantime quite an intimate acquaintance and friendship had sprung up between us. Colonel Hobart had been prominent in State affairs in Wisconsin long before entering the army. He was in the Territorial Legislature in 1846, a member of the first State Senate, and in the autumn of 1865 a candidate for Governor on

the Democratic ticket. Colonel Hobart was a man of more than ordinary accomplishments and intellectual power. Being much younger, I had learned to look upon him with an admiration amounting almost to reverence. Recognizing him here bedraggled, worn and travel-stained as he was, I dismounted and with my arms about him supported him for a minute or more, while his arms lay around my neck. Not a word was spoken by either during the time. Officers and soldiers of the command gathered around and stood respectfully awaiting the outcome of this affecting scene, and the silence was only broken when Colonel Hobart, his eyes cast upward and with tears streaming down his face, exclaimed, "This is the happiest moment I ever expect to see on earth."

West and McCreary were both in the prime of life, though the latter had lost the use of one arm entirely from a wound received at the battle of Chickamauga at the time of his capture. But patriotic pride and the warm blood of youth are not always proof against the ravages of a service such as these men had undergone. West died soon after the close of the war, McCreary survived longer, but Colonel Hobart, the eldest of the trio, lived to a ripe old age.

Determined upon further results in aid of the escaped prisoners, the squadron moved on in the darkness until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when came that most welcome of all events to a tired soldier,

THE BIVOUAC.

Riding out into the timber a short distance from the road a rousing fire was soon built and coffee put on. If there is one thing more than another calculated to gladden a soldier's heart and warm his body in an emergency like

this, it is a cup of coffee so prepared, and then—another cup. Around this fire, with steaming coffee in hand, but still booted and spurred, the soldiers are now gathered. The glare of the uncertain light sets weird shadows dancing among the forest trees until trees and shadows merge into impenetrable darkness a short distance beyond. Questions are rapidly plied and answers given; the adventures of the night just passed and of the days and nights preceding are told with a depth of feeling and received with an attention not attainable under any other conditions in which the writer has been placed.

The three officers just named, having passed through the tunnel at the same time, had made the trip from Richmond together. And (as now related by Colonel Hobart) one night when nearly exhausted from cold and hunger, thinking thereby to get some relief, they approached a negro cabin, through the cracks of which there was distinguishable a faint ray of light. Two remained secreted in the brush, while Colonel Hobart went stealthily to the door of the cabin, upon which he tapped very softly. Listening intently for a time, there came no response or sound from within. But presently the door very slowly and without noise began to swing, and an old black face appeared in the opening. The Colonel, already resolved to place himself at the mercy of the negro, was about to state his case and plead for aid when the old black man, placing his finger on his lips in admonition of silence, hissed out: "H-u-s-h!" and in a low whisper said: "Done speak, dars a rebel picket stannin' neah heah, youse ull shu be coch af ye makes de leese noise!" And then stepping cautiously back, making the opening a little wider, he motioned his visitor to enter, after which he closed and bolted the door on the inside. In a very short time Colonel

Hobart emerged with a large roll under his arm, containing fried chicken, bread and boiled ham. Thus substantially refreshed, and with the old negro for a guide, the weary travelers were enabled to evade an encampment of Confederate soldiers near by and proceed safely on their journey.

What intuition or knowledge aforethought was it that told this ignorant old man, before a word had been spoken by either, that his visitor was an escaped Yankee prisoner in distress and coming to him for aid? But such seems to have been the case. It is a fact that the negroes of the South during the war were thoroughly alive to the situation and stood ready at all times, even at the risk of their lives, to aid the Northern soldiers, upon whom they looked as their deliverers. And this same devotion is manifest in their loyalty to the flag and the Government under which they live. So far as they are able to see and understand, held in bondage though they were for two hundred years, they are religiously devoted to our institutions and the land of their birth. It is hoped these facts will be taken into account by patriotic men, both North and South, and thrown into the scale in the negroes' favor when an adjustment of the race problem comes, as come it must.

It is no disparagement to Colonel Hobart to repeat in this connection what the writer has since been told by his friends and neighbors that, Democrat as he was before the war, the kindness and loyalty of this old man had an influence in later years in changing his views on the subject of slavery, and to cause him often to cast his vote with the party most friendly to the negro.

Morning soon came on, and after some deliberation upon the subject the entire squadron was divided into small detachments of six or eight men each, under command of

a non-commissioned officer. These were sent scouting the country on every cross road and bridal path, with orders to reassemble at an appointed rendezvous on the main road that night, and in this manner to

CONTINUE THE HUNT.

My lot was cast with one of these squads, where I took my place in the ranks. The face of the country was flat, sparsely settled and covered with open pine timber. The storm had abated, and though the day was fine, the march over the sandy roads was likely to prove monotonous and uneventful. But one never knows, when scouting on neutral ground between two contending armies, what he may run into or what an hour will bring forth.

While following a bridle path through an unbroken forest, the Sergeant in command and one man riding in the advance suddenly put spurs to their horses and passed out of sight, firing as they ran. In answer to the command, "Forward, men!" the whole squad was soon on the run, those in the rear having to "take sand" from the more fortunate ones in the lead. The fact that none of us knew how much the stake being run for was or how far off the goal might be did not lessen the effort of all to win the race. Soon coming into the open, the Sergeant was seen still in full chase, firing at a mounted man then about 150 yards ahead, who was lying close to his horse, bareheaded (occasionally looking back), and with a six-shooter deliberately returning the Sergeant's fire.

Here was a race and a shooting match in one, free to all comers, with "nothing barred." I was riding a good horse and was already ahead of the main squad; the gap between myself and the Sergeant had closed and the object of our chase did not seem to me to be more than fifty

yards distant. I was already becoming a little uneasy, fearing I might have to be the first to overtake this desperate man, whoever he might be, when a circumstance occurred which greatly relieved the nervous strain. Riding swiftly along a thicket close by the road the fugitive suddenly threw himself from his horse, and, taking to the brush on foot, was soon out of sight and beyond the reach of our shots and of further pursuit. Thus ended the chase. The riderless horse was secured farther down the road, and also the hat, which had blown off earlier in the race. The Sergeant now explained that we had been in pursuit of a notorious bushwhacker by the name of Hume, a character well known to our troops in that section, who had given them many an exciting ride before. In their raids through that country they had often been fired upon from ambush by this same man and his followers, and our soldiers were keen to capture him dead or alive. Riding a little further on we unexpectedly came upon news from Richmond.

In passing a large farmhouse on the road an old gentleman was seen sitting on the porch with a newspaper in his lap. Believing it to be a Richmond paper and possibly containing news of special interest to me, a soldier at my request rode into the yard and asked for the paper, the old gentleman very kindly giving it to him. It proved to be a copy of

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.

The paper bore date February 11, 1864 (two days after the escape), and contained an account of the adventure in full, of which the following is a copy. By this it will be seen (using the language of the *Dispatch*) *"The whole thing was skillfully managed and bears the impress of master minds and indomitable perseverance."*

Important Escape of Yankee Prisoners—Over Fifty Feet of ground Tunnelled.—The most important escape of Federal prisoners which has occurred during the war took place at the Libby prison sometime during last Tuesday night. Of the eleven hundred Yankee officers confined therein, one hundred and nine failed to answer to their names at roll-call yesterday morning. Embraced in this number were 11 Colonels, 7 Majors, 32 Captains, and 59 Lieutenants. The following is a list of the Colonels and Majors:

Col. A. D. Streight, 51st Indiana regiment, a notorious character captured in Tennessee by Gen. Forrest, and charged with having raised a negro regiment.
Col. W. G. Ely, 18th Connecticut.
Col. J. F. Boyd, 20th army corps.
Col. H. C. Hobart, 21st Wisconsin.
Col. W. P. Kendrick, 3d West Tenn. cav.
Col. W. B. McCreary, 21st Michigan.
Col. Thos. E. Rose, 77th Pa.
Col. J. P. Spafford, 97th N. Y.
Col. C. W. Tilden, 16th Maine.
Col. T. S. West, 24th Wisconsin.
Col. D. Miles, 19th Pa.
Major J. P. Collins, 29th Ind.
Major G. W. Fitzsimmons, 37th Ind.
Major J. H. Hooper, 15th Miss.
Major B. B. Macdonald, 100th Ohio.
Major A. Von Mitzel, 74th Pa.
Major J. N. Walker, 73d Ind.
Major J. A. Henry, 5th Ohio.

Immediately on discovering the absence of these prisoners some excitement was created among the Confederate officers in charge of the prison, and in a short time every means was adopted to ascertain the manner of their escape. At first Major Turner was inclined to the opinion that the sentinels on duty had been bribed to pass them out, and this impression was strengthened by the assertion of the Yankees remaining behind that the work had been accomplished through means of heavy fees, which had been paid a Confederate officer in the building, and his influence over the guard in their behalf. On learning this the order was given to place the guard under arrest and to commit them to Castle Thunder. Not feeling satisfied about the matter, the Major and Lt. Latouche determined to leave no stone unturned to ferret out the mystery,

and thereupon proceeded to institute a search in every direction for further information. After a fruitless examination of every part of the building where it was thought possible for a man to escape they were about abandoning further investigation, when the idea struck them that some clue might be obtained by going into the lot on the opposite side of the street, when a large hole was soon discovered in the corner of one of the stalls of a shed which had been used as a stable, and on a line with the street running between it and the Libby prison. This discovery fully satisfied them that they had found out the means by which the escape had been, but their next step was to trace out the spot where the tunneling was commenced. Some few yards from the eastern end of the building, in the basement it was found that a large piece of granite, about three feet by two, had been removed from the foundation and a tunnel extending 59 feet across the street, eastward, into a vacant lot formerly known as Carr's warehouse, cut through. This tunnel was about seven feet from the surface of the street, and worn two and a half feet square. The lot in which the excavation emptied is several feet below the street, and the fleeing prisoners when they emerged from the tunnel found themselves on level ground. Running on Cary street is a brick building, through the centre of which is a large arch with a wooden gate to permit egress and ingress to and from the lot. By this route they got into Canal street, and keeping close to the eaves of the building they succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the sentinels on duty. The prisoners are confined in the second story of the Libby prison, and the first and basement stories had to be obtained before the mouth of the tunnel could be reached. From the first floor leading to the basement there was formerly a stairway, but since the building has been in use as a prison the aperture at the head of the steps has been closed with very heavy planks.

By some means the prisoners would cut through both these floors when they wished to gain the cellar, and after they had passed down would close up the holes with the planks which had been taken out so neatly that it could not be discovered. The cellar covers the whole area of the building and is only used as a place for storing away meal, &c., for the use of the prison. It being very large only the front part was required, and therefore the back part of it, which is considerably below Cary street, is scarcely ever visited. The dirt which accumulated as the work progressed was spread about this part of the basement and then covered over with a large quantity of straw

which has been deposited therein. It is not known how long the operatives in this stupendous undertaking have been engaged; but, when the limited facilities which they possessed is taken into consideration, there can be no doubt that months have elapsed since the work was first begun. The whole thing was skillfully managed and bears the impress of master minds and indomitable perseverance.

Sometime since, a Yankee Captain was found in the cellar, and on being taken before Major Turner, all smeared up with meal, he gave as his excuse for being there that he did not get enough to eat and was looking for something to make bread with. This was doubtless a falsehood, and his only business was to assist in the work which they had in hand.

There seems to be no doubt that further escape through this avenue was contemplated, and the earnestness with which the prisoners who remained behind tried to throw the blame upon the guard was only done to prevent further inquiry into the matter, and thereby leave the tunnel open for others to pass through. Probably one more night might have emptied the prison of the whole number confined therein.

Yesterday workmen were engaged in stopping up the passage which had been made from the prison, and it may now safely be relied on that no other prisoners will ever take their departure from the Libby against the knowledge and consent of the officers in charge.

As soon as the facts of the escape became fully known, orders were received by Col. Brown commanding the cavalry battallion for local defence, that a detachment of his force should immediately scour the surrounding country in pursuit of them, and accordingly twenty-five men from each company soon started off for that purpose. Four of the prisoners who succeeded in getting out were, late in the afternoon, recaptured and brought back. They had gotten about 22 miles from the city before they were overtaken. It is hardly probable, from the steps which have been taken to prevent it, that many of them will succeed in reaching the Yankee lines.

After a painstaking research two names are still lacking to complete the list of the 109 officers who went out through the tunnel February 9th, 1864. With that exception the names of 107 herewith appended are believed to be correct. But few are living at this writing and those who are known to be dead are so reported.

Adams, W. R., Capt. 89th Ohio Inft.
Bassett, M. M., Capt. 53d Ill. Inft.
Bedell, M., Lieut. 123d New York Inft.
Bennett, F. I., Lieut. 18th Regulars. Dead.
Boyd, J. F., Lt.-Col. 20th A. C.
Boyd, Matthew, Capt. 23d Indiana. Dead.
Bradford, R. Y., Lieut. 2d Tenn. Cav.
Brown, S. P., Lieut. U. S. Cav.
Caldwell, D. S., Capt. 123d Ohio Inft.
Chamberlain, H. B., Capt. 97th N. Y.
Chivester, H. S., Lieut. 23d Ill. Inft.
Clark, Terrance, Capt. 79th Ill. Inft. Dead.
Collins, J. P., Maj. 29th Ind. Inft. Dead.
Crawford, H. P., Lieut. 2d Ill. Cav.
Cummings, T., Capt. 19th U. S. Inft.
Daily, W. N., Lieut. 8th Pa. Cav.
Davis, Geo. C., Lieut.-Col. 4th Maine Inft.
Davy, ———, Lieut. 77th Pa. Inft.
Day, R. H., Capt. 56th Pa. Inft.
Earle, C. W., Lieut. 96th Ill. Inft. Dead.
Edmunds, P. S., Lieut. 67th Pa. Inft.
Ely, W. G., Col. 18th Conn. Inft.
Fales, Jas. M., Lieut. 1st R. I. Cav. Dead.
Fentress, W. E. H., U. S. Navy. Dead.
Fislar, John G., Lt. 7th Ind. Bat.
Fisher, B. F., Capt. 3d Pa. Inft.
Fisher, B. F., Chief Signal Corps.
Fitzsimmons, G. W., Maj. 30th Ind. Inft. Dead.
Flamburg, David S., Capt. 4th Ind. Bat. Dead.
Foster, Eli, Capt. 30th Ind. Inft. Dead.
Fransberry, Dan'l., Capt. 1st Mich. Cav.
Gageby, J. H., Lieut. 19th U. S. Inft. Dead.
Gallagher, Michael, Capt. 2d N. Y. Cav.

Gallaher, J. F., Capt. 2d Ohio Inft. Dead.
Gamble, S. P., Lieut. 63d Pa. Inft.
Garbett, David, Lieut. 77th Pa. Inft. Dead.
Gates, T., Capt. 33d Ohio Inft.
Good, G. S., Lieut. 84th Pa. Inft.
Greble, Chas. E., Lieut. 8th Mich. Cav. Dead.
Hall, J. C., Capt. 112th Ill. Inft.
Hamilton, A. G., Capt. 12th Ky. Cav. Dead.
Handy, Thos., Capt. 79th Ill. Inft.
Harris, Geo., Lieut. 79th Ind. Inft.
Hatfield, J. D., Lieut. 53d Ill. Inft.
Hauf, Adam, Lieut. 46th N. Y. Inft.
Henry, John, Maj. 5th Ohio Cav. Dead.
Higby, E. J., Lieut. 33d Ohio Inft.
Hines, H. H., Lieut. 57th Pa. Inft.
Hobert, H. C., Lt.-Col. 21st Wis. Dead.
Hooper, J. H., Maj. 15th Mass. Inft. Dead.
Irsch, Francis, Capt. 45th N. Y. Inft.
Johnson, Isaac, Engineer U. S. Navy.
Johnston, I. N., Capt. 6th Ky.
Kendrick, W. P., Col. 3d W. Tenn. Cav. Dead.
Lewis, John W., Capt. 4th Ky. Cav.
Lucas, John, Capt. 5th Ky. Inft.
McCreary, W. B., Col. 21st Mich. Inf. Dead.
McDonald, B. B., Maj. 101st Ohio Inft. Dead.
McKean, N. S., Lieut. 21st Ill. Inft. Dead.
Mitzel, Alex. T. Von, Lt-Col. 74th Pa. Inft.
Mitchell, John, Lieut. 79th Ill. Inft.
Mills, D., Col. 70th Pa. Inft. Dead.
Moore, A., Lieut. 4th Ky. Cav.
Moore, M., Capt. 29th Ind. Inft.
Moran, Frank, Lieut. 73d N. Y. Dead.
Morgan, C. H., Lieut. 21st Wis.

Phelps, I. D., Capt. 73d Ind. Inft. Dead.
Pierce, W. B., Lieut. 11th Ky. Cav.
Porter, John F., Capt. 14th N. Y. Cav.
Randall, W. S. B., Capt. 2d Ohio Inft. Dead.
Randolph, Wallace, Lieut. 5th U. S. Art.
Ray, T. J., Lieut. 40th Ohio Inft.
Reynolds, Wm., Lieut. 73d Ind. Inft.
Rogers, A. F., Lt.-Col. 80th Ill. Inft. Dead.
Rose, Thos. E., Col. 77th Pa. Inft. U. S. Army. Dead.
Rossman, W. C., Capt. 3d Ohio Inft.
Rose, S. C., Capt. 4th Mo. Cav.
Rowan, Chas. E., Capt. 96th Ill. Inft.
Scearce, W. W., Capt. 51st Ind. Dead.
Schroeder, Edgar, Lieut. 74th Pa. Inft. Dead.
Scott, E. S., Lieut. 89th Ohio Inft.
Scudmore, G., Lieut. 80th Ill. Inft. Dead.
Simpson, John D., Lieut. 10th Ind. Inf. Dead.
Small, M. R., Adj. 6th Md. Inft. Dead.
Smith, E. L., Maj. 9th U. S. Inft. Dead.
Sutherland, S. D., Lieut. 125th Ohio Inft.
Spofford, J. P., Col. 97th N. Y. Inft.
Starr, Geo. H., Capt. 104th N. Y. Inft.
Sterling, John, Lieut. 30th Ind. Inft. Dead.
Streight, A. D., Col. 51st Ind. Inft. Dead.
Thomas, I. W., Lieut. 2d Ohio Inft.
Tilden, Chas. W., Col. 16th Maine Inft.
Tower, Morton, Capt. 43d Mass. Vol.
Walber, Albert, Lieut. 26th Wis. Inft.
Walker, I. N., Maj. 73d Ind. Inft. Dead.
Wallich, W., Capt. 51st Ind. Inft. Dead.
Wasson, J. H., Lieut. 40th Ohio Inft.
Watson, Wm. L., Lieut. 21st Wis. Inft.
Wells, Jas. M., Lieut. 8th Mich. Cav.

West, T. S., Lt.-Col. 24th Wis. Inft. Dead.
White, A. B., Lieut. 4th Pa. Cav.
White, P. A., Lieut. 83d Pa. Inft. Dead.
Wilcox, Harry, Lieut. 1st N. Y. Cav.
Wilkins, J. E., Capt. 112th Ill. Inft.
Williams, L. P., Lieut. 73d Ind. Inft.
Williams, W. A., Lieut. 123d Ohio Inft.
Yates, J., Capt. 3d Ohio Inft.

According to arrangements previously made the various squads of the rescuing party assembled that evening at Burnt Ordinary, about eighteen miles west of Williamsburg, which place we reached at early dawn of the next morning. Here the troops under Colonel Spear were stationed for the winter. Through all the intervening years the kindness and attention received in those warm winter quarters of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry has been gratefully remembered, and, strange as it may appear, up to the day of this writing the author has never met an officer or soldier of that regiment. Under this genial hospitality the prisoners now for the first time realized that they were absolutely safe

WITHIN THE FEDERAL LINES.

With the great peace and calm that here came upon all a reaction soon set in. The excitement and strain incident to the adventures just recounted died away, and, occupying a "bunk" kindly offered by an officer of the Eleventh, the writer soon became unconscious in that "sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," restores the shattered nerves and brings back the wasted energies.

Remaining at Williamsburg two days, twenty-six prisoners who had been aided in their escape by the troops or

the gunboats, and all in a more or less destitute condition, were conveyed in ambulances to Yorktown, a distance of thirteen miles, and thence by ferry across the bay to General Butler's headquarters at Fortress Monroe.

With General Butler, who was then in command of that department, the welcome was most cordial and the fare sumptuous. After giving our names, rank and regiment to the Associated Press he instructed his Quartermaster to issue clothing to the destitute prisoners, and thus rehabilitated and thoroughly rested, on the following day all embarked on a Government transport for Baltimore, and thence by rail to Washington. On the passage the twenty-six escaped prisoners assembled in the cabin as a deliberative body, and Colonel H. C. Hobart was called to the chair. A resolution of thankfulness to Almighty God for life preserved and liberty restored; of gratitude to General Butler for his active sympathy and aid, and of renewed fealty to the Union and the flag, was adopted by a rising vote, signed by all the prisoners and given to the Associated Press.

Reporting to the authorities on reaching the capital, we were surprised and not a little gratified that the news of the escape had preceded us; that our visit to the city was anticipated, and Government officials and friends (resident in Washington) from the various States to which we belonged were on the lookout for our arrival. But to me the greatest gratification incident to the visit in Washington was being personally

CONGRATULATED BY LINCOLN.

Instead of fugitives, hunted like wild beasts, seeking cover in swamps and lagoons by day and traveling stealthily like thieves by night, we found ourselves sought after

by Senators, members of Congress, and friends and strangers as well, who greeted us with warm words of welcome and congratulation. Among newspaper men, who eagerly sought the prisoners on the streets and in the lobbies, there was a lively competition as to who should get the first interview and send in a "scoop."

The escaped prisoners were the lions of the day. After having been identified by records on file at the War Department, and drawing eight months' back pay, I donned a new uniform, resplendent in gold braid, and, though compelled by the regulations to wear the plain, unadorned shoulder straps of a Second Lieutenant of Cavalry, I enjoyed the proud distinction (in my own mind at least) of ranking equal with those proud mortals (common in Washington at the time) who wore stars, whether they had been fairly earned or not. Patriotic ladies, always interested in matters pertaining to the welfare of the soldier, sought out the prisoners and frequently made them the drawing card for social entertainments and "evenings out."

The State of Michigan maintained an agency here, the better to care for her soldiers who might become stranded at the capital. Dr. and Mrs. Tunnycliff, of Jackson, filled this important mission. Their special duty was to hunt up the sick, wounded and disabled and provide for their wants; to aid the needy in obtaining furloughs, and to bestow other cares and attentions to which the worthy were entitled—in short, to act the Good Samaritan generally to Michigan soldiers.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Tunnycliff, more or less prominent in social circles, for the few days remaining I was enabled to see a little of the life of the gay capital. Together we attended a reception at the White House,

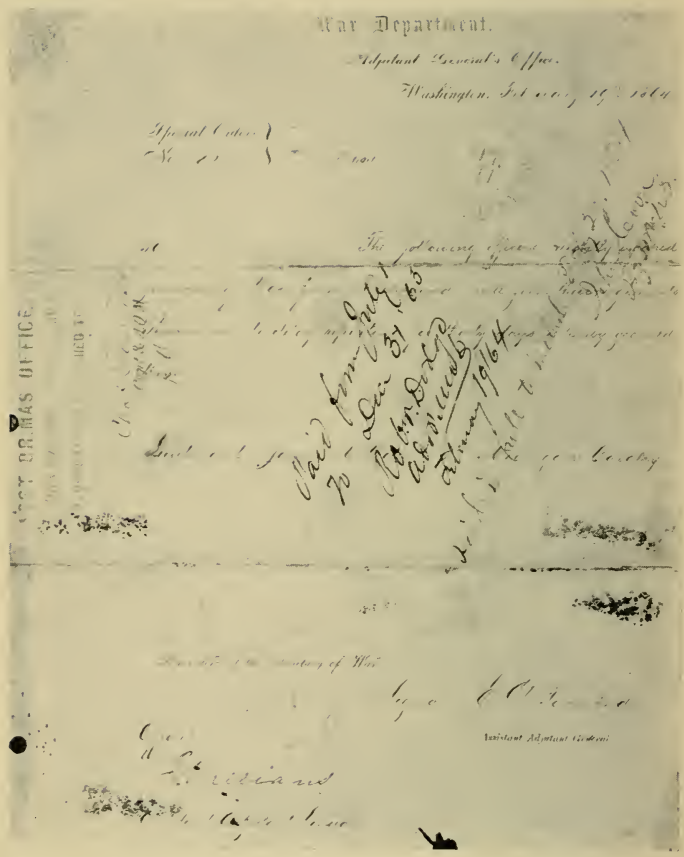
where I was introduced to Mr. Lincoln as one of the escaped prisoners from Richmond. With the stirring events of the war probably no citizen in private life was so well informed as Mr. Lincoln. No detail that reached the public, however small, escaped his attention.

Though standing in the midst of a large assembly, all anxiously awaiting their turn for an introduction to the President, Mr. Lincoln took my hand, and, while warmly pressing it, asked a number of questions about the escape. A few of the words that fell from his lips I have always remembered, and have since then many times repeated. Still holding my hand, he said: "You are one of the party that went through the tunnel?" Receiving an affirmative answer to the above, he said: "I congratulate you on your escape," and at once put the following: "What did you do with the dirt?"

In view of Mr. Lincoln's exalted character, leaving behind as he has a name honored and revered wherever the love of civil and religious liberty finds lodgment in the breasts of men, the memory of thus meeting one of the world's most illustrious is still cherished as a noteworthy event.

Young, vigorous and full of hope as I was then, confident of ultimate success, as the Union Army was at all times, there was but one shadow hanging over the pleasurable incidents of this brief sojourn in the nation's capital, and that was the anxiety to reach my home in far-away Michigan, where my mother but a few weeks before, after a long and painful illness, had fallen into that deep sleep which war's loud alarms can never awaken. A letter from my sister, received while yet a prisoner, had informed me of the sad event.

Calling upon Secretary Stanton, I received an order



SPECIAL ORDER NO. 82, WAR DEPARTMENT, GRANTING THIRTY DAYS' LEAVE OF ABSENCE TO LIEUTENANT JAMES M. WELLS.

direct from his hand permitting me to return to Michigan, there to remain thirty days, and thence report to my regiment in Kentucky; and, traveling on Government transportation a few days later I reached

HOME, SWEET HOME.

A facsimile of the order received from the Secretary of War will be found on another page.

On the homeward trip Colonel McCreary and myself traveled together from Washington to Detroit. At Cleveland we were compelled to remain twenty-four hours awaiting another train. What was called the Great Northwestern Sanitary Fair was then in progress. It was being held in an immense pavilion surrounding the Perry monument. In some way our names were announced at the hotel as being among those of the escaped prisoners, and we were waited upon by a committee (appointed for the purpose) inviting us to attend the fair, and tickets of admission throughout all its departments were extended.

Accepting this kind invitation, we were privileged to meet a good many prominent men and women of Cleveland, and here was presented a practical demonstration of what was being done at home for the comfort of the army in the field. Crowds of people thronged the pavilion day and evening. Booths were erected in the most attractive form, where everything useful and ornamental as well was offered for sale, the proceeds to go for the benefit of the soldiers. The booths were presided over by the most attractive and accomplished of Cleveland's fair daughters, and the exhibition was kept open day and night to catch the passing throng.

"How much for that flower?" inquired a gentleman of a young lady at one of these booths.

"Only twenty-five cents," was the smiling reply.

"I'll take it if you'll pin it on my coat."

"Certainly;" and the young lady deftly fastened it in place. The purchaser handed her a greenback dollar bill.

"That's right, thank you," was the gracious response. "Twenty-five cents for the flower and seventy-five cents for pinning it on."

"And here is another dollar," said the gentleman. "It's worth it to be swindled in that delightful manner." Then he added more seriously, "We can't do too much for the brave boys at the front."

There was also a large dining room attachment where meals were furnished for the hungry, prepared and served by young ladies in uniform, who, sacrificing ball and party, were devoting their time to this patriotic work.

Presiding at the table where I chanced to be seated for lunch, I was heartily surprised and greatly pleased to meet Miss Lulu Carrie Wetmore, a former friend from Michigan, and then an extemporized waitress for the good of the common cause. Here I chanced also to meet Major Coon, an army paymaster, resident in Cleveland. After listening to a brief recital of the escape, and visit in Washington—a story that had often to be repeated—he asked incidentally if I had received my pay in full from the Government. On replying that two months' pay had been kept back, as was the custom, he said: "Come with me to my office." I did as requested, and there received my pay to date, as will be seen by the endorsement on Special Order No. 82, elsewhere reproduced. This was an unusual courtesy on the part of a paymaster.

Expecting to surprise my friends at Galesburg, Michigan, by appearing among them unannounced, I refrained from writing or sending any notification of my coming,

but was more surprised than they on the arrival of the train to find quite a delegation of young and old awaiting at the station. Through the Associated Press they had been able to keep up with the movements of the escaped prisoners from the time of their first appearance at General Butler's headquarters, and for the last two or three days had attended every train from the East with the expectation of meeting the returning soldier boy.

The cloud that had shadowed all the pleasures of the homeward bound trip grew darker on nearing Schoolcraft, the village from which I entered the army, and where my mother died; and, reaching home at last, finding the blinds closed and the doors locked, the home for which I had longed so much presented an air of utter desolation. Although my mother had left the property to me by will, it was no longer a home of mine, but solace was found in the loyal welcome of the people, and a temporary home with the old friends and neighbors who had been kind to my mother in her last hours.

The thirty days spent among them and with the friends and relatives in Galesburg, Kalamazoo and other places passed like a fleeting dream, and the memory of the many kind and gracious acts received at that time is contemplated with infinite delight to-day.

There were no halls to be had in answer to the universal demand, and the largest church was generally secured, in which meetings were held in order that the people might extend suitable welcome and listen to genuine stories of the war coming from first hands. The church choir in that period, composed mainly of old men in spectacles and young women ready to substitute patriotic songs in the place of church hymns, was a prominent, if not an awe-inspiring, feature of the country village. The

music rendered by the choir added to the general interest of the occasion. To house organ accompaniments they sang the popular songs, such as: "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and "Just Before the Battle, Mother."

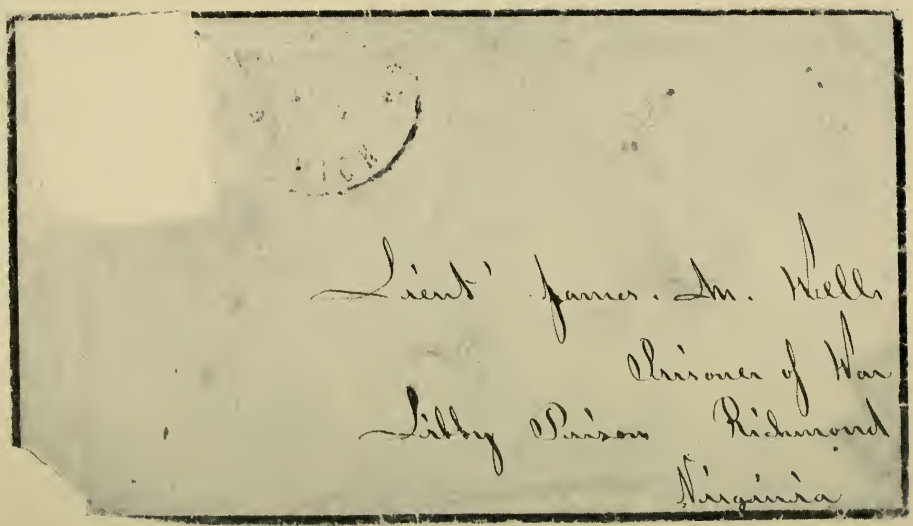
It will be an evidence of the depressing effect which the war produced upon the country, and the deep sorrow into which the people were plunged, to reproduce here parts of a communication received from my sister while I was yet a prisoner, informing me of the serious illness of our mother, and the packing and sending of the box of clothing and delicacies elsewhere described. This letter is followed by an extract from a later one bearing the more sorrowful intelligence of my mother's death, and a facsimile of the envelope in which the letter was enclosed. These are vivid reminders at this time of the sorrows through which the people were passing, for there was not a family in the whole land, throughout that trying period, whose hearthstone was not in some way saddened by the grim specter of the Civil War.

SCHOOLCRAFT, Wednesday Evening, Oct. 28, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

You do not know how relieved we were this morning when, shortly after the mail arrived, Willie Scott brought a note from you written in Libby Prison. We had been informed by Mr. McCreary in writing to his wife, that you were a prisoner. But if you are still alive and able to write, we feel truly thankful.

. . . . I have been all day canning and packing fruit and other little necessaries for your comfort and sustenance, and hope in my heart you will receive them. Willie has been very kind indeed and has taken the responsibility and trouble of packing and sending your box. . . . . Henrietta Fisher made your sponge cake. Julia Pearly and Ella Underwood hemmed your handkerchiefs. Maria was in this morning and made the biscuit for you. We cut them open and dry them to keep from moulding. I made the butter, the first I



Envelope of Letter Addressed to Lieutenant James M. Wells, While a Prisoner of War in Libby Prison.

ever made in my life. . . . . Miss Sophronia Fisher sent the apples. . . . . .

I have written you several long letters giving you an account of mother's sickness; but for fear you have not received my letters I will say: She has been very ill for a long time and the physicians have little or no hope for her final recovery. . . . .

She sits up a part of the time and walks around from one room to another, but she is very feeble and emaciated. She talks of you a great deal and wants to see you very much. I hope you will be able to obtain a leave of absence and come home, as I think it very doubtful if she is ever any better. . . . . .

Henry and Almer are at Knoxville. They were in a terrible battle on the 25th of October. May the God of battles protect them. . . . . .

(Signed) Your loving sister,
STATIRA BARR WELLS.

Sabbath Afternoon, GALESBURG, Dec. 27, 1863.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I wrote you a letter two weeks ago to-day, bearing the intelligence of our dear mother's death, and sent it by express in a large box of things put up for your sustenance and comfort. But fearing you may not receive it, I take the first opportunity to express to you the sorrow of my heart, and the sadness that her seemingly sudden death has cast upon everything. She died the tenth of this month. She was sensible to the very last moment, and when she could no longer speak, she would press our hands in answer to our questions. She talked to me much of death and was very much reconciled and happy. Said her great desire was to see her *dear boys once more.* Told me but a few minutes before she died to tell you and Henry she wished to see your *good faces again.* Her last words to me were, "Don't cry, my child. Let me go in peace. I am happy." . . . . .

The following letter, bearing a later date, was received from my sister while in the Workhouse Prison, Charleston, South Carolina. It bears date Galesburg, August, 1864.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I received yours dated from Charleston yesterday, and have prepared your valise with the greatest possible speed.

It was indeed a great relief to me to know that you were not killed in that terrible raid. The suffering I have endured during these long days of suspense God alone knows, and when Delia and I went to the office yesterday, almost disheartened and completely discouraged, with little assurance and no hope of a word from you, and the P. M. handed me your letter, I exclaimed, *"He is alive, for that is his handwriting;"* but I knew at once that you were a prisoner. This seems hard for you and sad for us all, but let us hope it is for the best. Perhaps it is for the saving of your life. You have lived through it all so far and I firmly believe you will be spared to return to us once more.

This is our morning, evening and continued prayer. If you could have heard Uncle pray for you this morning, you would have thought such a petition coming from such an honest, faithful heart, could not have been unheeded by the Mighty Ruler of Destinies. . . . .

It has been said the love which the mother bears her child is the sublimest emotion of which the human heart is capable, but there is another passion that surpasses this and before which every other emotion vanishes like mist under the rays of the noonday sun, and that is the love which the loyal American mother bears for her country and its flag. On this sacred shrine she stands ready if the supreme moment should come, though her heart-strings be rent asunder thereby, to sacrifice child and all else but honor, dear to her on earth. History, ancient and modern, furnishes many individual instances of this characteristic in woman, but it has been left to the mothers of America universally to exemplify it. In all our national struggles since the first gun at Concord—that shot which was heard around the world—down through the dark days of the Civil War, American women, North and South, have stood at the foot of the cross, ready to offer up the last full measure of devotion.

Owing to the liberality of our institutions and the veneration in which women are held in this young Repub-

lic, the love they bear for the flag which has ever been their shield is more deeply rooted than that found among the women of foreign lands. Considering the sacrifices they have made, and while reflecting upon past events, it has been thought that the soldier of the Civil War arrogates to himself too much credit for having saved the flag from desecration and the States from dissolution; and too little credit has been given to the mothers, wives and daughters left weeping at home. That their services are sometimes overlooked in the glamour with which the soldier has surrounded himself, there is no question of doubt. Whether sick in hospitals, wounded on the field of battle, or languishing half starved in prison pens, the first articles brought into requisition for the soldier's relief came through the loving hands of loyal women, whose magic touch charmed back into health and strength the sick and dying; whose patriotic appeals fanned into flame the last smouldering spark of patriotism in the breasts of the faint-hearted and doubting; and whose sympathetic tears were mingled with every drop of blood shed for the Nation's honor. Without the inspiration found in their self-sacrificing devotion, how desolate would have been to most of us the four long years of war—a love and devotion cradled in patriotism as it was, amidst the fiercest storm that ever raged around the altar of liberty and human hopes!

It is largely through the constancy of the Women's Relief Corps, Grand Army of the Republic, and the co-operation of loyal and patriotic women throughout the land, that the heroic deeds of the Union soldiers and the hallowed memories of the Civil War are being perpetuated and handed down to-day.

But a soldier's duty cannot wait on his pleasure. The

leave of absence having expired, reluctantly I bade goodbye to friends and kindred, and, hurrying to the front, reached my regiment at Nicholasville, Kentucky, and there reported again for duty.

The details of the escape and the names of those participating (through the press and otherwise) had been called meantime to the notice of the Honorable Austin Blair, Michigan's war Governor, who, deeming the matter of sufficient importance, advanced me two numbers in rank; and I had no sooner reached the regiment than a full Captain's commission came direct from the Governor's hand.

In the intervening days of inactivity in Kentucky, our officers mingled freely with the people, and were often invited to their homes, where an open and generous hospitality was to be found, and this without regard to the prejudices many of them entertained favorable to the Southern cause. It, however, could scarcely have been otherwise, as their families were often divided on the vital questions of the war; son against father and father against son. But, as before stated, there was in Kentucky a strong and unswerving sentiment favorable to the Union. The Scotts, Christmans, McDonalds and Youngs were among the families residing near Nicholasville and Lexington gratefully remembered, and whose names are recalled.

I was for a time on the staff of Colonel Horace Capron of the 14th Illinois Cavalry, who commanded a brigade then stationed at Nicholasville. Before entering the army, Colonel Capron was a model farmer and stock raiser of Peoria, Illinois. The celebrated community of Shakers was located a few miles distant from our headquarters, and, recognizing Colonel Capron as an authority on all matters pertaining to model farming, the Shakers

Captain James M. Wells, at the Age of Twenty-five.

invited him to pay their village a visit, take dinner with them and spend the day.

Accordingly, one fine morning in June, Colonel and Mrs. Capron, Miss Bessie Young, and myself started out in an ambulance for the Shaker settlement. The drive itself, through one of the most picturesque districts of the Bluegrass region, was a constant delight, and on arriving at the village we were impressed with the neatness and order that everywhere prevailed; everything being conducted on the coöperative plan; the kitchen, dining room, store and storerooms being common property, though supervised and conducted by one master spirit. The details of that management they did not dwell upon for our information. We spent the entire day in looking over the place, viewing the stock, and in the discussion of an elegant dinner especially provided for the occasion.

The beauties of this pastoral life, the peace and quietude that everywhere prevailed, coupled with the calm dignity with which each and every person within the influence of this charmed circle appeared to be controlled, was in striking contrast to the scenes of blood and carnage in the midst of which the little community maintained the even and unruffled tenor of its way.

Colonel Capron was past sixty years of age and very gray, but erect in bearing and punctilious in his dress and personal appearance. He was in the habit of shaving every day; and sometimes, with the enemy in front, this proved an awkward undertaking. But it is said the ruling passion is strong even in death. I remember once seeing him on the skirmish line standing behind a tree scarcely large enough to cover his body, with his little hand glass and shaving tackle suspended from a knot ready for use. He was about beginning the regular tonsorial evolutions,

in "one time and three motions," when a shot from the enemy imbedded itself in the opposite side of the tree, causing the bark to fly all around. But the Colonel, tenacious in holding his regular "turn," came out without a "scratch" and with a "close shave."

In the following chapter will be recounted the story of the final recovery of the

WATCH AND CHAIN.

Early in June our cavalry, then under General Stoneman, took up the march through the Cumberland Mountains to join General Sherman on the Atlanta campaign. Twice before our regiment had covered nearly the same ground, and many scenes of former marches and adventures incident thereto, coming to mind, that of my capture and loss of watch and money were recalled. The route again led by way of Kingston, about forty miles from the hamlet of Mouse Creek, where the unlucky event took place. As we drew near, curiosity to revisit the ladies of the house, and from them learn what occurred there after my unceremonious departure, grew upon me apace. So obtaining leave of absence for two days, taking Lyman Parsons, a comrade, with me (it was risky in that country for one wearing the uniform to be found far from his command alone), and as rapidly as possible proceeding on the journey, I reached Mouse Creek the same evening.

The ladies were found as anticipated, where I had left them, remembering and recognizing me at once. The meeting was one of more than ordinary interest to both. They listened to the story of my adventures since leaving their premises under guard in the dead hours of the night ten months before with apparent deep concern, and when

done they told me something of the stirring scenes through which, as loyal women, they had been called upon to pass since the beginning of the war. Coming down to the time our brief acquaintance began and ended so unceremoniously, they gave a detailed account of what transpired thereafter very nearly as follows:

The morning after the capture two or three Confederate soldiers coming in from camp told the ladies I had deposited money there while a guest of the house the night before, and that they must give it up. The lady upon whom this demand was made was not the one who had accepted the watch and money, and she stoutly denied having received anything from me. Upon this the soldiers became demonstrative and finally threatened to burn the house unless money from some source was forthcoming. Alarmed for her own safety, as well as that of their home, she then went to the sister who had received both the watch and money, telling her that possibly I had disclosed the fact of having left money there, and under such circumstances it would be better to give it up. To this suggestion they yielded; but, strangely enough, not a word was said about a watch or any other valuables, and after taking the money the soldiers went away without further parley. The watch and gold chain, however, remained in the undisputed possession of the one to whom they had been entrusted.

During the months that had intervened from the day of my capture up to the time of which I now write these good women knew nothing of the fate that had befallen me, and often in conversing of the matter they wondered if I were still among the living. But time passed on and the campaign of East Tennessee was being waged fast and furious, when one day a Union regiment went into camp

near Mouse Creek, and shortly thereafter an officer wearing the straps of a captain of infantry came to the house and asked the ladies if they could furnish a supper for a number of men. The ladies were in some way attracted by the appearance of this stranger, and the first impression was that they had known or seen him before. A conversation in a general way arose, during which they came to the conclusion the strange officer bore a striking resemblance to the one whose watch and chain they had in their possession. After explaining this circumstance they related the story of my capture. Whereupon, bringing out the watch, they were not a little surprised when the officer, recognizing it at once by the initials on the case, gave them my name as having been its owner, and then told them he was my brother (Captain John H. Wells, 25th Michigan Infantry). With all this cumulation of evidence he had little trouble thereafter in convincing the ladies of the truthfulness of this claim.

Having related the above facts, one of them, after going into another room, brought me, not my watch and chain, but instead my brother's receipt therefor in a handwriting as readily recognized by me as my watch was by him.

Explanations satisfactory to all having thus been made, the ladies, doubtless still fearing I might distrust their sincerity with regard to the final disposition of the money entrusted to them, insisted upon refunding the entire amount. But the offer was refused, and one of the greatest pleasures connected with this writing is to record here the evidence of their loyalty and fidelity.

The following morning, reluctantly bidding these dear friends good-bye, I hastened to rejoin the regiment. On this lonely ride there was ample time to reflect upon the events of the past, and to speculate upon the future, quite

an uncertain proposition at that time for all those engaged actively in the great Civil War. I thought often of a brother, then at the front with Sherman in Georgia, whom I had seen but once (and that briefly while on the march) since some time in the fall of 1862. He was nine years my senior and had been both father and brother to me. Our mother had died, as stated elsewhere, while the brother was shut up with the Union troops in the desperate defense of Knoxville and I was held a prisoner at Richmond, Virginia. The knowledge of these facts hastened the death of my mother, as will appear from reading my sister's letters quoted in another chapter.

But the ground to be covered by Sherman's advance into the heart of Georgia is already reached, and we are plunged at once into the vortex of

THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

A great military leader has said the cavalry are the eyes and ears of the army, and our duty at this time is mainly in the advance and on the outlying flanks. The cavalry are the first to see and hear. And while they are the first to pick up anything there is lying around good to eat, they are also likely to receive the opening shot from the enemy.

There was a large band of raiders in the Ellijay Mountains that had committed a good many depredations on our trains and foraging parties, and the 8th Cavalry was sent to dislodge or capture them. They were located in a veritable stronghold on the borders of a little lake situated in a narrow pass leading over and through a spur of the mountains. From this stronghold, easily watched and guarded from either side, they were in the habit of swoop-

ing down into the valleys, destroying property and making valuable captures.

Arriving on the ground just at daylight after an all-night march, we left a guard at one of the passes, while another detachment undertook to reach the outlet on the opposite side by following a blind trail through the mountains, and in this way cut off all retreat and force them to fight or surrender.

The trip proved an interesting one. The trail was rough and precipitous, and we were often compelled to dismount and lead by file. The summit was reached just at sunrise, when a magnificent view of the surrounding country opened up before us. Green meadows and pasture lands stretched away in the distance, and, running through the valley, little streams of water, whose banks were lined with spreading oaks, could be seen glistening in the sun. In contemplating this view the impression prevailed among the men that on reaching the summit there would be found a people, in character at least, if not in form and feature, more or less influenced by these poetic surroundings. But this imaginary race of fairies was enjoyed more in the anticipation than in the realization, as future developments will disclose.

There was no public highway leading to this looked-for Eden, only a trail, and on reaching the settlement the houses were found to be of the most primitive character, generally constructed of logs and roofed over with bark, having heavy poles laid across to hold the roof in place. A wooden latch with a leather string attached, hanging on the outside, constituted the only fastening for the door.

In the front yard of the first house reached three or four raccoons and a young black bear played together like a cat and kittens, and on the gable end of the house were

a number of skins of wild animals, stretched, drying in the sun. The bear, on seeing so many mounted men and hearing the sound of clanking sabers, stood upon his hind feet and looked on in apparent astonishment at the "passing regiment." There was a white spot in his breast, affording an excellent mark for a carbine or a pistol shot, and it required constant watchfulness and precaution on the part of the officers to prevent the men from taking a shot at that spot. In a conversation with the lady of the house the fact was disclosed that she was "borned and raised thare," that she was "nigh on to forty" years old, and had never seen a wagon. She knew there was a war in progress and that some of her male relatives were engaged in it, but upon which side she was not so sure. When the officer with whom this interesting colloquy was held lifted his hat to say good-bye, the lady called out: "Look a-here, mister, can't ye give us a chaw of terbacker?"

The pass where we expected to intercept the enemy and cut off his retreat was finally reached, but, to our great disappointment, the bird had flown. A heavy shower of rain had fallen an hour or two before, and since that time they had taken flight, as their fresh tracks were plainly visible in the road.

At this time we are operating on the left wing of Sherman's army, now about to make the unfortunate assault upon Kenesaw Mountain, June 10th. For this point Stoneman's cavalry is headed and we are fifteen miles distant when the first attack upon Kenesaw is made. The low, rumbling sound of artillery is plainly heard at that distance, and louder and louder as we draw near, like the sound of an approaching thunderstorm. It is not difficult in the imagination to picture the conflict as it rages, for there is no music of a military character so inspiring as

the sound of distant cannonading. As the light that attracts the moth and lures him to his death, so is the sound of artillery to the true soldier, when it is known a battle is on. The brass band, the bugle and the fife and drum have their uses in time of war, and by their inspiring notes men are often led in forlorn hopes to do gallant deeds, but there is a grandeur in the roar of artillery, when the earth trembles and the air is rent, that transposes the coward into a hero and leads the timid up to the "imminent deadly breach."

Marching to within plain view of the conflict now raging on Kenesaw Mountain, our command is halted and held in reserve, and from this point we watch the progress of the battle throughout the day and into the night. Union soldiers in their dust-stained uniforms, with musket in hand, recognizable only by the starry banners they bear aloft, are still advancing over the rough ground in broken lines, clambering over rocks and ledges difficult of ascent. Line officers with sword in hand are seen endeavoring to keep an alignment, and at the same time urging the men forward, amidst a shower of bullets from the enemy's skirmishers secreted behind fallen timbers and boulders just above, while solid shot, shell and canister from a half hundred big guns behind heavy works planted along the mountain's brow are plowing into their ranks, cutting brave men down by scores and hundreds. Down through the brush and over the rocky slopes men with stretchers are carrying the wounded to the rear—the dead no longer need attention.

First from the right and again on the left and center assault after assault is made, but the enemy's position is impregnable, every approach is guarded and every assault repulsed with terrible slaughter to the Union troops. As

night comes on, from the sides and apex of the mountain fire and smoke belch forth with detonating sound like the eruption of a volcano, but hundreds of brave men lying among the rocks below no longer hear the "deep thunder, peal on peal afar."

A field hospital is established near by, and to one who must stand and look on without lending a helping hand the sight is appalling and cannot well be described. One thousand three hundred and seventy are already dead and beyond the help of the surgeon's knife; but, alas! the six thousand five hundred wounded are here, and may God help them in the struggle yet to come.

From the middle of June to the latter part of July in this campaign the ground was stubbornly contested, and an enemy lurked behind every stump and bush as we worked along the banks of

THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

Every day and every night for thirty days and nights in succession, while on the Nickajack and other small branches of this river, our cavalry was in the saddle and under fire. The weather was extremely hot, and in many places the ground low and swampy. The army everywhere was scantily fed and no opportunity given for cleanliness or a change of clothing; no time could be taken to muster for pay, and money was as scarce as soap.

Dismounting one day for water and rest, the men sought the shelter of the surrounding bushes for protection from the burning sun. The mouths of our canteens, from frequent use, had become salty in taste, and a little greasy; enough so at least to make them attractive for flies, and the nozzle of a canteen when set aside in the shade would be covered with fly-blows in twenty minutes' time.

One day Sergeant Homer Manvel of Company F was sitting on the ground under a bush with his long legs curled up under him tailor-fashion, bareheaded, and with no clothing on but a shirt and a pair of trousers. While stooped forward and ruminating upon the pleasure of the hour a lizard popped up over his back and perching on his right shoulder peered inquiringly into the Sergeant's face. Whereupon Manvel raised his left hand slowly and cautiously as if to make sure of his aim, and struck viciously at the intruder. But, like a flash, the lizard dodged and instantly appeared on the opposite shoulder. After the second attempt to strike was made the lizard jumped off and disappeared in the brush. Upon this Manvel drawled out in a half sour and half humorous vein the following: "You may talk as much as you like about the beauties of the 'Sunny South,' but for my part I've got about enough of it. Give me the State of Ohio for the balance of my soldiering, if you please."

Whenever the Chattahoochee River was approached within rifle range, there was almost certain to come a shot from the enemy. One night when below on the extreme right a company of fifty men was ordered to establish a courier line with the main army on the river, twenty miles above. The road to be followed was supposed to run parallel with the stream. The night was dark and the country roads were rough and heavily wooded. The orders were not to fire upon an enemy unless compelled to do so in self-defense.

Courier lines are established in this way: First advancing a distance of about five miles, or to some designated point on the route to be covered, a halt is made and a post established consisting of three or five men with a non-commissioned officer in command. From this point

a courier is started back with whatever there may be to report. Then moving on, regularly every five or six miles thereafter, posts are established and couriers sent back. When the entire distance is covered and the end of the route is reached you have a courier line carrying news or orders from one part of the army to another every two hours or every four hours, as may be required. This kind of service in late years is carried on by use of telegraph or telephone lines.

On the night in question, not knowing the country or the roads, and having no guide, we often ran close to the river, and as often the enemy took a pop shot at us. One of these shots raked the pommel of my saddle and a man and horse were wounded.

When the distance was half covered (some time before daylight) we reached a ford and a cotton gin on the banks of the river. The instructions were to remain here with a detachment of twenty men, having the cotton gin for a cover, and to hold the crossing until relieved. From this point the balance of the command went forward to complete the line.

We lay down in the gin and it was broad daylight when I awoke to discover we were in plain view of the opposite banks, on which was an encampment of rebel soldiers, not more than 150 yards distant. Just as I stepped outside three or four of the enemy arose and started for the river, but a few paces from their camp, to take a morning plunge. By this time a number of our men were up. On discovering us the Johnnies called out, "Hello there, Yank! Are you fellows going to shoot?" "Not so long as you do not interfere with us," was the reply. "Well, we-uns don't shoot unless you-uns do," came back the response. Everybody being satisfied with this assurance,

a few minutes later, both commands (some twenty or thirty men on a side) were in the water bathing and exchanging jokes and pleasantries. Some of the more venturesome waded out midway of the stream and there met, exchanging coffee for tobacco, and vice versa. At 12 o'clock that day we were ordered away, and the good-bye salutations with our friends, the enemy on the opposite side, were cordial and altogether friendly.

One morning, while trying to force a crossing of the Chattahoochee, I was ordered to take the advance with two companies, and drive in the enemy's skirmishers. In pressing forward a heavy fire was encountered, when the command was dismounted and on foot charged up through a girdling where the dead timber was still standing. The enemy were hidden in a thicket behind the fence on the farther side of the field. As we advanced they opened a galling fire, forcing us to the trees for shelter. The fusillade was kept up, and the tree that fell to my lot was inadequate to cover me; while John Blossom (a boy of seventeen) reached a tree of ample proportions, not more than ten feet distant. One bullet had already struck my coat sleeve and another glancing off the tree caused the splinters to fly, when Blossom, noticing the danger, said: "Captain, you had better come here and let me go there. This tree will give you a better cover, and that one is big enough for me." About this time reinforcements came up, and together we made a charge and cleared the field, and the next serious event we have to record is the running into

A MASKED BATTERY.

Going into a camp the following afternoon about 4 o'clock, I was ordered out with a large party to secure forage close to the Chattahoochee. We carried no arms

but pistols, and ropes to tie up the grain in bundles convenient for carrying on horseback. The orders were to proceed to a certain road or crossing of roads, and there halt and deploy skirmishers, and in this manner advance on foot to a field supposed to be a short distance beyond. We reached the place designated, and about twenty men were already advancing as skirmishers. The balance of the command, not yet dismounted, were in the middle of the road in column of fours. On the right was open pine timber close at hand, and on the left a plowed field extending some distance in the direction of the river. I knew the Chattahoochee was not far away, and was apprehensive of danger, but orders must be carried out.

At this moment, boom! boom! came a couple of shots from a battery not more than a quarter of a mile distant. They were solid shots and went into the plowed ground a few feet from the center of the column, showering men and horses with dirt and gravel. Every man to the rear of where the shots struck immediately wheeled and ran for shelter. The balance were held long enough to receive a command; when bang! bang! came two more shots. These passed just over our heads and went through the tree-tops a little beyond. The gunners were evidently getting the range on us, and had we remained longer, the third shot doubtless would have proved the "charm." Falling limbs cut from the tree-tops overhead struck among men and horses, causing the ranks to break, and as the battery was masked and on the opposite side of the river, the only sensible thing to do was to get out of range as soon as possible. With this the command was given, "Fours right about!" and, galloping to the rear, we were soon out of reach of the battery. They fired several more shots, but no serious damage was done.

Meantime, the men who first stampeded had gone pell-mell into camp and reported the column cut to pieces by a masked battery. While returning in good order we met an ambulance and surgeons with an escort coming out to gather up the dead and wounded. This proved an occasion for a pretty good joke on the foraging party, and the boys who remained in camp wanted to know how we all liked "foraging."

Through the sultry summer months Sherman's slow but resistless march was unimpeded. Resace, Kenesaw and Allatoona had received their baptism of fire, and the Union army at last across the Chattahoochee is thundering

AT THE GATES OF ATLANTA.

After Hood's sortie and defeat on the 22d of July there was a cessation of hostilities. The losses sustained by the Confederates in this engagement were much greater than those of the Federals at Kenesaw Mountain, to wit: Killed, 2,482; wounded, 4,000; missing, 2.017, the Federal loss being 500 killed, 2,141 wounded and 1,000 missing. It is not surprising that after the prolonged marches and aggregate losses of the campaign up to that time it did not require a formal truce for both armies to settle down for a little rest and recuperation.

During this lull Stoneman was ordered to report with his command at Decatur, on the left wing, seven miles to the northeast from Atlanta. The march from the right to the left was made just in the rear of the army now hovering around the doomed city in the shape of a crescent or quarter circle for a distance of twenty-four miles. While making this move in the night an ambulance train was encountered carrying the wounded to the rear from

the battle of the 22d. It was at the crossing of a creek having steep banks and a rough and stony bottom. We were compelled to stand by the roadside while seventy-five ambulances with wounded men passed over. The condition of the ground shook the ambulances, rolling and wrenching the men so as to open afresh their wounds, and the prayers, groans and curses caused by this rough handling were distressing to hear. For two long hours we sat there in the gloomy night, waiting for this procession to pass.

But somewhere in this great army, if still alive, was my brother, and while making this change in the field of operations it occurred to me that now, if ever, was the time to find him. So, gaining permission to leave my command for a day, mounted on a good horse, early on the following morning I started out.

Sherman's army of seasoned veterans, one hundred thousand strong, with every gun primed and every bayonet fixed, now lay crouching like a wild beast ready for a deadly spring in front of Atlanta. The hunt for a single man in this vast host was undertaken with as little hope of success as the exploration of the haystack for the proverbial needle. Had I been a spy, however, in the service of the enemy I could have carried away with me that day information as valuable to the Confederacy as the price offered for a horse by Richard the Third on Bosworth Field. By corps, brigades, divisions and batteries I inspected the troops, counted the various guns and noted their positions. But it was not until 4 o'clock in the afternoon that I succeeded in locating the 25th Michigan Infantry, First Brigade, Second Division, 23d Army Corps (if my memory serves me right), there hoping to find my brother.

Riding up to the front, in plain view of the city and the rebel works, I soon discovered a battery of brass pieces mounted in barbette and glistening in the sun. Toward them my horse was headed, but just then crash went a shell from the enemy through the pine treetops, and I deemed it only a matter of good judgment to dismount, tie my horse and find my way for the remainder of the journey on foot. Coming close to the battery, I could see no signs of life anywhere, and wondered if the troops were all asleep, dead or had abandoned the guns to their fate. When but a few paces from the breastworks I came upon a freshly dug pit about eight feet square and six feet deep. Nerving myself for the worst, I advanced, expecting to find the bottom of the pit covered with dead men, and possibly among them the object of my search. But, greatly to my relief, I found the brother, in company with three other officers, engaged in a social game of euchre. After the warm greetings which such a meeting might be expected to call forth, he took from his pocket the watch and chain which has been for so long a time an object of more or less concern.

The fortunes of war were such, however, that my stay here could be but short, as the regiment was already under orders to be prepared at 3 o'clock the next morning, with only picked men and horses of the command, each carrying three days' rations and 100 rounds of ammunition, to enter upon a hazardous raid into the heart of the enemy's country. Desperate fighting was liable to begin where we stood at any moment, and under these circumstances we could find very little with which to cheer and congratulate each other on the prospect of the future. It was agreed upon, however, that should one come through the war in safety and the other be killed, it should be incumbent upon

the survivor to see the remains taken from the soil of the then inhospitable South and decently buried in the old family grounds. While this agreement was eminently satisfactory, it was not entered upon with that degree of heartiness and good cheer that might be expected ordinarily between two brothers closing amicably for all time so important a family matter.

Before leaving, however, being a cavalryman, I had a curiosity to inspect the field pieces, look over the works a little, and, with my brother to explain, find out just how the infantry "did it." Accordingly, coming up from the shelter of the pit we had been up to this time occupying, we walked along behind the earthworks until, coming to the battery, I sprang upon the parquette, and, looking over the field to the front, could see our own and the enemy's pickets and sharpshooters but a short distance apart, lying between the opposing lines, looking innocent and harmless enough, as they lounged on stumps and fallen timbers in their shirtsleeves, apparently paying no attention to each other whatever. But on stooping forward to look into the muzzle of one of the guns, zip! went a bullet close to my ear, when my brother, with a good deal of earnestness in his voice, said, "You had better come down from there, you will draw the enemy's fire." Having no desire to draw anybody's fire, and my curiosity being entirely satisfied, I took his advice and "came" down without unnecessary delay. This done, there seemed little left for us but to say good-bye, and my brother's last words to me as I struck out for camp were: "Look out, my boy, or you will lose that watch again."

Promptly at 3 o'clock the next morning Stoneman's cavalry started on the memorable raid undertaken in part for the release of the Federal prisoners at

MACON AND ANDERSONVILLE.

Demonstrations by the cavalry elsewhere were made in concert with this movement to draw the attention of the enemy, and thus enable Stoneman to pass through the lines to the rear of Atlanta without bringing on a general engagement. This part of the program was successful, but Generals Girrard and McCook, each in command of a division on the right, who were to have moved simultaneously with Stoneman and join him at Lovejoy's Station on the Macon Road, meeting with reverses were compelled to turn back, and the junction with Stoneman was never formed, so the latter, with only 1,700 men and two pieces of light artillery, was left to work out his salvation alone in the heart of the enemy's country, having the whole Confederate Army under Hood between him and the Federal lines. The command under Stoneman consisted of Company D, 7th Ohio Infantry (escort to the General; 14th Illinois, 8th Michigan, 5th Indiana, 24th Indiana Battery (one section), McLaughlin's Squadron Ohio Cavalry and the 5th and 11th Kentucky Cavalry. Stoneman ranked as Major-General and had been assigned to the command of all the cavalry coöperating in this movement.

At the appointed rendezvous, however, a halt was made for several hours, in anticipation of receiving some intelligence from the delinquent commands, and scouting parties were sent out to that end. While thus in waiting two or three officers called at a farmhouse near by and asked the lady if she would be kind enough to provide them a dinner, informing her at the same time she would be liberally paid for the accommodation. She readily consented, and in a short time an abundant and wholesome meal was prepared. While at the table a general conversation was carried on

between the officers and the lady of the house, who seemed to be alone. In the course of the meal it was in some way revealed to her that we were on our way to Macon and Andersonville for the purpose of capturing those places and releasing the Federal prisoners there confined. Whereupon the lady disclosed the fact that her husband was in the Confederate Army, and then doing duty as a guard at a prison in Macon, and "Oh! gentlemen," she said, "when you capture my husband, for God's sake be merciful and treat him kindly," and then she gave us his name and regiment. She was assured in all sincerity that her request would meet with consideration at our hands, but some one of the party was thoughtful enough to remind her of the old recipe for cooking a fish, viz.: to catch the fish first; and, as events transpired a few days thereafter, it would have been better for us, perhaps, had the terms been reversed and her husband obligated in some way to be "merciful," and treat us kindly when captured, for within fifteen days from that time he must have been holding a bayonet over our heads, as we were all prisoners of war and securely lodged in Macon.

Disappointed at the failure of Girrard and McCook to make the connection with us, but animated by the spirit that moves the breast of every man when in the act of going to the relief of some fellow-being in distress, the command pushed on by day and night, reaching the north-western bank of the Ocmulgee River opposite Macon in the early morning of the 30th.

A battery supported by infantry and intrenched on the opposite side made it impossible for our cavalry, armed with light carbines, to effect a crossing and enter Macon. Desultory fighting was kept up, however, until 4 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, when Stoneman announced

his determination to retreat, taking the back track, notwithstanding this movement met the disapproval of nearly every officer in his command.

Meantime detachments had been dispatched along the railroads leading to Milledgeville, Eatonton, Monticello and other points, destroying railroad tracks, burning bridges, mills, factories and other public property amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars. A detail consisting of about 100 men was sent out for the purpose of destroying the track between Macon and Milledgeville, in order to circumvent any attempt that might be made to run in troops from the latter place to reinforce Macon or to attack us from the rear.

Our first halt was at a point where the track ran along the steep bank of a millpond on which was located a large flouring mill. The various devices in vogue by the army for destroying railroads were now resorted to. First, about 200 yards of track were taken up and turned over bodily down the embankment into the pond—ties, rails and all. Meantime fires were built on the track in other places, so that the expansion of the rails doubled them into the form of an elbow. Still others, taking up the rails, placed them side by side with the ends resting on ties or some other object elevated a few feet above the ground, and fires were built on top of the rails in the center. As the heat increased they settled, forming a bend till the ground was reached, rendering them worthless for the time being. Often a half dozen men would pick up a rail already heated in the middle (the ends remaining cool) and wind it around the nearest tree or telegraph pole. After completing this work, just as we started away I looked back and saw with regret the flouring mill in flames. Even after the most diligent inquiry among the men I was never

able to find out who set the mill on fire. Certainly it was not done through my orders, though such an act in time of war is considered legitimate, for the mill had been running day and night, manufacturing flour and meal for the Confederate Army.

While the work of destroying track was going hurriedly forward, the pickets on duty in the direction of Milledgeville discovered an engine with three or four cars coming under a full head of steam. The instructions were, if a train approached, to keep out of sight till it ran up to or into the break in the track, and then to attack them from ambush and capture the outfit, whatever it might be. In this case the order was successfully carried out and an engine and three cars, loaded with mules and ammunition, with a small guard of Confederate soldiers, were captured. The entire train and its contents were destroyed at once and the prisoners soon after paroled.

Despite orders and discipline, on a raid like this in the enemy's country, it is impossible to prevent now and then

AN ACT OF VANDALISM.

A negro woman came to one of our men on picket duty some distance from that part of the command engaged in destroying track on the Milledgeville road, and told him her mistress (who was the wife of a Confederate General then in the field) had a large quantity of money and jewelry buried on the plantation not far from the house near the picket post. Accordingly, the soldier, with the colored woman for a guide, went to the spot designated, and, sure enough, there, in a tin box buried beneath the ground, he found gold coins, watches, rings, bracelets, and other trinkets galore. Doubtless, had he discovered the reputed treasures of Captain Kidd, his delight could

not have been greater, and being generous to a fault, he returned and at once began bestowing presents upon his comrades. In this way an account of the affair soon reached my ears; but how much there was of the coin I never was able to learn. A short time after, however, we were ordered away in haste, and reaching General Stoneman's headquarters in front of Macon, we there found the soldier in question under arrest, and General Stoneman in a white heat, threatening to have him tied to a gun carriage and shot. The old colored woman, it seems, had become conscience-stricken, and voluntarily told her mistress the circumstances connected with the loss of the money and jewelry; and at once making her way through the lines, the lady reported these facts to General Stoneman. Of course, I lost no time in going to him in behalf of the soldier, explaining that the money and jewelry could all be restored to its owner; that the men had taken it thoughtlessly, as they would pick up a coin or a purse in the public highway. Accordingly, when all on duty at that post were called up and the facts presented, the money and valuables in their possession were delivered up, and most of it, at least, was restored to the rightful owner.

The citizens in the country through which we passed were panic-stricken, and often deserted their homes, thereby making them much more liable to plunder or desecration. But for all that, except for the soldiers' necessaries, such as horses or mules to ride, and bread and bacon to eat, there was very little plundering done. The people, ignorant of the facts, had been told the Yankees were out for rapine, murder, and arson, and that they must expect the worst whenever the invaders reached their homes. But, forced to abandon Macon, General Stoneman now decided upon

A RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.

Accordingly, the retreat began about 5 o'clock that evening, and Company F formed a part of the advance guard. When near Clinton, about twelve miles to the north from Macon, a negro came to the command with the information that a large scouting party of the enemy were occupying the town. Acting on this intelligence, we charged into the place on different roads, capturing about twenty, and after establishing outlying pickets, picked up others who came straggling in later. Clinton was the county seat, and in the jail were found fifteen or twenty of our men, who had been captured on the downward march. Releasing these and other prisoners, citizens as well as soldiers, the building was set on fire and we soon moved away by the light of it; but, plunging into the darkness again, had proceeded but a short distance before coming upon another detachment of the enemy. They fell back from point to point, apparently doubling up in numbers, as we pressed steadily forward.

The route took us through a wooded country, and about midnight, after turning an angle in the road, from an elevated position a few yards ahead, there came a succession of volleys that brought our command to a halt, and at the first round two or three men and horses were wounded. This rapid fire compelled us to dismount and lead out into the timber for shelter, there to await orders from the commanding General.

Orders came to barricade, and then to advance as skirmishers on each side of the road, the writer with one company being in command on the right. The night was intensely dark, and the only way an alignment could be maintained was to pass orders from left to right in a low

voice, and by this precaution keep the enemy in doubt as to our movement and locality. We had advanced in this manner but a short distance, when the challenge rang out, directly in front: "Who comes there?"

It might be the enemy or it might be some of our own command, in the darkness, and the answer was given somewhat evasively: "The Eighth."

"Eighth what?" was demanded.

"Eighth Michigan," I replied, following this at once with:

"What regiment is that?"

"First Alabama."

And, immediately giving the command, "Fire and advance," on moving a few paces to the front we came upon the dead body of a Confederate soldier. Daylight, which soon came on, revealed a bullet hole through his head. This undoubtedly was the man who first challenged. First Sergeant Homer Manvel was shot at and missed by a man but a few feet in front of him; when his assailant sprang forward and seized the Sergeant around both arms, calling on his comrades for help. But holding a six-shooter in his hand, and being a powerful man, Manvel pressed it to his adversary's side, shooting him dead in his tracks.

Again advancing, over fallen timber, through brambles, and across gulches, firing as we went, the point where the enemy had been entrenched behind barricades was reached soon after daylight. This disclosed them in force about a mile and a half down the road in the open country, just beyond a little hamlet called

"SUNSHINE CHURCH."

It was now Sunday, July 31st, and the sun of that

bright Sabbath morning had just reached the spire of the little house of worship, when a forward movement of all our forces was ordered. Our troops soon took up a position near by, and planted the two pieces of artillery just outside the churchyard.

The services held there that day, though impressive enough, were not conducted in strict accordance with orthodox usages; for army surgeons at that time, no matter what may have been their other virtues, were not noted for extreme piety. The place, however, served well as a hospital, and its floors and aisles were soon filled with wounded men.

Our troops on foot charged three times, but were repulsed as often. That we were unable to cut our way through this force, when all the facts are considered, is not surprising. Men in a state of extreme physical exhaustion and paralyzed by loss of sleep are not so formidable as when, rising fresh and vigorous, they enter upon the duties of the day with a will and determination that render them invincible. It was impossible to keep the men awake that day when under fire and on the skirmish line. As soon as a partial cover was reached, a stump, a rock, or a bush, they fell asleep, oblivious of all danger. In addition to this handicap we were confronted with a force superior in numbers. According to the official report of Confederate General Joseph Wheeler, three brigades of his cavalry were in front of us. They were strongly barricaded, with artillery, in a well chosen position. The Division was under General Irverson, and consisted of his own, and the brigades of General Allen and Colonel Breckenridge.

But another serious handicap—one of our best regiments under ordinary circumstances (the 5th Kentucky),

was within fifteen days of the expiration of its term of service; and when the real test came, and the advance had reached within a few yards of the enemy's barricade, the Kentuckians faltered and could not be urged forward. This staggered the whole line, which finally broke and fell back in disorder on our reserve. Colonel Adams, with sword in hand and bareheaded, went to the front of his line and begged his men to come forward, appealing to their State pride, but his commands fell upon deaf ears.

In the retreat which soon followed, the troops had to cross a ravine in the center of which was a dry run. The water in coursing down this gulch had cut a deep channel which, when entered, afforded a temporary cover. Into this I entered, calling upon the men to follow. But a little farther on the channel grew deeper, and soon we came to where the water had cut a perpendicular embankment in front and on both sides about eight feet deep, the bottom where we stood proving to be a bed of quicksand.

The enemy had by this time left their barricades and were now on the ridge we had left but a few moments before, firing into the retreating ranks. To turn and go out of the ditch the way we came in would expose us to a galling fire, and probably to capture. The men tried in vain to jump and catch the brush on the edge of the banks, but the more they struggled the farther they sank into the treacherous bottom.

We were certainly in a trap, and for a moment I thought lost. But as I was jumping to catch hold of something on the bank, Sergeant Jeff Mills, a tall, powerful man, seized me around the hips and raised me up so that I caught the overhanging bushes and by their aid soon pulled myself out. Mills was able to follow; and in this manner one after another of the men were helped from the ditch until

all were out on the bank, save one. But this position brought us within range of the enemy's shots, and all hurried away into the brush out of range and temporarily out of sight. As I started with others, I overheard the voice of someone still in the ditch, and looking down saw Sergeant W. S. Wells standing in the sand above his knees. I never shall forget the look of reproach he gave me when he called out, "Cap, you're not going to leave me here, are you?" Thereupon, I turned around, and lying down on my stomach was able to reach his hand and help him out. By this time the others were out of sight in the brush, leaving the two of us the only target for the advancing enemy. We were not slow, however, in following our comrades as they scurried through the brush, the Johnnies yelling and shooting as we ran.

Our limited supply of ammunition now being exhausted and the last round for the battery already in the guns, with an enemy superior in numbers, both in front and rear,

STONEMAN DETERMINED TO SURRENDER.

This, however, was opposed by his officers, as before, who still advocated retreating to the south and east. By this move it was believed there would be found little trouble in reaching our lines somewhere on the coast of Florida. Indeed this plan was presented to Stoneman as a feasible one before starting on the raid, but the proposition was disregarded. Before the flag of truce was sent up, however, he gave permission to any officers who desired to undertake an escape by cutting their way out to do so—he proposing to hold the enemy in check with one regiment consisting of about 300 men, to cover the retreat; and with this remnant Stoneman finally surren-

dered. The Kentucky brigade was successful in getting away, and reached the Federal lines almost intact. Others struck out independently to the east and north in small detachments, all keeping the same general direction, and having the same object in view. I started with sixteen men of Company F. We had now been four days and nights in the saddle. The ammunition was expended, and both men and horses were worn down to the last extremity. The enemy, who by easy stages had followed our track on the advance to Macon, were in fine form and fully prepared to receive us on the return march. Thus, being fresh and well mounted, a detachment immediately started out in the full hope of overtaking and destroying these disorganized bands. By nightfall small parties of the retreating men, taking the same road to the number of about three hundred, came together. Colonel Horace Capron, of the 14th Illinois, being the ranking officer took command, and a desperate effort was now made to

REACH THE FEDERAL LINES.

Difficulty was experienced in finding our way, there being few men left in the country, either black or white (excepting very old ones), and colored women were our only dependence for guides. This service was willingly accepted, however, and having no horses for them to ride they traveled on foot, keeping up with the mounted men for miles upon a stretch, guiding them to safe crossings on unfrequented roads or bridle paths, where the enemy would be least likely to follow. All bridges and public property found on the line of retreat were burned in passing.

At a rugged crossing in a deep forest where all were

compelled to dismount and lead, two young colored women with red turbaned handkerchiefs around their heads and carrying torches (our guides for a long distance) stood on the banks of the stream and lighted the command across. The varying and uncertain glare of the burning pine knots cast weird shadows into the waters below, and over men and horses as they plunged down the banks; while the forest, lighted up but a few yards overhead and beyond, soon shaded off into impenetrable darkness. There was just enough light to reveal the desperate earnestness depicted on the faces of these slave girls (with flashing eyes darker than the night itself) who had entered upon this task that might prove death or torture to them. The whole picture presented was like that of some vast subterranean cavern, where the goblins were on the march.

It was soon found quite impossible to keep the men mounted, as many horses gave out entirely, while others whose shoes had been cast or worn became footsore and unable to move. To favor these every possible means was resorted to. In an effort to lighten their burdens many threw away blankets and ponchos, and others whose ammunition was exhausted, broke their carbines in two at the breech so they could no longer be of use to the enemy. To insure their complete destruction the pieces were thrown in opposite directions into the brush or mud holes on either side.

There were no fresh animals to be found, except now and then a mule, whose advancing years rendered him quite worthless for our purposes. Even these were cached away in such a manner as to make it difficult to find them. But occasionally, as if by the irony of Fate, a loud "Ma-ha— Ma-ha— M-a-ha" would reveal the presence of

a long-eared patriarch in some cellar or basement of a country residence, from which he would soon be taken out to enter upon a service that, the deliberate movements and calm dignity with which old age had clothed his venerable form, seemed ill suited.

The second night out (August 2d) both men and animals had about reached the limit of endurance, and it was found to be impossible, except by the most strenuous effort, to keep either awake. With both hands locked over the horns of their saddles, the men would fall asleep, when their horses, taking advantage of the situation, turned out by the roadside and stopped. In this manner the command was often strung out a distance of two or three miles. So about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 3d it was determined to lie down for a little rest. Accordingly, pickets were placed out. But as soon as the men struck the ground all (including the pickets) were wrapped in profound slumber.

I lay down that night with sixteen of my men around me, but never saw but one again until after the close of the war, while others, alas! who laid their bones in the sunny South I have never seen.

By this time quite a band of colored people—old men, women and children—had fallen in, determined to flee the country with us. But, fearing an attack and not wishing to be embarrassed by these non-combatants within the lines, the negroes were compelled to go to the rear.

We lay down by the side of the road, each man holding his horse ready to mount on the instant. The night was very warm, and from long continuance in the saddle many of the men had swollen feet, and for greater comfort removed their boots, while others took off their coats and used them for pillows.

How long we had lain there is uncertain, but just at break of day I was suddenly awakened by Sergeant Miles Horn, who, while lifting and shaking me, cried out: "Get up quick, Cap, for God's sake, they are right onto us."

The enemy, coming up in the rear, after capturing our sleeping pickets, next encountered, just outside the lines, the negroes lying by the road, who ran shouting through the camp, throwing the men into confusion that finally culminated in a panic. This was given greater impetus and effect by the enemy, who by this time were "onto us" sure enough, yelling like demons and firing at the men who refused to surrender.

Springing to my feet, my horse still standing over me, the report and flash of two or three shots near by, coupled with the shouts of the enemy, enabled me to take in the situation in a moment. Probably no less alarmed than others, calling my Sergeant by a familiar title given him by his comrades, I said: "Laddie, let's mount and get out of this," and, to use an awkward phrase, we "got." We soon became separated and the poor fellow was captured and carried to Andersonville, and I did not see him again until called upon to attend his funeral soon after the close of the war.

An effort was made by Major Buck, of the Eighth, to rally the men and form a defensive line in the edge of the timber near by, but this was found to be impracticable, as many were without ammunition or guns, and at the first volley from the enemy the partially formed rank dissolved and the rout was made complete. About one hundred men succeeded in mounting and getting away in the direction of Athens, located about fifteen miles to the north. The road ran through a narrow lane a distance of two or three miles to the crossing of

THE MULBERRY RIVER.

The rush of so many horses across the bridge over this stream proved too much for its decaying timbers and the whole structure gave way, precipitating both men and horses into the water below. The horses in the rear, excited by the chase, continued to rear and plunge, and those nearest the bank were thus crowded onto others already floundering in the muddy bottom. What added to the embarrassment under which we were now laboring was the approach of the enemy, coming down the lane in hot pursuit, yelling and firing as they advanced.

A staked-and-ridered fence on each side of the road made it impossible for the mounted men to escape by either flank, and the enemy, riding boldly up, captured many while sitting in their saddles. An officer with a drawn saber got near enough to me to demand my surrender. But two or three horses with empty saddles crowded in and pushed me beyond the reach of his weapon. For further security, and to keep out of range of the shots that were passing over, I placed my arms around the neck of my horse, and, swinging off, continued to cling to him for a time, fearing otherwise to be trampled under foot. At this time the men began to dismount and crawl through the fence, seeking cover in the brush along the river bank. Seeing this, I concluded to follow.

And now to abandon to his fate the faithful little animal that had carried me hundreds of miles in and out of danger, with never-faltering zeal and promptness, where many of his kind gave out and fell by the way, was contemplated with regret and appealed to my sense of gratitude in such a manner as to add doubly to the distress at parting. And even now, had he been able to scale the fence, or had there

been a bridge across the Mulberry, he would again have proved his mettle and carried me to safety (without losing his tail), as did the famous mare of Tam-O'Shanter in carrying him away from the witches and across the Doon. With arms still around his neck, giving my horse a farewell hug I thought he would understand and appreciate, I dropped to the ground and soon made my way to the fence and into the brush.

On rising to an upright posture and starting to run I seemed to have but little control of my lower limbs, which had become greatly swollen and hung from my body like bags of sand. Many now took to the brush, and, seeing this, the enemy (after throwing down the fence) rode out into the open field just above, and wherever the brush was heard to crack they directed their shots, upon which one after another of our men came out and surrendered.

Making my way on hands and knees a distance of 100 yards or more, I crawled under a thicket by the side of a large log, and there awaited developments. One of our soldiers (a mere boy of sixteen) secreted himself near by. In the course of the day the people in that "neck of the woods" seemed to have turned out en masse. While lying there we had the pleasure of listening to their shouts, mingled with the yelping of dogs, as they scoured the country in search of the fugitives. At times they came so near we could distinguish both male and female voices and understand what was said.

The little soldier near me, however, soon fell into a blissful sleep, but his snoring was so vigorous I greatly feared it would draw the enemy's attention, if not their fire. And to reduce the danger on this score to a minimum I pelted him with little chunks. But soon becoming accustomed to this source of annoyance, the more I pelted

the louder he seemed to snore. A long stick was then brought into use, with which I gored his ribs. This treatment caused the young sleeper to "lie over"—a proceeding that gave us both, for the time being, a much-needed rest.

While lying there meditating upon the past and the probabilities of the future (and warned by other experiences) I took the precaution to secrete my watch chain and money under the lining of my jacket, the watch itself being too large to hide successfully anywhere.

The shades of night had settled down, when all the unwelcome sounds of the day seemed to have died out with the setting sun, and I now resolved to leave the place of concealment, and, passing to the opposite side of the river, make my way to some friendly negro cabin (having learned from former experience the fidelity of that race to the Yankee soldier), and eventually reach the Federal lines in safety.

Accordingly, at dusk I crawled out, thinking to leave my young comrade asleep, as we could be of no assistance to each other, and it had already been proved to my satisfaction in such an emergency one man alone can make better headway than any greater number. But I had no sooner straightened up than my little friend stood by, wide awake as an owl at midnight. It was evident he had no idea of being "left." I told him then that he must obey my orders and never speak above a whisper, walk stealthily and move only when he saw me move. To this he agreed, and together we started on our pilgrimage.

In penetrating the thickets and crossing on flood wood we made slow progress, and when the uplands were reached on the north side of the river daylight appeared. Soon coming to a road, we moved very cautiously, fearing to encounter a picket, and, on listening with one ear close

to the ground, I heard a sound like the stamping of a horse, and presently heard distinctly a man cough or clear his throat.

We arose to retrace our steps, but in doing so were overheard, and the challenge, "Halt! Who goes there?" rang out upon the still air of the early morning. As we did not heed the summons, but continued to run as best we could, the challenge was repeated, and immediately followed by a shot. By this time we had gained the cover of the brush, and thence made our way again to the bottom-lands. Coming to a large log that had fallen down the embankment, I climbed on top of it and sprang off as far as possible into the thicket below, there sinking to the ground, so exhausted and worn at the time I could almost have consented to remain there forever. No food of any kind had passed my lips for forty-eight hours. It was now the morning of August 4th, and the sleep obtained since July 27th, when we started on the raid, would not average more than two hours in each twenty-four. But with the experience already gained I was willing to run any risk of life or limb rather than be held

AGAIN A PRISONER.

My partner secreted himself about thirty feet distant, and we laid there all that day, while the country around was again being scoured for the escaping raiders. Dogs came yelping uncomfortably near, and again the unwelcome sounds died away in the distance. About 5 o'clock that afternoon a squad of Confederates coming up through the bottoms came upon my comrade and carried him away. Upon this I felt a sense of relief, believing he would be better off as a prisoner.

Just at sundown I heard the voice of a negro, who, walking along the bank above, was apparently talking to himself.

"Anybody in heah, ye's needn't be afeard uv me. I wodn't hurt nobody," he said; and soon I could hear him clambering upon the log that had guided me down the bank. He parted the brush, and, walking along, continued: "Been somebody in heah, I reckon. Any fellah et fell ovah dis heah log in de dark broak his neck shue."

At this time he came into view—an old man, to whom there seemed no doubt I could make friendly overtures in safety, and if he discovered me I would try the art of diplomacy. But if not my plan was to remain quiet, for I could now hear other voices not far away. Presently his eyes rested squarely upon me, and doubtless believing me dead—I was lying flat on my back—he ran back over the log, and in a few moments a squad of Confederate soldiers appeared upon the scene, with the old man for a guide. I watched him closely through my half-closed eyes, and thought a look of disappointment came over his countenance when he found I was alive, realizing, as he must have done, that through haste and fright he had been the means of giving me up to the enemy.

Reaching the open field above, the soldiers laid me on the ground for a consultation, or an autopsy, as the case might seem to demand. Certainly I was as near dead as alive. Their expressions were kindly, and, thinking myself in good hands, I soon opened my eyes inquiringly, when they assured me I was in friendly keeping and asked me to walk to a farmhouse about a quarter of a mile away. With a man at each arm to assist, I reached the place designated with little difficulty.

Arriving at the house we found it already turned into

a hospital and the floor and many available places in the surrounding yard occupied by sick and wounded men belonging to our command. The women of the place, both black and white, were rendering every assistance in their power. Covered with mud from head to foot, and hair and beard matted, disgust was added to discomfiture on reflecting upon my appearance and, calling for a tub of warm water, which was soon produced, I proceeded to relieve myself of the outside strata of dirt. This treatment was followed by a bowl of hot chicken broth for the inner man, furnished by one of the negro women. From all this kindness my strength and spirits rapidly returned.

I then asked the privilege of visiting the wounded, and among the first to greet me was my little partner, prostrate from nervous exhaustion. I got an opportunity to tell him (aside) the Confederates would leave there the next morning, as I had overheard them say, and that if he held out "sick" until then they would probably leave him, and an opportunity would thus be open for his escape.

On going a little farther in the same room I found Rufus Waldron, a member of my own regiment, who had been shot through the right breast from front to back. Believing his recovery impossible, I secured the name and address of the people who were extending this generous hospitality, having in view, should I survive the fortunes of war, the possibility of some time informing Waldron's people where he was buried. But he saved his people and myself any trouble on that score, for when next seen he was returning to his regiment from his home in Michigan, where he had been on sick leave, as fine looking a soldier as ever wore the uniform.

But there was another motive in securing this information which will soon appear. There were two old gentle-

men who seemed to be proprietors of the premises, and their names and address—Levi Watts and W. B. Rutherford, Jefferson County, Georgia—I wrote on the flyleaf of a little Testament, which was a gift prized by me highly, and of which more anon.

The next day all the prisoners collected at this point able to be moved were marched to Athens, about ten miles distant. Captain Brackenridge, of a Kentucky regiment, was the officer in command of the guards and exercised especial jurisdiction over me on the march. After supplying me with a horse to ride (one branded "U. S." and taken from some of our men the day before) he very kindly volunteered an offer to the effect that if I would give my word of honor not to try to escape while under his charge I should fare on the way as well as he, and be subjected to no other surveillance. I readily assented to this offer, and one might suppose, only for the difference in our uniforms, we were comrades belonging to the same command passing through the country on a pleasure junket. Together we called at farmhouses by the wayside, where buttermilk and cornbread were abundant, and so fared sumptuously to the end of the route.

It was with a feeling of regret that I separated from Captain Brackenridge at Athens, where the prisoners were turned over to the tender mercies of the Home Guards and consigned to the county jail. Up to this time not the slightest indignity had been offered by any of my captors, but on the contrary, the kindest treatment as may be supposed. We remained in the quarters at Athens about a week, being treated as common felons, on very scant rations which we were compelled to share with negro prisoners of the most degraded type. From Athens all were shipped by rail to

MACON AND ANDERSONVILLE.

So, instead of releasing the thirty-odd thousand prisoners confined in those places, as we started out in high hopes to do, Stoneman's cavalry, including the leader himself, swelled the numbers in the already overcrowded pens, to the extent of about 900 men. Going by rail to Macon we were privileged to ride over two miles of railroad track we had been instrumental in destroying some ten or fifteen days before. But I was far from boasting of my work, as the Confederate authorities were making vigorous search and inquiry for any officers among the prisoners whom they might hold responsible for acts of vandalism said to have been committed at that time.

This sort of inquisition I did not care to face, though for my own part I had at all times used every possible endeavor to protect citizens in their persons and property; and to this end often stood guard with drawn saber over houses the men were threatening to plunder.

Arriving at Macon, after recording our names, rank and regiment a vigorous search of every man was made for valuables, with the expectation doubtless of finding some of the plunder alleged to have been taken as stated above. While this was going on the prisoners were held in the shade of a structure raised two or three feet from the ground, resting on abutments or piles. The ground under and around this building was very sandy and while waiting to be searched (otherwise apprehending serious consequences) the men buried in the sand any valuables they may have secured. Recalling my brother's last words to me on our parting in front of Atlanta the evening before starting on the raid: "Look out, my boy, or you will lose that watch again," I took the watch from my

pocket and placed it under the lining of my hat, while the money, chain and gold ring were secreted as before described.

On walking up to be questioned and searched, I took off my hat, as every gentleman is supposed to do on approaching the presence of a dignified and important functionary, respectfully holding it in my hand while the inquisition was going on. In this search the hat was entirely overlooked and this dissembling politeness on my part no doubt saved the watch for purposes to me much more satisfactory than being compelled to give it up a second time at the point of a bayonet.

They seemed disappointed at finding no valuables save the little Testament mentioned in another chapter, and while examining this I explained that it was a gift to me, accompanied with the best wishes of a Christian young lady residing at Nicholasville, Kentucky; and though an ardent Secessionist, she was nevertheless a friend of mine, and I hoped to retain this mark of her esteem. Upon this the inquisitor closed the book and handed it back to me with the remark that he hoped I would read it and repent of having undertaken without just provocation to subjugate the Southern people, which "never could be done."

The officers of our party were retained in Macon and lodged in Camp Oglethorpe, another pen or stockade made of timbers driven into the ground; while the enlisted men were sent on to Andersonville. On entering the prison I was greeted by a half dozen or more

OLD ACQUAINTANCES FROM LIBBY.

All the prisoners in Richmond at this time had been sent further south, to prevent their falling into the hands of our forces then threatening the capture of the rebel

capital. The first to extend a welcome was Lieutenant Meade, whose boots I had appropriated, leaving in their place my old shoes furnished by a rebel soldier in East Tennessee at the time of my first capture; the boots in question being unequal to the service required of them in making the escape. Meade's first salutation was: "Hello, there, Wells. Where are my boots?"

The next greeting was from Captain Thomas H. McKee, of the First West Virginia, whose hat was missing at the same time as the boots, and for which I was called upon to account. But as before explained, the head needed a covering as well as the feet; and inasmuch as my present difficulty was brought about in an effort to release these good comrades, we had little trouble in arriving at a friendly settlement, on the broad grounds of "a military necessity."

I then inquired for Lieutenant P. A. White, who went through the tunnel just ahead of me, agreeing to wait at the shed until I could join him. From this point we were to make the escape together, as before stated; but after passing through the tunnel and reaching the shed, I found that White had already gone. Hearing that he had been recaptured and was now among the prisoners in Macon, my greatest desire was to look him up.

There was a low wooden building in the center of the stockade, used as a hospital, to which my attention was directed, and upon entering this I found White lying on a cot. His skin, turned black, was drawn tightly over his bones and he could not speak above a whisper. Recognizing me, he recalled the circumstances under which we had separated in Libby, and said at once: "If I had waited for you under the carriage shed I would not be here now;" conveying the impression that had we gone out

together both would have escaped as I did. In answer I said: "No, had we gone together both might have been recaptured, and in that case I would not be in a condition to encourage or aid you in any way." He then said: "Oh, if I had a little money with which to send out and buy something to eat I believe I could get well."

There was a sutler's tent just outside the gate, to which those having money could send and buy soft bread, sweet potatoes, cornmeal and similar delicacies (?). After sharing with White from my little savings in greenbacks smuggled through the lines, I was soon compelled to bid him good-bye, as all able to be removed were sent to the Workhouse Prison, Charleston, South Carolina, and there placed under fire of

THE FEDERAL BATTERIES.

The Workhouse Prison, enclosed with a high wall like a penitentiary, with doors and windows heavily barred, was used before the war as a slave mart. In the center of the back yard was a broad platform about three feet in height with steps leading up, upon which the slaves were exposed for public or private sale. This was the far famed "Auction Block," the name upon which the abolition agitators of the North had been so fond of ringing the changes. Its purposes were now reversed. The former slave was already virtually free, but around the auction block, where formerly he had been bartered and sold, were held as prisoners of war some hundreds of the men to whose valor he owed his freedom.

Around this historic remnant of the slave regime the Yankee prisoners assembled every day to cook their rice and cornmeal. A flat piece of cast iron, formerly the top

of a stove, was utilized as a bake oven and frying pan combined. Elevated a little from the ground, and resting on bricks at each corner, this improvised oven when once heated was covered with "hoe cakes," which were looked after by anxious patrons until the cakes were baked and "turned" to a finish. A large iron pot, also resting on bricks, served as a receptacle for cooking rice. When the meal and rice were thus prepared it was handed out upon improvised plates, often made from old tin cans hammered out into suitable form; and the fortunate possessor of a dish of this kind, after receiving his ration, would retire to the "block" for a seat and a table, there to enjoy without interruption his own reflections and a "frugal meal."

The prison was situated near the edge of what was known as the "burnt district" of the city of Charleston, this locality being about the limit of the range of the Federal guns in the harbor, which were mercilessly trained on Charleston for 286 days without cessation. During this time it is estimated there were 43,000 projectiles hurled, resulting, aside from destroying nearly half of the city, in 319 casualties—52 killed and 267 wounded.

The prisoners were placed in this dangerous locality for the purpose of deterring our Government from further bombardment. But from Charleston the first shot for the destruction of the Union was fired, and doubtless there was "method in the madness" that prompted the sending of these deadly missiles into that hotbed of secession.

It is remarkable at such a time, when events are changing rapidly and the worst is anticipated, how soon one can adapt himself to the surroundings, no matter how unnatural or dangerous they may be. On entering the Workhouse we were not long in ascertaining the fact that a

large shell from one of our batteries in the harbor was being hurled against the city every twenty minutes with clocklike regularity by day and night. The report from this gun soon became a familiar sound, and, on hearing it, the prisoners had time to run across the floor to a window, from which the shot could be seen as it drew near and exploded. At night its course through the air was readily traced the entire distance by a stream of fire from the burning fuse. From the upper stories of the building, or by stealing out on the roof, as was sometimes done, the prisoners would sit up late to watch the progress of this singular bombardment, which now had become a source of amusement and diversion rather than otherwise. The shots generally fell a little short of the prison, but sometimes bursting overhead, their fragments came uncomfortably near. A piece about ten pounds in weight once struck the building, entering the roof and going out through the brick on the gable end, making an opening about three feet across.

Immediately adjoining the Workhouse was another prison called the "Jail Yard," which, like the Workhouse, was filled with unfortunate Yankee soldiers. From the upper windows of the Workhouse we could look down upon these prisoners, but the rules prohibiting any communication from one to the other were strictly enforced.

One day while standing a little back from an upper window, unobserved by the guard and watching my neighbors below, imagine my surprise on seeing my old comrade,

CAPTAIN CHARLES E. GREBLE.

Greble had been my "chum" and companion in Libby, and together we were to have made the escape. We had

spent six months there together, and had made all preparations to go out at the same time through the tunnel. But on the night the exit was made we became separated in the dark and I undertook the journey alone. He carried the haversack in which were the rations saved up for the occasion, also a map of the country we had jointly prepared, lining out the rivers, fords and crossings, to guide us on the way. When once out, realizing myself alone and contemplating the probabilities of the venture, my thoughts turned to the partner who had been left behind. Fearless as he was, self-reliant and generous to a fault, I felt as though the better half of me, for purposes then under way, had departed, and I never felt the loss of a comrade so much before nor since.

From that time till now I did not know how fate had dealt with him, but it transpired that some time after the exit he also went through the tunnel, and, after being three or four days in the swamps and lagoons of the peninsula, was recaptured and taken back to Libby, where he was confined in a dungeon for thirty days on a meal and water diet. About the time of his release from the dungeon it appears an installment of boxes containing clothing and delicacies to eat came from the North, and among them a second box for myself, and when the list of claimants was called off in the prison, Greble answered to my name, drew the prize box and enjoyed the good things it contained. I mourned the loss of this box after reaching home, and, learning of its having been sent about the time of the escape, and, in consequence, believed it must have fallen into the hands of the enemy, but now was more than gratified to learn that my friend and comrade had, by personating me, obtained the coveted prize and enjoyed its contents.

Soon after this occurrence all the prisoners in Libby were removed to prisons farther South, and Greble, still determined on escape, cut his way through the bottom of the car while in transit to Salisbury, and after traveling 250 miles in the mountains of the Carolinas, he was again recaptured, and finally brought up in the "Jail Yard" at Charleston, where I had discovered him.

And even now, on account of the rigid discipline of prison life, I cannot speak to him or approach a window near enough to attract his attention. But at last, fixing my gaze steadily upon him, he looked up and saw me. The surprise and gratification at this incidental meeting can better be imagined than described, and the anxiety of both to talk knew no bounds.

Since our separation in Libby I had returned to my home in Michigan, and while there visited Greble's family in Battle Creek, consisting of a wife and two little daughters. They listened with great interest to the story of the capture and the escape, and how Greble and I had become separated in the prison; but farther than this, what fate had befallen him none of us could tell. Since that interview I had returned to my regiment, gone through one of the hardest campaigns of the war, and now, in the hands of the enemy a second time, find my friend in Charleston, South Carolina, still a prisoner, and, much as there is in common between us to be said, and standing within a few feet of each other in plain sight, we dare not exchange a word.

During the brief period in which we stood there I cautiously approached the window, and, on glancing downward, saw a guard who just at that moment called out to Greble, "Stop looking up at that window. Move on."

In the excitement incident to our unexpected meeting

he took no notice of this warning, and the guard, after repeating the command, drew his gun and was about to fire. I then shouted (calling Greble by his first name), "Charlie, move on; that guard will shoot you!" This little episode terminated our "visit."

But Greble's ill fortune did not forsake him here. He was still a prisoner in Columbia, South Carolina, at the time Sherman with his army entered that place in February, 1865. A large number of prisoners were confined there at the time, but on the approach of the Federals they were moved to other places. Greble, taking advantage of this movement, secreted himself in a loft, and in their haste to get away he was overlooked by the guards.

The town and the prison soon after the arrival of the Union troops was found to be on fire. It has never been definitely determined which of the two armies was responsible for this, but, at any rate, Greble, in hiding, narrowly escaped death from the smoke and flames of the burning building. Escaping from this danger, he ran into another almost as great. The Yankee soldiers mistook him for a rebel guard, and at the point of the bayonet he was compelled to surrender as a prisoner of war to those who should have been his friends and liberators. In the course of time, however, his identity was established, and he was, of course, set at liberty. He finally found his way home, and thence to the regiment.

Our first meeting after this episode at Charleston was in the spring of 1865, at Brigade Headquarters, Pulaski, Tennessee, at which time I learned from his own lips the story of his adventures as above related. We were both mustered out in July of that year, and, though strong and robust as Greble seemed to be at that time, he did not survive the war but a few years.

Soon after this occurrence I found an opportunity to make final disposition of the watch that has been so often placed in jeopardy in the progress of this story, together with the chain and gold ring. Disposing of these for a fabulous sum in Confederate money (obtaining twenty for one in greenbacks), I was able to dispense little charities among my friends most in need of assistance. There was a broker outside engaged in this sort of traffic, with whom negotiations for the sale of these articles were made. For a time I was literally puffed up with money, but after buying a few watermelons at twenty dollars apiece and sweet potatoes at two and three dollars each, my purse collapsed like a punctured balloon. But the disposing of my valuables and undertaking to share the proceeds with my fellow-prisoners came near proving

A DEATH WARRANT.

I now have to recount an experience in my varying fortunes since the time of enlistment that I would gladly pass by. But since at this remote period we are able to discuss these matters dispassionately, it is perhaps better, before the time (soon to come) when there will be no living witness, that all evidence pertaining to prison life be sifted, to the end that what may be accepted as truthful history may come out of it.

Beginning now to feel the effects of the hardships already endured, and, aggravated by the inconsiderate use of the good things obtained of the sutler, a terrible lassitude came over me, and without further warning I was stricken down with a disease that rendered me helpless within two hours from the time of its first appearance, and was soon after carried to a hospital situated on the

Cooper River, in the suburbs of Charleston. For three weeks thereafter I took little note of what went on around me. But one thing seemed to occupy my mind during that period, and that was the ceaseless echo of the Federal gun in Charleston Harbor, and the screeching shell as it approached the city rang constantly in my ears, and in my half-conscious state haunted me day and night. In imagination I sometimes traveled with the shot from the time it left the gun until it exploded over the city or among my comrades in the Workhouse prison, where I would finally land as one of its many fragments. The first real evidence of improvement in the condition of my health came about fifteen days later. Being greatly annoyed by a voice in the farther end of the ward where confined, I peevishly inquired of a nurse if he could not stop that loud and boisterous talking.

"Why," said he, "that is Dr. Todd, the physician in charge of the hospital," whom afterward I learned was a brother of Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of our President.

The greatest difficulty at the hospital seemed to be the lack of medicine and other necessaries for the sick and disabled. That many died is true, but it should be borne in mind that conditions were the most unfavorable. The patients came there in the last extremity, and with that terrible longing for home and friends that sank deep into the heart of every prisoner, making it almost a miracle that he should recover at all. For my own part, while lying there helpless and seeing the dead carried out daily, I wondered if the time had come when I, too, would be called upon to lay my bones in Dixie. But my answer to the self-imposed query, coming as of its own volition, was invariably "No!" and while there was no relief in sight, *I never did give up!*

"The miserable have no other medicine but only hope."

As Sherman had at this time taken Atlanta, thus threatening the recapture of the prisoners at Macon and Andersonville, they were all removed to prisons nearer the Atlantic seaboard. All, did I say? No, not all. That statement should be qualified, for the bones of over 13,000 were already bleaching at Andersonville.

More than 30,000 prisoners under this order were removed, and probably never before in the history of any war was so large a percentage of men held as prisoners reduced to such a state of misery and destitution as existed among these 30,000 men. Many of them came to Charleston, and were there crowded into hospitals already filled to overflowing. A clean suit of cotton underwear was given each patient as he was admitted (this simple act being a source of great relief which proved the stepping-stone to the recovery of some), and while every care possible was given them, when the terrible straits to which the Confederacy was reduced are considered,

THE MORTALITY WAS APPALLING.

The discarded garments of the prisoners were thrown in a heap in the center of a court back of the hospital, and it is no exaggeration to say that in the heat of the sun these piles of infected clothing were alive and reeking with vermin.

On the first and second stories were verandas or galleries about eight feet wide, extending around the building; and when the cots in the regular wards were filled the overflow was placed on the floors of these verandas.

The dead wagon came regularly once a day and the attendants, going around among the prostrate forms on the

View of National Cemetery, Andersonville, Where 13,710 Union Soldiers are Buried.

floors and in the wards, gathered up the dead, and placing them in the wagon took them out on their last drive.

Many became delirious, and their only talk was of home and mother, wife and child. Their appeals were pitiable and how anyone seriously ill could recover with so much misery about them was then and has always been to me a mystery.

The Sisters of Charity visited the hospital twice a week; and if there is an ex-prisoner alive to-day who went through this experience and has not discarded any prejudice he may before have entertained against that numerous class of self-sacrificing souls it is to be regretted he, too, did not get a ride in the wagon above described.

These things were observed during my convalescence, when an opportunity was presented to see and know what was taking place. There being no prospect as yet for the war coming to a close, the only hope a prisoner at this time had to look forward to was

EXCHANGE OR DEATH.

One day, noticing a new patient being brought in, my astonishment was great on recognizing my friend White, with whom we last parted in Macon. He was placed on a cot near by, in a partially reclining posture, but was delirious, and evidently in the last stage of his earthly career. Holding a piece of green apple in his hand (probably given him somewhere on the way from Macon) he crowded it into his mouth and making a spasmodic effort to swallow, finally threw it out, and after gasping two or three times, sank back and died.

The authorities in Charleston came to the prisoners with the proposition to draw up a letter directed to Mr.

Lincoln himself, setting forth the apparent inability of the Confederate Government to provide the common necessaries for so great a number of prisoners, and that an early exchange, man for man, which the Confederates were willing to do, would be the means of saving thousands of lives that otherwise must be sacrificed. Such a petition was written, largely signed by the prisoners, many of them high in rank—General Stoneman's name being among the signatures—and turned over to the hospital officials; but it never again came to the attention of the public. That this petition was forwarded there is no question of doubt; but whether it ever reached Mr. Lincoln's hands is still a debatable question. But this we know: no general exchange of prisoners took place, while the work of death by this refined process went steadily on, until peace was declared; and thousands of the headstones now to be seen in the National Cemeteries at the South mark the final resting place of the victims of this cruel policy.

During the war 180,000 Union soldiers were held as prisoners in the South, and in the midst of the great suffering and privations endured by these men there was at all times held out to them one avenue of escape, one opportunity for immediate relief from the horrors with which they were surrounded, and that was to renounce their Government and take the oath of fealty to the Southern Confederacy. It is gratifying to the pride of every ex-soldier living at this time, as well as to every loyal citizen of this country, to know that out of this great host only two per cent. of the whole number ever availed themselves of the opportunity thus offered.

A number of the Northern States have already erected monuments to the memory of their soldiers who perished

in Southern prisons, but the inscription on the one erected by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts at Andersonville is the most striking and fills the requirements of a whole volume though it contains but three words: "Death Before Dishonor." What greater meed of patriotism than this was ever meted out to man on earth before!

Under whatever pretext the wars of history great or small may have been waged, and no matter what sacrifice in privation and endurance the armies engaged in them may have made, the patriotism and fortitude exhibited by the soldiers of the Union while prisoners of war in the hands of the Confederate Government stand without a parallel in the world's history.

One evening just at dusk, toward the middle of October, while lying on my cot revolving in mind the probabilities of being compelled to remain there until carried out in the one-horse wagon above described, I was startled to hear my name called from the head of the stairs in the opposite end of the ward.

Immediately rising to a sitting posture I answered, "Here." Upon this a Confederate officer, with a scroll of paper in his hand partially unrolled, came to my side and informed me that an agreement had been reached between General Sherman and General Hood, of the Confederate Army, for the immediate exchange of General Stoneman and his officers, and that my name was included among the number.

Had I been standing on a scaffold condemned to death, with my hands pinioned, the black cap drawn over my face and the fatal cord dangling from my neck, and an absolute pardon had thus been read to me, no greater sensation of relief, of gratitude and of joy could have been felt than that which stirred my soul at the moment of

this announcement. Aside from physical exhaustion, I was surfeited and overburdened with the sorrow and utter desolation around me; and relief at that time was like an unlooked-for glimpse of paradise.

In answer to this summons I immediately arose, dressed myself, and walked downstairs, for the first time in four weeks. On entering the office, Dr. Todd, in apparent surprise at my presence, asked what I was doing there, and added: "I think you had better go back to bed." But I would as soon have committed self-destruction as to have willingly complied with this request. I walked three-quarters of a mile that evening to the Workhouse prison, where I spent the night lying on a brick floor with no bed or covering of any kind, in order to be "up and dressed," ready to answer to my name the next morning for shipment by rail to Macon, the first objective point of the exchanged prisoners.

The night seemed interminable, but morning came at last, and when the doors were opened I was among the first to step out upon the street, and thence to the station and the train already in waiting. Only freight cars were provided and I was unable to get into one of these without assistance from a comrade. W. D. McElhenny, First Lieutenant of Company F, was the good angel that picked me up and set me into a car as easily and gently as one might lift a basket of eggs; and in a few moments more we started out on the return trip to

MACON AND ATLANTA.

Reaching the former place we were compelled to remain several days, as there seemed to be a hitch in negotiations for the exchange; if indeed, that most important

of all transactions had not already been declared off. At this delay our hearts which since leaving Charleston had been beating high again sank to the depths. But finally it was announced that a portion of our number at least would be called, and at once started in the direction of Rough and Ready, twenty miles south of Atlanta, the point where the agreed upon exchange was to take place. When the day came for our departure from Macon (not yet knowing whether all were to go or not) in answer to our names when called alphabetically, we were to step outside the gate, ready for the train. My name was far down on the list and one after another, as they were called, I saw the rank dwindle away. Of course, to remain and be returned to prison was regarded as equivalent to a death sentence. Captain John H. Riggs of the 8th (another name low on the list) was by my side. Finally he and I stood there alone, and for some unexplained reason, there was a pause in the roll-call. Riggs was as brave a man as any, but I could hear his heart beat, and to me everything seemed to have turned suddenly dark. But the next moment, above the heart beats we heard our names called, when both ran out through the gate as if escaping from a cage of lions.

Many of the prisoners were very much reduced physically, and the trip from Macon to Rough and Ready, at the best, was a trying one; but on those who were really unable to help themselves, the burden fell with a greater weight.

The country through which we had to pass, and upon which all (guards as well as prisoners) must depend for sustenance, was deserted, and desolated by the tramp of contending armies. Railroad tracks were torn up and often we were compelled to make the journey on foot.

GETTYSBURG COLLEG
Gettysburg, Pa.

Or, (for those who were unable to walk) conveyance was furnished in ambulances or rough farm wagons drawn by mules, emaciated as the prisoners themselves. But at last we reach Rough and Ready,

THE POINT OF EXCHANGE.

It was early one fine morning, and the first act of the officer in command was to raise a white flag in the center of the track. Here we must await the arrival of the Confederate prisoners who were to be shipped from Atlanta. The face of the country was comparatively level, altogether sandy and covered with a growth of open pine timber through which we could see up the track to the northward, a distance of several miles. The station at Rough and Ready, and the few houses to be seen still standing, were all vacant, and many of them torn and shattered by shot and shell. The humming of a bee or the carol of a bird was nowhere to be heard, and an air of utter desolation prevailed.

Under existing circumstances, discipline was relaxed, and the guards paid very little attention to our movements. As the day wore away, and there was no appearance of a train from Atlanta, the thought of escape came once more to mind. But from the scarcity of inhabitants and the desolate condition of the country, the chances for starvation in such an emergency seemed greater than those for reaching the Federal lines in safety. Besides the condition of my health was such as to preclude the possibility of success, and so that project was abandoned.

As we lounged there in the sand, leaning up against the pine trees for support, every manner of conjecture as to the non-appearance of the train passed among the pris-

oners. Between hope and despair, from time to time we strained our eyes up the track in anticipation of some hopeful sign that deliverance was at hand. But as often we retired to the trees and sank down into a state of almost hopeless despondency; for by this time, as night approached, all were impressed with the belief that the agreement for an exchange had finally fallen through, and that we must retrace our steps and take up the old accustomed haunts at Macon and Charleston, there to remain until death, or the close of the War came to our relief. It is said the darkest hour is the one before day, but in this case it was the one just before night. The sun was setting and our hearts were beating correspondingly low, when for a last look before night cast its dark mantle over the scene, we once more strained our eyes to the northward. When lo! a little puff of white smoke not bigger than a man's hat could be seen just above the track nearly three miles away.

As this came into view a shout went up from the prisoners that caused the pine forest to ring with its reverberating echoes. Moments now seemed like hours. But presently an engine under a full head of steam came into view; and back of it the long train, with guards in blue uniform standing, musket in hand, on top of the cars. As this—to us—magnificent spectacle came thundering down the grade, white flags were seen fluttering from either side of the engine.

The train came to a stand in front of us, and as their names were called the rebel prisoners sprang out to the ground. Although going as they were to take up arms again in what must have appeared to them an almost hopeless cause, they, too, seemed delighted that the hour of temporary deliverance had come.

The terms of the exchange called for a certain number of enlisted men held prisoners by our Government to be given up for a certain number of officers of specified rank held by the Confederacy. In exchanges of this kind the following rates obtain: thirty-five privates for a Major-General; twenty for a Brigadier-General; ten for a Lieutenant-Colonel; eight for a Major; six for a Captain; four for a Lieutenant; and two for a Sergeant. At these figures 650 husky and able-bodied Johnnies were given up by our government for about 125 emaciated and half starved Union officers. There was one Major-General included in this number, General Stoneman, who had commanded the raid in which we were all captured, and in which his command had been made a vicarious sacrifice. This must have been the light in which General Sherman viewed the matter, as no other general exchange of prisoners took place at this period of the war. Stoneman, however, who was included in this exchange, had already been paroled and sent home on a transport via Fortress Monroe. Why the enlisted men of the Macon raiders, hundreds of whom perished in Andersonville and other prisons, were not included in this exchange, is a matter that does not appear of record.

As the cars were emptied of one contingent another entered, and bidding our guards good-bye (they had been very kind and considerate on the trip), the train, backing up all the way, landed us safely in Atlanta about 9 o'clock that night. On arriving, the prisoners proceeded in a body to General Sherman's headquarters in a private house near the center of the city. The General came out bareheaded, and standing on the gallery, extended congratulations and a welcome in a short speech in which he took occasion to say he had that day received dis-

patches from General Grant, who had a few days before advanced his line on the north side of the James River to within seven miles of Richmond; and from other departments in the West he had equally encouraging reports to make. He admonished us to return to our regiments and continue faithful to our trust; that complete victory was soon to perch on the banners of the Union.

I now hastened to the telegraph office and sent the following dispatch to my sister, dated Atlanta, October 19th, 1864:

"SAFE WITHIN THE FEDERAL LINES, THANK GOD!"

Many of our party hurried on that night to join their commands farther West and North, and they were just in time, as I also was just in time with my dispatch, for the next day wires were cut, bridges burned, and the track leading to Chattanooga and beyond, upon which the army in Atlanta was entirely dependent for supplies, was destroyed. Hood, after evacuating Atlanta, had swung around into Sherman's rear, and having destroyed the railroad, was now threatening the invasion of East and Middle Tennessee.

To look after Hood and repair the damages already inflicted, General Sherman at once abandoned Atlanta and started the army in pursuit, leaving but one corps—the 20th—under General Slocum, to hold the citadel of Atlanta.

For the time, all communication being cut off, Atlanta was completely isolated and the troops and citizens therein began to feel the pinch of hunger. Animals were perishing and the garrison was placed on short rations. Heavy foraging parties were sent out, but the country for miles

around had been swept clean of everything needed for the support of an army, and often these expeditions were fruitless and barren of results.

What added to the general discomfort, the army had been so actively employed on the campaigns leading up to Atlanta that no time had been taken to muster for pay; and, though there were five or six paymasters then within the garrison, with hundreds of thousands of dollars in greenbacks locked up in strong boxes, the army was absolutely destitute of money, and there was very little available that money could buy.

Meantime, the excitement incident to our exchange having died out, I sought refuge in the Soldiers' Home, a hospital established for the care of the disabled. Among the attendants here I found Captain John Shafter (a brother of the late General Shafter), who had been a boyhood friend, and I am indebted for the unremitting care and attention which he gave me and under which my condition greatly improved. The time of which I now speak was the few days intervening after our arrival in Atlanta before the departure of the army under General Sherman.

Through the kindness of Captain Shafter I learned that my brother with his regiment was located at Decatur, near the spot from which the ill-starred raid to Macon began, and, learning of my presence at the Soldiers' Home, he at once started with an ambulance to carry me to his headquarters. Accompanying him to the encampment of the 25th Michigan Infantry, I there received the care and attention which only a brother can give. Although but three months had passed since our last meeting under the Federal breastworks in front of Atlanta, and not more than two miles distant from where we now stood, the dangers encountered, the labors performed and the experi-

ence gained by each in his respective line of duty might fill the measure of an ordinary lifetime.

Reminded now of his last admonition to me just before starting on the raid ("Look out, my boy, or you will lose that watch again"), my brother's first query was as to what had been the final disposition of that noted timepiece. I then recounted the story of my adventures since our separation, naming the fabulous sum I had received in Confederate money for the watch and chain.

But this little respite came suddenly to a close, when, two days later, the regiment was ordered to leave with the troops under General Sherman, and there was nothing left for me now but to find my way back to the Soldiers' Home, which, reluctantly, I entered the second time. As already intimated, the supplies at the Home were scant and the commonest necessaries for a well-regulated hospital were wanting. A few articles yet remained, and they were being carefully parceled out to the most needy from day to day. Among the few things that fell to my lot at this time was a little sack containing biscuit and cakes, and carefully put away among them was a letter from the young girl who had prepared and contributed the sack and its contents to swell the gifts of a Sanitary Commission near her home in the State of Ohio, and, what seemed to me to be a most remarkable coincidence, the letter and the signature affixed disclosed the fact that the package had been prepared and donated by the same young girl who had found and returned the pocketbook, as related in another chapter.

It is a matter of deep regret at this time that I have lost the letters and forgotten many names that I would now gladly recall, but a half century's time in a somewhat eventful life may be the cause of one forgetting many things it would be a pleasure to remember, but consolation

is found in the fact that time also is a great healer, and the lapse of memory enables one to cast off recollections an accumulation of which might in time make life a burden.

But "Uncle Billy," as General Sherman was familiarly called by the men under his command, was not long in relieving the pressure at Atlanta and opening communication with the outside world.

I now reported to General Slocum, in command of the garrison, who directed me in a special order to join my regiment, then at Lexington, Kentucky, where it had been sent on foot to be remounted. The horses of our entire regiment had been worn out or disabled in the exhausting marches of the Atlanta campaign. The route to the northward was now open, it is true, but travel was dangerous, the country being infested with guerrillas and other marauding bands.

Finally early in November a train was made up with a heavy escort to guard and protect the paymasters who were about to embark with their treasure for Chattanooga and other points, where they hoped to be relieved of their heavy responsibilities in the care of so much money. Joining this party we reached Chattanooga three or four days later, after having been delayed en route on account of obstructions on the track and bridges burned and torn up. At these points a line of skirmishers was often kept up by the escort, in order to beat off the bushwhackers lying concealed along the road.

Near a little station in a wooded country where the train had been brought to a stand I went into a grocery (and saloon combined), thinking to beg something to eat or drink, for I was faint and had no money. The door was wide open, and, on walking in, I discovered no keeper,

but there were three corpses lying stretched out on the counter. The blood was still oozing from gunshot wounds, and the bodies had not yet stiffened. They were roughly dressed in butternut clothing; but, there being no one near to explain, and both curiosity and appetite suddenly disappearing, I hurried back to the train. On reaching Chattanooga good fortune attended me in finding there in command of the post an old Libby prison friend,

COLONEL H. C. HOBART,

who very kindly located me in a hospital train just being made up for Nashville. The cars on these trains were arranged with suitable bunks, medical supplies, nurses and all the accessories of a well-regulated hospital. Colonel Hobart assisted me on board and introduced me to the surgeon in charge, and I fared as well on the journey as one could hope under the circumstances until Nashville was reached.

It is said fortune favors the brave, but it was not owing to any active element of bravery that occasioned another streak of good luck that soon overtook me, for courage had pretty well oozed out. Walking down the streets of Nashville without a cent in my pockets and not knowing which way to turn, imagine my delight on recognizing in an officer driving a fine span of horses down the street another old boyhood friend, Colonel William R. Shafter. Reining up to the curb, after congratulations, he invited me to step into the carriage. With this request I complied and accompanied him to his headquarters.

At this time Shafter was Colonel of the 17th Colored Infantry, located at Nashville for the winter. About two months later he won a Brigadier-General's star for gallant

service in command of his regiment at the battle of Nashville. He invited me to remain with him during my stay in the city, and kindly shared the contents of his purse, which was really meager, as the army as yet had not been paid. About the third day, after expending what little I was able to borrow in the purchase of necessary clothing, I renewed the journey toward Louisville and Lexington. The special order I held from General Slocum directing me to return to my regiment was a guarantee for transportation over all roads controlled by the Government. But at each change of road this order had to be endorsed or countersigned by the local quartermaster of transportation. Arriving at Louisville I found the Quartermaster whose signature it was necessary to obtain had his office far up in the city. Being unable to walk that distance and get back in time to catch my train, and having no money with which to pay for a team to carry me (I had spent my last dollar on the road coming from Nashville), I concluded to go on and have it out with the conductor on the way to Lexington.

As anticipated, he came around punctually in the discharge of his duties. I showed him my order, and after looking on the back of it he said: "This is not endorsed by the Quartermaster at Louisville." I thereupon explained to him the reason why it was not so endorsed. In reply to this he said: "I am very sorry, but I can't pass you without this order being properly countersigned."

"Very well," I replied, "you may put me off the train, but you will have to apply force to do it, for I shall not leave the train voluntarily." There was a gentleman occupying the seat with me, dressed in citizen's clothes, who, upon hearing this sharp colloquy, arose, and, running his hand in his pocket, pulled out, not a six-shooter, but

a wallet, and said to the conductor: "I will pay this man's fare; how much is it?"

Seeing a sympathizing friend at hand I gathered courage, and, taking hold of the stranger's arm, asked him to sit down, stating that I did not wish him to pay my fare; that I was entitled under the circumstances to transportation on Uncle Sam's cars, and now insisted upon a free ride. Upon this the conductor turned around and walked away without another word, and I rode quietly on to Lexington. The stranger, so he informed me later, had been a soldier in the 20th Kentucky Infantry, and, of course, was a Union man.

When the train arrived in Lexington it was dark, and not being able to look further for my regiment, in which, of course, I would have found such relief as I stood in immediate need of, as well as many

SYMPATHIZING FRIENDS,

I went to a hotel and retired for the night, though not to sleep. Sallying forth early the next morning, expecting to find members of my regiment strolling about the streets (for when in camp a certain proportion of men are always off duty with plenty of leisure), but it did not add much to my peace of mind to learn that but a day or two before the whole regiment, now thoroughly mounted, had left to join the army under General Thomas on the Nashville campaign, and I now resolved to report to General Burbridge, in command of the department headquarters in Lexington.

While moving down the street with that purpose in view, and ruminating somewhat disconsolately upon the situation, whom should I chance to meet but Captain ———,

of the 8th Regiment, who had obtained leave of absence and was about to start for home. Of course, we were fellow-officers in the same regiment and I had known him well, and as he had already remarked upon my attenuated form and generally forlorn appearance, I ventured to ask him for a loan of money, as that, next to friends, would be most helpful under the circumstances. He had just received his pay and his pockets were replete with greenbacks, but I saw at a glance my request had given him a nervous shock, and that the proposition for a loan was not meeting with that favorable consideration one might reasonably hope for, everything being considered. But after some hesitation he arose to the occasion and asked if five dollars would answer my requirements. Now, greenbacks had depreciated in value two hundred per cent., and five dollars then had little more purchasing power than a dollar would have at the present time, and, concluding that giving up such an amount would cause him more distress than the loan would be of benefit to me, I thanked him for his generous offer and concluded the interview with the remark that I was not much in need of money, anyway.

But in going not more than a half square farther I met another officer, Captain Samuel Wells, also about to start for home. Though of the same name, Captain Wells was not a relative of mine, only a comrade, as the other Captain was. After a cordial greeting he remarked upon my distressing appearance, and while undertaking to tell him something of the experiences I had gone through since the unfortunate outcome of the Stoneman raid, he interrupted by asking: "Are you in need of money?" and, as I replied in the affirmative, he said: "How much do you want?" "About fifty dollars will do me for present needs,"

I answered. Thereupon putting his hand in his pocket he drew out a roll of greenbacks, remarking as he did so, "You had better have a hundred, you will need it," and, counting out that amount of money, he handed it over to me. All of which goes to show one does not have to travel far to find *there is a vast difference in comradeship and in men.*

Together we went to headquarters, and while I was seated Captain Wells attended to the details of securing my leave of absence for thirty days. There was no paymaster nearer than Cincinnati, and together we took an early train for that place. Stimulated by this active sympathy and the hope of soon meeting other friends, my strength and spirits rapidly returned. At Cincinnati, after drawing the six or seven months' pay then due, we remained two days, attending the theater each night, witnessing Edwin Adams in his celebrated rôles of "Enoch Arden" and "Don Cæsar de Bazan" at Pike's Opera House. This part of our narrative is now gladly abandoned for that of

THE SECOND HOME-COMING.

The conditions at home at this time had materially changed from those of twelve months before. War, as aptly defined by General Sherman, had become a settled condition in the daily life of the people. Many soldiers were being mustered out and returned home by reason of the expiration of the three-year term of service, or else were "veteranizing," as the reënlistment for a second three-year term was called. Many took the latter course, and after a thirty days' leave of absence among friends again returned to the front to fight it out on original lines.

Traveling by rail through the country in any direction

the fall of 1864 the grim specter of war in some form confronted one at every turn. In the towns and villages where trains were scheduled to stop great oblong boxes made of rough boards (gruesomely styled "wooden overcoats") were being unloaded from time to time. Every one of these contained the remains of some soldier who somewhere at the front had answered the final roll-call and paid the last full measure of devotion to his country. Maimed and disabled veterans were often seen, and among them now and then an emaciated victim of prison life, released and endeavoring to reach home while life yet remained.

A single instance of this kind will suffice to cover the case of thousands. A father with his son, who had just been released from a Southern prison, while on their way home from Baltimore to Michigan, had missed the connection at Toledo, where the writer met them. They were only three hours' run from home, but were compelled to wait here three hours for another train. Had they not been so delayed the young sufferer might have reached his home and his mother's outstretched arms before the final summons came, but Providence ordered otherwise, and with a hard bench for a bed and a military overcoat for a pillow, the hapless soldier's last gaze fell upon the dark and dingy walls of the railroad station at Toledo. The heartbroken father, looking himself like a corpse, after closing the eyes of his dead boy was compelled to go out into a strange city on a bitter cold night to find someone who would be kind enough to make a box (the wooden overcoat above described) in which to ship his boy home by express. The box late in the night was secured and the shipment made, and we mercifully draw the veil over the final scene of that "home-coming."

The draft still rigidly applied, scenes like this were being seized upon by those who opposed the war from its inception to discourage further enlistments and oppose the draft; and riot and bloodshed in many of the larger towns and cities made the hour a dark and gloomy one for all those who stood ready to sacrifice life and fortune on the altar of the Union. The ultimate success of Sherman's march through Georgia was still in doubt; and Thomas had so far been unable to check Hood's steady advance on Nashville. But a cloud darker than all these agencies combined threatened the life of the Nation in 1864.

It is a well-known fact that Louis Napoleon, while all our resources were employed in the prosecution of the Civil War, sought to establish a French Empire in Mexico. Aided by Great Britain and Spain, he succeeded in overturning the republican government in that country and offered the emperorship to Maximilian of Austria. This was a flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine, but all that could be done under the difficulties with which we were then beset was to protest, and in 1864 Maximilian entered Mexico and assumed the imperial throne. Napoleon III then renewed his appeals to Great Britain to join him in recognizing the Southern Confederacy, and, as was believed in this country, with a very fair chance of success. What would have been the result? For the astounding statement that here follows we have the high authority of "Ellis' History of Our Own Country," page 1294, just published, which assures us that its authority for the statement was that of General Grant himself. The secret —for such it was—was known alone to him, President Lincoln and Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. Those three in consultation made a careful memorandum, complete in

all its details, by which one hundred and twenty-five thousand troops, whose officers and leaders were selected and everything fully arranged, were to be thrown into Canada. This resistless army of trained veterans would have been across the border within forty-eight hours after England recognized the Southern Confederacy. Canada would thus have been overrun and wrested from the mother country before she could have taken an effective step to prevent it. Grant carried the memorandum in his breast pocket for weeks, ready to act on the very minute this overt act of enmity on the part of England reached him. But England hesitated to do as Napoleon III urged her to do; the Confederacy collapsed; and the crisis passed.

Certainly, then, no darker days ever appeared upon the horizon of the Union than the Fall of 1864. On election day the weather itself was dark and foreboding. McClellan, Democratic candidate for President, stood upon a platform that declared the war for the preservation of the Union a "failure" and its purposes "unholy;" and there was quite a considerable element in the Northern States opposed to its further prosecution under any pretext whatever, and who demanded "peace at any price." In places the polls were protected by armed guards, and concealed weapons were commonly carried. But the great heart of the people as that of the army was fixed in its purpose, and at no time was there a thought entertained in the Nation's councils or on the bloody fields of giving up the fight. And so the great Lincoln was reëlected and remained the chosen leader of the loyal masses.

My health now seemed to improve and I took on flesh but did not recover my strength, and it has never returned from that day to this. But under the deepening

shadows that overhung the nation, I could not well remain at home, and once more bidding good-bye to friends and kindred, I started for the front, rejoining the 8th Cavalry at Pulaski, Tennessee, and here in command of Company M entered

AGAIN UPON ACTIVE DUTY.

Remnants of Hood's army, beaten at Nashville, and many of them deserters, sometimes in large and well organized bands, were fairly overrunning west Tennessee and north Alabama. These soon came to be regarded as banditti by citizens and soldiers alike, and when captured were treated as such. Often they were summarily shot or hung when and where taken without the delay of a trial or a drumhead courtmartial. Throughout the spring of 1865 a brigade of our cavalry was stationed at Pulaski, patrolling the country and running down these lawless bands.

The regiment frequently moved from point to point, as much for the purpose of finding ready forage for the stock and rations for the men as that of hunting guerrillas. The people were tired of war. The country everywhere was being lighted up with the glories of a Southern spring, and men and horses were on "Easy Street" (to use a modern colloquialism) so far as hard marches or imminent danger of battle was concerned; some of our expeditions were little more than a holiday junket, and these were enjoyed by man and beast alike.

Remaining several days in a place, we had an opportunity to become acquainted with the people, who mingled freely with the soldiers, and little dancing parties and other entertainments were given for their amusement.

The country people in this part of Tennessee were plain and their manners crude, but their hearts were loyal and hospitality unbounded. Native young men were scarce, as the four years' war had sadly depleted their ranks, and the young women were by no means ill disposed toward a good looking and well behaved Yankee soldier.

At one village a party was given to the officers of our regiment to which the young people from far and near were invited. The young ladies generally were brought in on horseback, riding "double" behind their escorts. Of course, military discipline had to be observed, and there was the regular routine of guard mounting, vidette and picket duty to be kept up. Heavy rains had fallen for two or three days, and the roads were muddy and almost impassable. But this did not deter the young people from coming from a distance of two or three miles.

I had formed the acquaintance of a young lady living in the hills some distance out, but soon discovered there was a lively competitor in Captain W. H. Mills, Regimental Commissary. I expected to secure the lady as a partner for the dance, but imagine my discomfort when notified that on the morning of the day on which the dance was to come off in the evening, I would be required to go on duty as "officer of the day." This would occupy my undivided attention for the next twenty-four hours at least and so give a clear field to my rival. "Billy," (as the Captain was familiarly called) was not slow to improve the opportunity thus presented, and engaged the lady in question for the dance. At this outcome of the affair, all who were in the secret enjoyed a good laugh at the expense of the narrator; but I had my revenge. Knowing well the road on which the happy pair would come (both mounted on the same horse), I instructed the pickets to challenge every

one approaching the camp on that road after dark, and compel them to dismount and advance on foot to give the countersign. The lowering shadows of night had no sooner settled down than the labored tramp of a horse was heard coming through the mud. I took my position behind a neighboring tree to see that the picket carried out his instructions, and incidentally to watch the result of his challenge. When the sounds came within about two hundred yards (it was very dark) the sentinel called out in a clear ringing voice "Halt! Who comes there?" "A friend with the countersign," was the feeble response. "Dismount and advance and give the countersign," continued the faithful picket. Thus compelled to leave his girl alone in the darkness, the Captain, wearing his best trousers and fine polished boots, came splashing through the mud to the picket post to deliver the countersign. In doing so he discovered me behind the tree, and taking in the situation and the joke at a glance, he began shaking his fist. At this juncture, under cover of the darkness, I hurried away to the next post and there remained till the threatening storm had passed over.

In other localities the feeling was just as intense but it took a different form. On the march one day in North Alabama, Lieutenant Cray of the 8th, riding ahead, went up to a house to ask for a drink of water, when two or three men rushed out and shot his horse dead and mortally wounded the Lieutenant who died a short time after. The assassins took to the brush before the command came up and escaped. Our men, upon learning the facts from Cray himself, surrounded the house, and after thorough search for more guerrillas, the women were ordered out, the house set on fire and with all of its contents burned to the ground.

A desultory warfare was kept up through the spring and summer of 1865 until

THE FINAL MUSTER OUT.

Paroled Confederates from Lee's and Johnson's armies now began to arrive in Tennessee singly and in small groups, and what has already been said of the retiring veteran in the North—disabled, bleeding and footsore—was manifest here, but in a more exaggerated form. Returning Confederates were frequently met on the road by our scouting parties, who often "took them up behind" to give them a "lift," sharing their bread and coffee meantime. They were scantily clothed, and, calling at our camps, were never turned away hungry or barefooted. There was an instance of a Confederate who, alone and dying by the roadside, was found by a Union soldier, who took him up, nursed him back into life and sent him on his way.

But when the final surrender came the rejoicing in camp knew no bounds. Discipline was relaxed and all sorts of excesses for the time were indulged in on the part of officers and men. An officer in command of a military post in Tennessee issued a special order to the effect that any man wearing the uniform not on duty who should be found sober at any time between the hours of 12 o'clock at noon and 12 o'clock that night would be arrested and sent to the guard house. The American flag was carried by venturesome climbers to the tops of the highest trees, lashed to the limbs, and there left to wave, undisputed and unmolested throughout all coming time. Some laughed, while others expressed their joy in tears; but all were supremely happy in this one day of unrestricted

jubilation, for with it peace and union had come, and come to stay. But at what a cost! Seven hundred thousand lives, the best young blood of the land, had been given up, and the nation was staggering under a debt incomprehensible in its magnitude. The day of rejoicing, however, was not one of exultation on the part of the Federal troops. The victory had been too dearly won for that. The contending armies had by this time learned a wholesome though a dearly bought lesson. The valor exhibited by one had won the respect and admiration of the other, and both were glad to let go when they did, with but little thought as to who had been the most valiant.

But what a change came over the face of everything five days later, when the wires flashed the intelligence of Lincoln's assassination. A day of weeping and lamentation succeeded that of joy and peace. Lincoln's untimely death was an unfortunate occurrence for the South, for before time had settled the calm judgment of the people, fixing the crime where it belonged—that of a madman—it was charged to the Southern leaders. The liberal spirit which pervaded the army of the North at the time of Lee's surrender was by this insane act turned to bitterness and gall. Among the men whose term of enlistment was about to expire, and who expected soon to be honorably discharged and sent home there was an expression of a willingness to reënlist and fight to the bitter end. The hope was often expressed in language more forcible than one would dare to write that the Confederates would not surrender at all, but that the war might be prolonged, thus giving the Union army an opportunity to wreak a bloody vengeance. Indeed, it was feared and believed by many that Lincoln's assassination and the attempt upon the life of Secretary Seward at the same time was but a signal

for the beginning of a war of extermination the end of which no man could foretell. An entire brigade of cavalry encamped near Pulaski, Tennessee, turned out to listen to what the Chaplain might have to say touching this great national calamity. As they came together there was an air of solemnity among the men foreign to their habitual demeanor, and when the Chaplain raised his hands in prayer two thousand begrimed and hardened soldiers dropped upon their knees or humbly bowed in silent supplication. The sorrow was universal, and mutterings of vengeance were heard for many days thereafter.

But the good sense of the American people at last prevailed, and in the ecstasy which the vision of peace brought to every heart the cry for vengeance was hushed, and charity soon spread her soft mantle, shutting out from view the hideous spectacle of war.

With many of the enlisted men the privations of the camp and field were no longer irksome; with them a "fight or a frolic" had become synonymous terms and perilous adventure almost a passion. Four years of active campaigning involving every specie of hazard, including defeat and victory alike, had hardened and disciplined them until they loved the service in which that discipline had become so important a factor.

The regular army under Mr. Lincoln's second call for three years' volunteer enlistments (May, 1861), also included the increase of the regular army by the recruiting and organization of ten additional regiments—eight of infantry, one of cavalry and one of artillery—twenty thousand men in all. While the power to do this was doubted by many in authority, and the proposition met with strong opposition from the outset, the wisdom of the President in inaugurating the plan is shown in the fact that from

this organization came many of the great Generals that led our armies to victory. There were many men of military training, who, like Grant and Sherman, not caring to follow the profession of war as a business, had already resigned from the army and did not like to reënter as volunteers.

At the close both officers and men were needed to fill the depleted ranks of these regular regiments and keep their numbers up to the minimum, for they, with the volunteers, had sustained heavy losses—a total of 96 officers and 2,895 enlisted men. Many improved the opportunity thus offered for passing directly from the volunteer to the regular service. What the volunteer officer has been to the regular service is seen in the fact that many who thus chose a life profession before reaching the age of retirement rose step by step through the various grades to the highest rank in the gift of the army, positions of great responsibility, and second only in the honors they bring to that of President of the United States. Miles, Chaffee, Shafter and many other names might be mentioned in the long roll of distinguished volunteer officers.

But there were nearly a million and a quarter of men yet to be mustered out and sent home, and to do this with safety to all interests and the least possible delay was the problem that now engaged the attention of the men upon whose executive ability the performance of this stupendous work devolved. Heretofore on entering the army from time to time and from year to year, recruits could be assigned to the different commands where their services might be required—in the East or the West, the Department of the Gulf, the Red River of the South or the Trans-Mississippi—without delay or congestion at any given point. But now that the vast army was to be disbanded at one

stroke of the pen, paid off and transportation furnished to the remotest points—including in the itinerary every State and Territory in the Union—the question assumed gigantic proportions, and proved to be one to tax the skill and capacity of the men upon whom the execution of this last phase of the war devolved. In justice to the soldiers and the communities from which they came, the first thing to be considered was how to set every man down at his own door with money in his pockets, where the restraining influence of home and friends would act as a lever or counterpoise against any excesses into which the ex-soldier might be led from habits acquired in long and arduous service in the camp and in the field.

Upon their final discharge the men were allowed to purchase their equipments, which otherwise were to be turned over to the various State arsenals, including guns, pistols and sabers, which many, as a matter of sentiment, were glad to keep. From this arose great fears that such an army of men just relieved from military discipline and long accustomed to more or less leeway in appropriating the property of the enemy without inquiry as to an equivalent being returned, would prove a menace to the peace and dignity of the communities into which they might be set at liberty. But the results only show how little the people knew of the temper and quality of the men that comprised the rank and file of the volunteer army.

Though impatient of restraint as they were, now that their work was accomplished and no more campaigns to be entered upon or battles to be fought, they must be held as a body and discipline maintained until every man's military history was completed, muster-out and payrolls carefully prepared; his age, where, when and by whom enrolled; where, when and by whom mustered in; where last

paid and to what time; if a prisoner, where and when captured; whether wounded or sick in hospital, and a half hundred other details—all of which must appear of record in justice to the soldier himself if for no other reason. That hundreds of tons of these records are now on file in the office of the Adjutant General at Washington, where for all coming time a complete summary of every one of the millions who have been or may hereafter be enrolled for service can be seen, is one of the marvels in the management and conduct of the War Department in time of peace as well as in war.

Another wise provision of the general plan and the very last act in this great spectacular drama of final disbandment was to *pay the soldier in full to date;* and from May until November, 1865, $270,000,000 were so disbursed. To carry out these details within a specified time another great army was employed. The printing presses of the country were worked overtime in furnishing the required blanks, and thousands of clerks were kept busy in the various departments in preparing the rolls and other necessary details.

Meantime the soldiers, without active employment, longing for home, which now seemed so near—and yet so far—and restive under restraint, began to desert in considerable numbers, especially from the camps near Washington and other home barracks, thus leaving, after an otherwise honorable service, a tainted record. Small mutinies sometimes occurred, which were readily subdued without resort to harsh measures; but all misdemeanors of this character on the part of the men grew out of the fact that the war was over and no more real service required of them.

The armies of Grant and Sherman, being contiguous to Washington (and for other reasons), were marched directly

from the field to the banks of the Potomac within sight of the dome of the Capitol, there to remain while these preliminaries for muster-out were going on. The troops of Sherman in their numerous campaigns in the West and in the march to the sea had covered more territory than all the other grand divisions of the Union army combined, and "Uncle Billy" had earned the distinction of being the great marching General of the War, as he was also undoubtedly the great strategist, Grant, of course, being the bulldog fighter. But, lank and nimble-footed as the Western men were, they fairly broke the record in the march from Raleigh to Washington after the surrender, making a distance of 156 miles in five and one-half days, an average of thirty miles a day for an army of nearly 100,000 men.

In this connection a story told of General Sherman on his march to the sea seems to be apropos. His ultimate purpose and destination on that march was only known to the President, General Grant and a few of their immediate advisers. Therefore curiosity in the North and anxiety in the South were rife as to what strategic point Sherman intended to reach; and one day when somewhere down in the heart of Georgia an old planter, thinking to gain some valuable information on this all-absorbing topic, approached and in a very confidential manner asked General Sherman where he was going. Whereupon the General replied: "I don't know whether I can trust you with my secret." The old Confederate, professing great loyalty, then declared he would "never tell." General Sherman then rode up, and, bending over in his saddle with his mouth close to the old gentleman's ear, whispered: "I'll tell you where I am going. I am going where I dam please." And that fact no doubt accounts in a large measure for the great dislike for General Sherman in the South to-day; he most in-

variably went where he pleased, and the Confederates were never able to stay his march.

Another story characteristic of General Sherman is told. In his various campaigns through the enemy's country he had rendered himself especially obnoxious to the people by the destruction of a good deal of property belonging, as he believed, to the Confederate Government, and thousands of bales of cotton were so captured or destroyed. But there was one lot in which a special plea was put up for its preservation. A gentleman came forward and appealed to General Sherman in person, and in his concluding remarks on the subject a veiled threat was implied. He said: "You better not destroy it (the cotton in question) —that cotton belongs to Queen Victoria!" Whereupon General Sherman replied: "Give my compliments to the Queen and tell her I have been going up against her cannon, her rifles and her powder ever since this war began, and wherever I capture her cotton I shall burn it."

Up to the time of the Civil War deeply absorbed in the development of the country's resources, and therefore more or less neglectful of other important considerations, we had come to be regarded abroad as a nation of farmers and shopkeepers who would in all probability suffer almost any indignity of a political character sooner than be disturbed in those peaceful pursuits so dear to the national heart; and the general belief prevailed that should war from any chance be forced upon us the country would be found in a state of absolute unpreparedness, and the people wholly averse to war. Reflecting upon these views so generally held among strangers, just as has been lately thought of the moving of our fleet of battleships around the world, it was then believed that it would be an act of good diplomacy to furnish the people of our own country and

the agents of foreign powers located in Washington with an object lesson in the way of an aggregated representation of the army that had come forth from the heart of the republic to do battle for its life. It was the culmination of this thought, and to check the growing discontent of the waiting soldiers, that resulted in what has gone down to history as the

GRAND REVIEW.

Accordingly, on the 23d of May the Army of the Potomac, mustering 75,000 men, and followed on the 24th by the Army of the West, 65,000 strong, paraded the streets and avenues of Washington in one of the grandest military pageants of modern times—a veteran army of 140,000 men in line, the two occupying thirteen hours in passing a given point, seven hours on the first day and six on the second; the survivors of a thousand battles, in the smoke and din of which 500,000 of their comrades sealed their devotion in death. And while only about one-fifth of our fighting force then under arms was here represented, this parade afforded, as it was designed to do, an object lesson, and a very comprehensive view of the whole Grand Army of the Republic.

Where the march through the capital led, windows, roofs, balconies and curbs were thronged with glad-hearted people whose throats were paralyzed in shouting "welcome!" to the army that had won an honorable peace for all. Banners and streamers stretched across the street and public buildings, containing mottoes expressive of the joy of the people and their gratitude to the army, were seen on every hand. Throughout the entire march a solid mass of humanity pressed forward, as cheer after cheer rent the

air, and the whole cry of that vast throng was one loud voice of acclaim in praise of the Union soldier. This grand pageant held the people in awe and admiration until the last man in the rear rank had passed and disappeared. There was a national outpouring of heart and soul in gratitude for the services rendered by the victorious legions of the Union.

But as if fearful of not being able to reach the heart of the soldier and to impress further upon his mind the sentiment of the people, a banner of white canvas was stretched across the entire front of the Capitol building, on which was painted, in characters so plain that he who ran might read, these words:

"THE ONLY NATIONAL DEBT WE CAN NEVER REPAY IS THE DEBT WE OWE THE VICTORIOUS UNION SOLDIER."

This motto caught the eye of every man within the ranks of those two great armies, and moved the soldier heart as it had not been moved by any other demonstration; and to him who survives to this day the vision of that lettered banner has never grown dim, though we are forced to the opinion that the sentiment that caused it to be placed there no longer exists. Complaints of the Government's liberality toward the ex-Union soldier are often heard, and in this connection it may not be amiss to present a few salient points bearing upon

THE SUBJECT OF PENSIONS.

The National debt contracted in the prosecution of the war, as before stated, amounted to the alarming aggre-

gate of two thousand five hundred millions of dollars ($2,500,000,000), and the annual interest on that debt was one hundred and fifty millions ($150,000,000)—a sum much greater than the high-water mark reached by the pension list since the close of the Civil War. But the people submitted cheerfully and without a murmur to the burden of taxation necessary to discharge this enormous interest and the principal itself as fast as it became due. These obligations were all payable in gold and the money went at once into the hands of the bondholders (often in foreign countries) or was immediately reinvested in other securities, and not a dollar of it ever found its way back among the people. But contrary to this, it should be borne in mind, every dollar paid out by the Government for pensions goes back at once into the avenues of trade, and, with the exception of small sums that go to those living in foreign countries, the people are in reality that much better off than they were before the pension was paid.

To carry out great enterprises debts are often contracted; towns, cities, municipalities, and even governments, are bonded for long periods, bearing heavy interest, in order to give a coming generation an opportunity to share in the burden of taxation necessary for such an undertaking. This is the manner in which the pension system inaugurated over forty years ago is acting upon the present generation. Being the greatest beneficiaries by the obligation incurred, the people of to-day are helping to discharge a debt in the form of pensions paid out, and for which they are largely benefited.

For a moment let us consider the ability of the country at this time for paying this debt, as compared with the conditions of forty years ago. The population upon which

taxes were indirectly levied at the close of the war numbered about 40,000,000, while the aggregated wealth of the country was only fourteen thousand millions ($14,000,000,000). But how is it to-day? The population, upon which but a small portion of this burden now rests, is estimated at 93,000,000; and the aggregated wealth of the country has reached the enormous proportions of one hundred and twenty-five thousand millions ($125,000,000,000)—a national growth in wealth and population (under this burdensome (?) taxation) unprecedented in the world's history; and all this in face of the fact, as some would have us believe, the country is being impoverished by the bounties paid the ex-Union soldiers and their dependent widows and orphans.

As a further objection to the pension system it is claimed a portion of this money is being paid out to the undeserving. There may be a modicum of truth in this statement. Alone with old age and in sight of death as most of them are; indigent, intemperate and garrulous though some of them may be, is it not better, now that the nation under a permanent Union has grown rich, powerful and great, that the Government pension now and then an undeserving one, or even to pay out millions to those who may have sworn falsely and obtained pensions fraudulently, than to allow one worthy soldier to suffer a single day or hour for the necessaries of life?

But following this subject to its legitimate conclusion, there is much more in this question of "pensions" than appears on the surface. While the bondholder received his pay in gold, the man who fought the country's battles, won her victories, preserved her honor, and perpetuated her institutions, performed his service for the magnificent consideration of thirteen dollars a month,

taking his pay in a depreciated currency worth not more than fifty cents on the dollar. So that, in point of fact, the average wage of the enlisted man in the Civil War was about six and one-half dollars a month.

From earliest time the country has depended entirely upon volunteer enlistments for men to defend its honor and fight its battles, a large standing army seeming to be inimical to the Republican idea. And while the stipulated pay of the volunteer has always been meager, as compared with the pay of wage earners in civil life, it has been a settled policy of the Government from its very inception, upon retiring from army service, to pension its fighting men liberally. Immediately following the Revolutionary War, there being no money at the disposal of the Government, large grants of land were made to both officers and enlisted men in recognition of their services; the quantity of land being graded according to rank and length of service. Acting upon the recommendation of the Continental Congress, each State of the new Republic took a hand in this work, Virginia taking the lead. The following are a few of the names of that band of patriots with the number of acres of land granted to each:

Maj. Genl. Gates	17,500
Brig. Genl. Geo. R. Clark	10,000
Brig. Genl. (Baron) Steuben	15,000
Brig. Genl. Peter Muhlenburg	13,194
Brig. Genl. Hugh Mercer	10,000
Brig. Genl. Chas. Scott	15,278
Brig. Genl. Edward Stevens	10,000
Brig. Genl. Robert Lawson	10,000
Brig. Genl. Wm. Woodford	10,000
Brig. Genl. Geo. Weedon	13,333
Lieut. Col. Henry Lee	8,240

Capt. Benj. Harrison..... 4,000
Col. Chas. Harrison..... 6,666
Col. Robt. H. Harrison..... 6,000

Time passed on, a new generation of statesmen came upon the scene, and in the 20th Congress, under the administration of President John Quincy Adams, a bill was brought forward and passed into law (May 15th, 1828), placing the surviving officers of the Continental line upon full pay of their rank, the maximum not to exceed that of Captain. Daniel Webster and other great statesmen espoused the cause, and the bill was promptly approved by President Adams. The statesmen of that period felt that the surviving officers of the Revolutionary Army had a just claim upon the gratitude and bounty of the nation and they responded to that sentiment. This was followed four years later by the act of June 7th, 1832. These two acts placed all surviving officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians, soldiers and Indian spies who served in the Continental line or State troops, volunteer or militia; and all officers, non-commissioned officers, mariners or marines of the navy, who served two years in the war of the Revolution, upon full pay of their rank during life, and those who served less than two years and more than six months, received a proportional ratio of such pay, according to the length of their service—no pay to exceed that of a Captain.

The above shows the liberal spirit and gratitude with which the statesmen of a former generation were moved toward the surviving sailors and soldiers of the Revolutionary War. Now it is an inherent principle that in time of war, officers of the same rank, performing the same duties and incurring the same hazards should be entitled under equal laws to the same rights, honors, and emolu-

ments to whatever branch of the service they may have chanced to belong. But that in late years there has been unjust discrimination in this respect made in favor of the Regular Army as against the Volunteer officer, it is the purpose of this writing to show.

The act of July 28, 1866, provided: "That officers of the regular army entitled to be retired on account of disabilities occasioned by wounds received in battle may be retired upon the full rank of the command held by them, whether in the regular or volunteer service at the time such wounds were received."

Under this act many officers of the regular army who had received commissions of higher rank in the volunteer service were retired with three-quarters pay of the rank of their command in the volunteer army; Captains were retired as Major-Generals, but *no volunteer officer who did not hold a commission in the regular army was retired,* however great his command, however brilliant his service, however serious his disabilities from wounds or otherwise, or however advanced his age. A case is recalled of two Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers who had been breveted Major-Generals of Volunteers for conspicuous gallantry, one from private life, the other holding a commission as Captain in the regular army. They were both permanently disabled by wounds and were mustered out of the volunteer service at the close of the war. The citizen General having lost a leg was pensioned at $30 per month, while the Captain in the regular army was retired as a Major-General with retired pay of $137.81 per month. But other acts equally discriminating have followed.

The act of April 23d, 1904, is as follows: "That any officer below the grade of Brigadier-General who served with credit as an officer or as an enlisted man in the

regular or volunteer forces during the Civil War prior to April 9, 1865, otherwise than as a cadet, and whose name is borne on the official register of the army, and who has heretofore been, or may hereafter be, retired on account of wounds or disability incident to the service, or on account of age or after forty years' service, may in the discretion of the President, by and with the advice of the Senate, be placed on the retired list of the army with the rank and retired pay of one grade above that actually held by him at the time of his retirement."

Under this act 354 officers who had served with credit during the Civil War and were then on the retired list were re-retired with the rank and retired pay of one grade above that actually held by them at the time of retirement; 254 of these officers had served in the volunteer army of the Civil War and had been commissioned in the regular army; many of them had been retired for thirty years. Ninety-two of these officers had been retired as Colonels, and by operation of law they were immediately re-retired as Brigadier-Generals and granted $1,125 per annum additional retired pay. A number of other officers of Civil War service have been retired under the provisions of this law with increased rank and retired pay. It is noteworthy that the discriminating recognition of regular army officers in the legislation above cited was not at all on account of their prolonged or life service during peace and war in the regular army, but solely because of their *service in the Civil War.*

Following the above-cited act for the benefit of officers of the regular army comes the act of June 29th, 1906, for the benefit of officers of the navy below the rank of Rear-Admiral. Those who served with credit during the Civil War, whether on the active or retired list, are entitled to

retirement with one grade increased rank and retired pay. Paymasters, Chaplains and other officers of the rank of Captain being retired as Rear-Admiral, the Chaplains received $2,800 full pay and $2,100 retired pay per annum, but when re-retired under the above-named act received $4,500 per annum, the increase of $2,400 per annum being granted solely in recognition of meritorious service *during the Civil War.* To complete the work of discrimination between regular and volunteer officers who served with credit during the Civil War the House amendment to the army appropriation bill was adopted by the 59th Congress, authorizing the retirement as Major-Generals certain Brigadiers, thus giving them $1,500 per annum additional retired pay.

Aside from pensions for wounds and disabilities of service origin, the only provision made by general law for volunteer officers since the close of the war is a pension under the act of June 27th, 1890, of $6.00 per month at 62 years of age; $8.00 per month at 65, $10.00 per month at 68 and $12.00 per month at 70 years of age, these allowances having been increased, however, by the recent pension law to $12.00 per month from 62 to 70 years of age, $15.00 per month from 70 to 75, and $20.00 per month to those over 75 years of age. The practical operation of the legislation of Congress in regard to officers of volunteers of the Civil War has been to disregard and ignore rank. To cite an instance: A surviving Major-General of Volunteers who commanded an army corps and a department, and who served with great distinction during the Civil War, would now under existing law be entitled to apply for and receive a pension of $20.00 per month at 75 years of age.

These statements are not made in disparagement of the gallant officers and men of the regular army nor in objec-

tion to the pay and emoluments they receive at the hands of the Government, which are meager enough at best. In view of these facts it is claimed simply that volunteer officers performing like service and equally efficient have not been so well remunerated. Surely the man whose life pursuits have been along peaceful lines, who at his country's call forsakes home, friends and business prospects to take up arms to fight his country's battles, ought to be entitled to as much consideration at the hands of his Government and a grateful people as the professional, trained and educated at the expense of the Government for the life of a soldier.

What the efficiency of the volunteer has been is well attested in the fact that he has universally met every requirement of the service and stands to-day without a peer in our military annals. In all of our wars who but the volunteer has drawn together the fighting forces of the country and led them to victory. Six of our Chief Executives chosen since the close of the Civil War won their first distinction as soldiers in the volunteer service. A volunteer stands at the head of the army to-day. Of the 2,900 officers of the line of the army, 1,818 have been appointed since the beginning of the war with Spain. Of these 1,818 but 276 were supplied by West Point Academy; the remaining 1,542 have come—414 from the ranks and 512 from civil life and 616 from the volunteers of the war with Spain and the Philippines.

However, leaving the subject of pensions in the endeavor to keep "Touch of Elbow" in the great march of events inaugurated by peace, we are enabled to present in a life-picture another critical phase in our country's history equally stirring and dramatic with that already recounted in other chapters, and one little understood by the present

generation. Reference is had to the years immediately following the Civil War, and now designated as the

"PERIOD OF RECONSTRUCTION."

To bring the seceded States back into the Union and extend over them the authority of the general Government under laws that should do justice to the people so lately in rebellion, and at the same time safeguard the liberties of the ex-slave, for a long time baffled the skill of the ablest and most conscientious statesmen, if, indeed, the results of their labor are altogether satisfactory to either party even at this remote day, for the race problem still hangs like a dark cloud over the political horizon.

The overthrow of the institution of slavery, and the reëstablishment of Federal authority, with other inevitable changes resulting from the war, brought with them conditions of a social and political character in the Southern States that never before obtained in any other time or country. The Ku Klux Klan and the Freedman's Bureau were among the least of the evils with which the people of that afflicted section were surrounded after having suffered the humiliation of defeat. Had it been possible for the leading men of the South, business men and planters, to have joined heartily in the effort to establish just laws, very much if not all of that which is now a disagreeable memory—namely, "Carpet-bag Rule"—might have been avoided. But instead of accepting the situation and allowing the bitterness and rancor to pass with the lapse of time, fuel was added to the flame by the enactment of local laws in the Southern States placing the freedmen (who had now become the nation's wards) under a bondage more degrading than that which prevailed in ante

bellum days. It would be difficult to exaggerate the unfriendly character of the legislation affecting them that was enacted immediately after the war in most of the seceding States. And when provisional governments were established for the enforcement of the negro's rights, many of the best citizens held aloof, and by a studied indifference (if in no other way) often embarrassed and retarded the efforts of those delegated to aid in maintaining stable authority and in bringing order out of chaos. It was the rule (to which, of course, there were many honorable exceptions) that good men refused utterly to take any part in the new regime, and in consequence, carpet-bag government became inevitable. This was often arbitrary and sometimes corrupt; and incompetent men were inducted into office and held responsible positions. But this was by no means the invariable rule, for there were among that much maligned class a goodly number of as brave, competent and trustworthy men as could be found in any State or section. Native born citizens who accepted the situation and came forward in an endeavor to aid the Federal authorities were tabooed and held in greater contempt than the carpet-bagger himself. This fact will be strikingly illustrated in the story to which these comments are a preliminary introduction.

But as an example of the indifference often exhibited: In ———— State a leading planter who had been requested by the provisional governor to come in and consult as to the best manner of adjusting the difficulties that were constantly arising between planter and freedman refused a proffered seat when in the presence of the executive, standing with hat in hand throughout the entire interview, assuming the demeanor formerly required of the slave when in the presence of his master;

thus apparently, instead of aiding and encouraging the governor, even by a tacit coöperation, seeking to embarrass him by this sham humiliation.

In view of these conditions and to enable the negro the better to protect himself in his political rights, and also to fix the status of citizens lately in armed defiance of the Government, two amendments to the Constitution were proposed and finally adopted. The Fourteenth Amendment provides that no man having been in armed hostility against the United States shall be allowed to become a member of Congress or to fill any Federal office unless Congress by a two-thirds vote remove such disability, and that the United States or any State shall not pay any debt incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave. This amendment, like every other proposed general law, was opposed by the Southern people, but had they accepted it, all the difficulties arising from the negro franchise would have been avoided, for, with the Fourteenth Amendment accepted, and all the seceding States restored to their former status in the Government, the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment (which is the bone of all contention to-day) by the requisite number of States (two-thirds) would have been an impossibility.

The Fifteenth Amendment provides that no State shall have the power to deny or abridge the right to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. It appears like the irony of fate that the Southern leaders should have opposed the first amendment, thereby causing the introduction of the second amendment, and the final adoption of both. "Home Rule" and local self-government without interference by the Federal authorities was their constant demand, but, as before intimated, this meant the

virtual reënslavement of the negro, whom the Government, having given him his freedom, was in honor bound to protect.

But viewing the whole field with calm judgment at this time, possibly it is more than one could expect of human nature that the Southern people should have done differently. With their homes desolated, neglected and gone to decay, their principal wealth—that of the slave—swept from them at a single blow; smarting under defeat, as a proud and high-spirited people must necessarily have done; a local government thrust upon them by the conqueror, and often administered by unscrupulous aliens, it is not surprising that the spirit of unrest and resentment led them to extraordinary measures in the effort to throw off the, to them, galling yoke of oppression. If, in reviewing the history of the past, with charity for all and malice toward none, we recall only those acts of heroic devotion called out by the exigencies of the period, challenging the admiration of all, are we not then on the broad highway leading up to a union of peoples as well as States, whose law and liberty-loving precepts and example are one day likely to encircle the globe?

Out of these extraordinary conditions grew that state of society in the South which rendered possible the enactment of the tragic scenes to be described in the following

STORY OF A BRAVE GIRL.*

It was a delightful day in the early spring of 187— that a family group, consisting of mother and daughter—a

*Note.—The names of the characters here introduced have been changed and fictitious names substituted. Also the dates and locality in which the events transpired have been changed to other dates and places. In all other respects this story is a narration of facts of which the author was cognizant.

lovely girl of eighteen summers—and three sons, aged sixteen, twelve and nine years respectively, were sitting on the front porch of their country home, situated on elevated ground overlooking the little village of Kendall. Here, through the scant foliage in the foreground, the waters of the bay could be seen twinkling in the sunbeams. The soft genial atmosphere, already cooling in the slant rays of the afternoon sun, came in gentle waves like the pulsating throbs of the ocean when wrapped in slumber; and freighted with the fragrance of sweet flowers just leaving their winter beds, and springing into life from hillside, copse and woodland as far as eye could reach, added to the soothing influence of a scene as fair as Eden, and well calculated to put one at peace with the world and make him forget that "man alone is vile."

Owing to the position taken by Judge Clinton (an original Union man) in the restoration of government for the seceded States his wife and children had been compelled to live aloof from many of the friends of former years, and their society was formed largely within the home circle. Alone in the land of their birth, yet surrounded by the neighbors of a lifetime, the family were anxiously looking for the return of the husband and father (now overdue) from a visit to a neighboring city; while his prolonged absence was a matter of the gravest apprehension to them.

The daughter, most alert, soon catching a glimpse of a well-known form coming up the pathway from the village, hurried to be the first to welcome her father (as she had always been first in his affection), and greeting him with a kiss when half way down the path they walked back hand in hand to the porch, where they were joined by the mother and the three boys, Harry, Jamey and Wallie.

Carolena Clinton.

The presence of Carolena, during the brief period of her life, had been like a sunbeam lighting up the recesses made dark by the proscription under which the family had lived; and, animated by the spirit and buoyancy of youth, she was an inspiration of joy wherever her presence was felt. Just graduated from one of the best schools of the country, accomplished in the higher branches, and enthusiastic in all outdoor sports, her recreation was often found in horseback riding, in which she excelled. Mounted on her fleet-footed "Clinker" (a spirited animal trained behind the hounds) she was often seen in company with her brother, riding at full speed through the meadows and forest glades. At such times she looked fresh and blooming as the flowers among which she reveled, and free and happy as the birds, whose songs were to her an endless delight.

Notwithstanding these outward appearances of gayety, that unfailing perception accorded to woman where love and affection rule, had enabled Carolena at an early age, to mark the expression of care upon her father's face; the result of the hazardous life he had led so long. She had thus been drawn to him with the double tie of sympathy and love, and having a warm and impulsive nature, her devotion to her father fell little short of adoration.

Seated on the porch, the family had been engaged in conversation but a short time, when a neighbor named "Jack" Lilly, well known in the community, and living a couple of miles down the road, went by on horse-back, on his accustomed route home. A large family connection of the Lilly's had intermarried and spread over the country, of which "Jack" was the head and dominating spirit. With this prestige he was able to call around him a large number of partisans having little ambition of their own,

but quick to do the bidding of one they thought superior to themselves in the attributes of physical courage and brute force; and in the political arena, from the outset, "Jack" had pitted his strength against that of Judge Clinton, who, by aid of the colored vote and a few daring whites, held that portion of the State in line, politically, with the policy of the national party then in power. In this manner, a bitter and uncompromising enmity had grown up between the two men and their followers.

Lilly had been out of sight but a few moments when a negro came riding past in great haste, bearing the startling intelligence that Jack Lilly was lying dead in the road near his own home, where he had been waylaid and shot from ambush not more than twenty minutes before. The people of the community were ignorant as to who was the perpetrator of the crime. The assassin having successfully covered his tracks, there could be found no clew to his identity.

In point of fact there was very little effort made to apprehend the guilty party. But as a part of a conspiracy (and contrary to long established usage), the remains of the murdered man were kept in state for forty-eight hours, ostensibly awaiting convenient opportunity for burial; but in reality to give time to call in the clans from all parts of the country; and over the "Dead Cæsar," by the rude oratory at command, inflame the passions of the people until ready for any service, no matter how unlawful or desperate.

Accordingly, mounted couriers were dispatched to distant and remote parts to spread the intelligence of the approaching Lilly obsequies; and at the appointed hour a motley group had assembled, prepared not only to hear the virtues of the deceased extolled, but ready to listen with

attentive ear to any extravagant tales relating to his untimely taking off. So at the funeral the feud animosities existing for so long between the two factions were invoked. Now for the first it was whispered about from mouth to ear that Judge Clinton was the instigator of Lilly's murder, and upon his head the avenging wrath of the clans should fall. The better to carry out this purpose and insure their own safety, some form of law must be observed. Accordingly, warrants were issued and sworn to before a magistrate, charging Judge Clinton and the two Huddlestons (brothers), Gardner and Rousseau (all white and natives of the country), with being accessory to the murder.

The warrants were to be served the following day (Sunday) and throughout Saturday night the sound of iron-shod hoofs might have been heard reëchoing along the highways and bridle paths leading from every part of the surrounding country to the village of Kendall. As the rays of the morning sun reached the spire of the little church standing just in front of the Clinton cottage, two hundred and fifty men, grim-visaged and armed to the teeth, had assembled in the streets, apparently awaiting the appearance of some one to assume leadership.

They had not long to wait. The usual hour for breakfast had not arrived, when the sheriff came with a number of deputies and took the Huddlestons into custody. These men expressed a desire to eat their breakfast before going to jail, which request was granted. While so engaged, they clandestinely sent a note to Judge Clinton, informing him of what had taken place and that a warrant was also out for the latter's arrest.

Mrs. Clinton and daughter, apprehensive of the worst, and quick to comprehend the full import of the gathering,

storm, besought the husband and father to mount a horse and flee from the imminent danger that threatened. To this he replied that he had nothing to fear, as he was innocent of any crime or offense against the law; that to leave would but strengthen the suspicion of guilt already aroused by false accusation; and that his decision to remain and face his accusers was irrevocable.

Nevertheless, while the breakfast was in preparation Carolena sent a servant to the stable with orders to saddle and bring out her horse, thinking her father might yet be prevailed upon to place himself out of reach of his enemies until such time as the first heat of passion had subsided. But while the mother and daughter were thus pleading the Sheriff came with a number of deputies and placed Judge Clinton under arrest. The Judge then sought an opportunity to send word to Gardner and Rousseau, who lived in an adjoining village, advising them to come in and give themselves up.

At this time armed men came from the street into the yard and surrounded the house, and the Sheriff told Judge Clinton he must be taken to jail. To this the family objected, as the Sheriff had previously promised that the Judge would be kept under guard in his own house. But the Sheriff was unmoved and seemed to be governed entirely by the demands of the mob.

Mrs. Clinton now asked the privilege of being alone with her husband for a few minutes before bidding him goodbye, perhaps for the last time, and, without waiting for a reply, she took him into a closet in an adjoining room, through the ceiling of which was a trap-door leading to the chamber above. This chamber was set apart for sleeping rooms for the servants. A broad stairway went up from the kitchen to these apartments, at the head of which was

a heavy door opening into a hall. There was no other way of reaching this chamber save by the trap-door before mentioned. In the closet were three guns, all supposed, at the time, to be loaded.

The mob on the outside, now grown impatient, were loudly clamoring for the prisoner to be taken to jail, and many had already entered the house.

Self-preservation being an immutable law of nature, Judge Clinton now determined not to risk his life by going out, and, hesitating no longer, sprang up through the opening, while Mrs. Clinton handed him the guns. He closed and fastened the trap with a heavy bar, while she at the same moment came out, closed and locked the closet door.

The two Huddlestons were taken to the jail, but, not seeing Judge Clinton with them, the mob stampeded in a body toward the house. Noticing his absence, the Sheriff asked Mrs. Clinton where her husband was concealed.

"That," said she, "is for me to know and for you to find out. My husband has decided that if he must die it will not be like a dog or a felon in the street or the county jail, but under his own roof, surrounded by his wife and children, who adore him. He will not leave this house alive today, be assured of that. Now, sir, do your worst!"

Believing the crisis was at hand and that Judge Clinton would soon be assaulted in his own house, all the children ascended the stairs and took refuge in the rooms above with their father.

With the onrush of the mob at this time, and unobserved by its members, came Andrew McDonald, an old Scotchman and intimate friend of the Clinton family. He slipped into the kitchen, from which the children were ascending the stairs. Taking a gun that chanced to be behind the door, he followed them to Judge Clinton's room,

and there announced his purpose to remain in their defense.

Meantime Gardner and Rousseau, having received the note sent them early in the morning, set out for Kendall in compliance with Judge Clinton's request. Arriving in the outskirts of the village they sent word to the Sheriff announcing their determination to remain there awaiting his order, and immunity from danger in the streets was promised them.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when a deputy came, and, placing the two men under arrest, started with them toward the jail. In passing along the street armed posses fell in and surrounded them from every accessible point. As the prisoners began to show signs of uneasiness one of the deputies seized Gardner by the wrists and held him pinioned, while another standing in the rear emptied the contents of a double-barreled gun into his back. Gardner fell dead in his tracks, but Rousseau, by appealing to a man in the mob who had formerly been his friend, and at the same time seizing and holding him in a position to prevent others from shooting, was finally carried to the jail unharmed.

Gardner was now dead and Rousseau and the two Huddlestons were securely locked in an iron cage, and no friend of Judge Clinton bore arms save the dreaded Scotchman, McDonald.

Prisoners in their own house from an early hour on that Sabbath morning until the sun had sunk well-nigh down the western horizon the doomed family waited, watched and prayed, while a mob of two hundred drunken and frenzied men, like hungry wolves surrounding the premises, were clamoring for their blood. The sharp report of two or three shotguns from up the street and the subsequent

appearance of Rousseau being thrust into jail told too well the fate that had befallen Gardner.

Carolena now, in examining the guns her father had taken with him, found, to the consternation of all, that none of them were loaded and no ammunition was at hand. She then told her father that in her belief the assault already determined upon would no longer be delayed, and in such an event they must withstand a siege or be

SHOT DOWN WITHOUT MERCY.

She then proposed to go to the storehouse, about fifty yards distant (a place where general supplies for the plantation were kept), and there secure ammunition.

To this her father objected, fearing the girl would meet with insult or personal injury, but she insisted, and with her younger brother went to the storehouse, where she found powder and shot, and, after secreting a quantity under her skirts, took some canned fruit and crackers in her hands and soon rejoined the family in the chamber, first having sent Wallie to a negro cabin near by.

Mrs. Clinton now decided to go and feed the stock, which had been entirely overlooked in the excitement of the morning. As Carolena seemed especially anxious concerning her own horse, the mother went to the stable, and while there (the servants had all deserted the place) the dreaded shotgun again rang out its deadly message, and, looking out from the stable, Mrs. Clinton saw McDonald fall lifeless upon the steps.

Mrs. Clinton had no sooner left the house than the Sheriff entered, and, calling to McDonald, told him he must come down and out; that in refusing to do so he was resisting an officer and disobeying the laws. To this

the old Scotchman replied that he had never disobeyed a law in his life, and if the law demanded that he should go out he would obey the Sheriff's summons, and, reluctantly and sorrowfully putting down his gun, he deliberately walked out to his death.

The death of McDonald had given fresh impetus and courage to the mob, and they now rushed into the kitchen and up the stairs to the chamber. On the inside stood Carolena and Jamey, interposing their frail strength against the impacted force of a dozen infuriated men.

The entrance being barred, the leader called for an axe, which was soon brought, and after a few well-directed blows the door gave way. Guns were then thrust through the opening and fired into the room at random. One of these shots severed Jamey's arm at the wrist, and, crying out in the agony of fear and pain, the little fellow ran back into his father's arms, exclaiming, "Oh, don't shoot my father!"

Then with a crash the door flew open and the foremost man, with a gun presented, appeared on the threshold. Carolena alone interposed her feeble strength against the monster, with no thought of self, but only to die, if necessary, by her father's side. First receiving a savage blow in the face, with brutal force she was hurled against the wall, when the bullet from a second barrel, doubtless aimed at Judge Clinton, went crashing through Jamey's heart. The sight of the boy lying dead at his feet and Carolena struggling at the door, frenzied with grief, Judge Clinton seized a gun (previously loaded by the brave girl) and rapidly discharged barrel after barrel into the mob; two of the foremost fell headlong down the stairs. Seeing this, they all rushed back in a panic and the stairway was cleared in a moment.

Mrs. Clinton then for the first was able to get through the door, and father, mother, sister and brother sank down over the lifeless form of the murdered boy; and from that chamber of horrors there went up a wail of agony and despair that cannot be expressed in words.

A stratagem was now resorted to worthy the genius and cruelty of a savage. The cry of "Burn them out! The house is on fire!" next greeted the ears of the doomed family. The halls were filled with the smoke of burning powder and it was believed by all that the house was in flames.

Fearful of the consequence of fire, and as ever first in expedient, Carolena said to her father, "See how easy poor McDonald died; it is better for us all to go down and be shot to death than to remain here and be burned alive."

So it was decided to go down the stairs, taking whatever fate awaited at the bottom, and Mrs. Clinton and Harry, with the dead body of Jamey, led the forlorn hope, while Judge Clinton, with Carolena's arm around his waist, followed close behind. The former made the landing in safety and laid their sorrowful burden on the floor, but the Judge and Carolena were confronted when a few steps from the bottom of the stairs by one of the mob with a gun in his hand. Carolena, with one arm around her father's neck and shielding his body with her own, now kept him out of range of the guns that were leveled at his breast.

Where in any account of remarkable filial devotion or unselfish bravery in woman do we find a picture like this? Herself already bleeding from shot that, glancing in pieces from the iron grating in the door, had struck her face, causing the blood to flow from a score of wounds. Nothing short of the divinity which is said to have raised up a

Joan of Arc could inspire a courage and heroism like that displayed by Carolena Clinton on that fatal day.

But this sublime vision of heroic devotion failed to touch the stony heart of a monster standing near, who discharged his gun, the shot striking a gold bracelet on the girl's arm, cutting it in two and driving a piece of the ragged metal into her wrist. One bullet, passing entirely through the bracelet, shattered the bone, while a portion of the same shot entered her father's side and breast, when he sank to the floor, still in the arms of his devoted daughter.

From a commanding position in the garret of the store-house throughout that terrible day there looked out upon this scene a

SILENT AND UNWILLING WITNESS.

Overcome with alarm at the flight of the other servants, yet unwilling to desert his master in such dire extremities, "Leary," an old colored man and former slave in the Clinton family, hearing all the shots fired, and from his hiding place in the loft seeing the family descend the stairs bearing the lifeless form of little Jamey, and the Judge and his young "missus" torn and bleeding, he could no longer remain an idle spectator of a scene that had harrowed his soul to the very depths.

But what could an old, unarmed and despised negro do with a mob of over two hundred frenzied and desperate men? In the midst of these reflections, his mind, as if to taunt him for his helplessness and inaction, reverted to the many acts of kindness he had heretofore received at the hands of the Judge and his fair daughter, who now lay prostrate and bleeding before him.

Among the guests that had been entertained there at the Christmas season only just past (that happiest of times for the colored man in the South) he remembered very gratefully Major Weldon, a gentleman holding a position in the service of the general government; and who had for several years been on terms of intimacy with the family, as "Leary" well knew. His mind turned to this friend of the family as the one most likely to render efficient aid. The old man's heart was in the right place, and his instincts prompted him to act quickly upon this thought.

As the care of the wounded could not be entrusted to the local physicians (and indeed fearing to be discovered in an effort to assist his friends), Leary resolved to go to the stable and, mounting the best horse there, with all possible speed ride a distance of twenty-five miles, and apprise Major Weldon of the calamity that had befallen the Clintons.

Reaching the stable unobserved, he was delighted to find Carolena's horse still saddled, as if waiting to carry out the part assigned him by his mistress in the early morning. Without a moment's hesitation, Leary mounted, and keeping under cover of the timber, on unfrequented bridle paths—the better to escape detection and arrest by scouting parties of the mob—he gave Clinker his head; and the horse soon proved himself a past master in the art of scaling rocks, fallen timber and deep gulches, that constantly beset his way through the forest.

Arrived in Staunton, Leary at once disclosed to Major Weldon the object of his mission, giving the details of what had transpired at Kendall that day, so far as his bewildered mind could retain the facts.

Though aware of the great confidence reposed in Leary

GETTYSBURG COLLE
Gettysburg, Pa.

by the family, Major Weldon could not but believe he had overdrawn the picture and that matters were not so bad as they had been made to appear. But decisive in action, he at once began preparations for departure to Kendall; and here his experience as a cavalryman during the Civil War was his guide in caring for the horse upon which so much depended in carrying him to the object of his heart's desire.

First ordering Clinker to be taken to the stable, unsaddled, groomed and otherwise cared for, his next thought was of a surgeon. The only one that could be found at the time, first hesitated, and finally refused to go at all with Major Weldon as driver, giving as his reason that the Major was well known in the country as a friend and associate of Judge Clinton; and he, the doctor, feared they might be molested on the way by members of the clan and made to turn back, if no worse fate befell them. Accordingly, the faithful old Leary was again called into service, and when asked to drive the Doctor to Kendall, without hesitation he sprang into the carriage and taking up the reins, started on his return trip.

Major Weldon had frequently met Carolena while at school at Staunton, and there learned to admire this amiable and vivacious girl of sixteen, standing at the head of her classes and soon after to graduate with the highest honors. It is not surprising that this strong man of affairs, single as he was (though her senior by twelve years), should become more and more interested, as their acquaintance ripened, in this attractive and accomplished young woman.

After seeing the Doctor off on his journey, and bidding good-bye to a few friends and sympathizers, he went to the stable where he found Clinker, now thoroughly rested

and ready for the road. As he came up behind him, the horse turned and whinnied, which, in Major Weldon's heart, was interpreted to mean: "All the strength and courage you and I possess is about to be put to the test, for those we both love are in the direst peril."

He lost no time in mounting, and first reaching the open country on an easy lope, Major Weldon gradually relaxed the pressure on the bit, and the fire soon began to fly from Clinker's steel plates like sparks from the blacksmith's forge; as, with head down, in a long swinging stride, he measured the ground for the first fifteen miles without a break.

Here, coming to a little creek, Major Weldon dismounted and gave his horse a light drink of water. Then walked by his side for twenty minutes, at the end of which time he remounted, and Clinker resumed his former gait. The journey thus far had been made without incident.

It was now becoming quite dusk, and two or three miles from Kendall, when passing through a thickly-wooded ground in a lonely spot, Major Weldon saw two horsemen coming toward him, whom he recognized as being desperate men. Knowing the purposes of the men engaged in the affair at Kendall, he had grave apprehension of danger, so taking a six-shooter in his hand he covered it with a light overcoat that hung on the pommel of his saddle, and rode on, keeping the center of the track, and as he drew near, the two men separated, going on either side of the road, leaving room for a passenger to pass between. This was an ominous movement that put Major Weldon more thoroughly on his guard; but realizing there was nothing to be gained in hesitation, or showing any signs of taking the back track, he rode quietly forward

until nearly abreast of them when the man on the right cried out:

"Halt! Who are you, and where are you going?"

Immediately throwing himself forward on the left-hand side of his horse and putting the spurs into his flanks, he at the same instant discharged his revolver full in the face of the man who had challenged.

Clinker, desperately frightened by the shots, and maddened by the spurs, now sprang forward with the velocity of the wind. Two shots followed the Major in rapid succession, but still unharmed, glancing back he saw his man reeling from the saddle as the one from the opposite side rode forward and caught the wounded man in his arms. An angle in the road soon placed them out of range, and within the next twenty minutes, with a foaming horse, the Major rode up to the back gate of the Clinton cottage, where he met Harry, the older son, and learned from him that the Doctor had arrived but a few moments before.

The scene that met his gaze as he entered the house was one to appall the stoutest heart. Jamey dead in the parlor, Judge Clinton and Carolena on beds in another room, both wounded to the death; and the lifeless bodies of Gardner and McDonald lying in an outhouse. The wounded were on the first floor and not far from the street, and as threats had been made that the assault would be renewed should the Judge's wounds prove to be not fatal, planks were nailed up at the windows for greater security against an attack. A half dozen shotguns were kept loaded ready for instant use, and this once happy home was thus suddenly changed to charnel house and a barrack. * * * * * *

Within fifty yards of the spot where, at the beginning

of our story, the dead body of Jack Lilly was found in the road, some ten years before, there stood a little cabin with trailing arbutus over its door and only window, ornamented with a curtain of cheap material gathered into folds, and hanging gracefully from its top and sides. This was the home of

ISAAC LANDERS.

Isaac was an ex-slave reared in the Lilly family, and Martha, his wife, was a mulatto of more than ordinary comeliness. In this snug little cabin, located on the Lilly plantation, all were happy, until Isaac, having to go a distance to obtain work, returned one day after a long absence, and found his wife just packing up her belongings, preparatory to going, as she declared, to take up her residence with the Lillys.

Filled with indignation and jealous rage, Isaac went at once to seek the man who had despoiled his home and robbed him of all he held dear. He had gone but a few yards from his house, when he met Lilly on the road with a team, then about to carry Martha away with all her effects. An encounter ensued in which Isaac made an attempt upon Lilly's life, but succeeded only in inflicting wounds from which he recovered in a few weeks, and Isaac was compelled to flee the country.

In the long years that intervened up to the time our story begins, Isaac had never been heard from, and the incident in Kendall was forgotten. But after years of patient effort, he succeeded in accumulating enough money to carry him back to the place of his once happy home, where he went, determined to be avenged for the great wrong he had suffered.

Reaching the neighborhood of Kendall, unknown and

unobserved by anyone, secreted in the woods and dense thicket by the roadside, he waited the opportunity that soon came, and Lilly fell from his horse to the ground and expired, as narrated above.

Unable to escape from the country, Isaac was finally apprehended, arrested and convicted of the murder of the man who had ruined his home and driven him into exile, and this crime was made the pretext for the slaughter of Judge Clinton and five other innocent victims.

And now comes the most remarkable incident in this long line of dramatic events, and one that furnishes an explanatory key to our story, in that it shows the anxiety that moved the hearts and consciences of the people in that blood-stained community.

Anticipating his execution, it was reported that Landers would on that occasion make a full confession of his guilt and give the names of white men accessory to the murder. Accordingly, a scaffold was erected in a deep forest, where a natural amphitheater afforded a commanding view from every direction. At the foot of the gallows a grave of ample proportions was dug to receive the remains of Isaac after his confession had been made and the trap sprung.

At the appointed hour for the execution a large crowd had assembled on the grounds. The Sheriff, with a posse of deputies, driving the prisoner in a rough farm wagon, soon appeared upon the scene and halted close by the side of the scaffold. Isaac stepped down from the wagon unaided and sprang lightly up the steps leading to the platform. Standing there and looking into the grave he must soon fill, he declared before high Heaven and the multitude there assembled that no person living or dead (save himself) had any knowledge of or anything whatever to do with the killing of Jack Lilly.

For more than two hours he stood there and patiently and respectfully answered the questions that were plied, one after another, by persons indiscriminately, who sought to trick and cross-examine him into an expression of some kind that would implicate Judge Clinton in the crime for which he (Landers) was then about to suffer death, but all to no purpose. And so the black cap was drawn over his face and the trap sprung. Whatever may have been his faults in the past, Isaac Landers died with the bearing of a hero.

Thus the conspirators and the people of that stricken community were left to shoulder the responsibility of this innocent blood, and we now return to the chamber where death is hovering over

THE WOUNDED FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

In an isolated country hamlet, having no direct communication either by rail or telegraph with the outer world, with few of the necessaries at hand in such an unforeseen emergency, the odds were in favor of death. But so long as life remains there is hope, and there were brave hearts and willing hands ready to do, and, if necessary, to die for the afflicted family.

Among the few that came to their relief (with the exception of Major Weldon) there were none with experience in the nursing or care of gunshot wounds. The time, therefore, of the faithful wife and mother was at first divided between husband and daughter, but as the Judge grew worse from day to day her services were entirely devoted to his necessities, while the care of the sick girl as surely fell upon Major Weldon. But never was a service accepted more willingly, or performed with a devotion more

single and steadfast. This more especially after the doctor had unavoidably been called away.

By this time the newspapers of the country had spread the intelligence of the affair, and the heroism of the brave daughter was a universal theme for editorial comment and an inspiration for song and story. Letters of condolence and sympathy for the heroic girl now began to come in from every part of the United States and Canada.

It was the pleasure, as it became the duty of Major Weldon to open these letters and read them to Carolena, who, though prostrated from her wounds and the terrible nervous shock to which she had been exposed, was yet able to converse and take an active interest in all that transpired around her.

Serving as her amanuensis, Major Weldon answered many of the letters that affected her most deeply. Thus, being her constant companion, as well as the only nurse and physician, he would have been something more than human had he not been influenced by that most potent and irresistible force that draws a strong man toward a woman in whose immediate presence he has been thrown for a prolonged period by fortuitous circumstances over which neither has control. Doubly is this true when that woman, possessed of those graces of heart and mind that so often make her master of the man, is lying prone and helpless at his feet in imminent peril of her life, and with pleading eyes looks up to him for assistance that no other human hand can bring. So from day to day his heart went out to

THE SUFFERING GIRL.

But Carolena's very helplessness, from a sense of delicacy, restrained Major Weldon from making any outward

declaration of his passion, though to ease her suffering by a change of position he must often take her in his arms like an infant and carry her from bed to armchair and back to bed again. No mother's hand was ever laid upon her first-born babe with touch more gentle or a regard more affectionate and pure.

While no word was spoken, the look of gratitude Carolena constantly bestowed upon him, and the apparent complete abandon with which she gave herself up to his care only plunged him deeper into an abyss from which, as matters then stood, there seemed no avenue of escape.

But finally one day when holding her uninjured hand and bathing her wounds with a cooling draught, unable longer to restrain the emotion struggling within his breast, Major Weldon leaned over and kissed her pale lips and brow, whispering as he did so: "Oh, my darling, how I love you! Would to God that I might suffer, and, if need be, die for you!"

These were the only words spoken at the time, but the slight pressure of the hand and the blood that came mantling to Carolena's cheek, with the look of ineffable sweetness that lit up her face and shone from her speaking eyes, expressed more for him than volumes of idle words. "Silence is the perfect harbinger of joy."

So there in the shadow of death and in a silence as complete a courtship was begun and a troth plighted that may have been recorded in Heaven, though to the world never known. But early one morning, after a night passed by the patient in fitful slumber, Major Weldon went to her side as usual to dress her wounds and offer such comfort as he was able to give. Now for the first time the thought came upon him like a crushing blow that this lovely being in whose life his own had become centered could not long

survive the great mental and physical strain to which she had been exposed.

Noting there was something she wished to say, he bent his ear to her mouth, when, in a low whisper, she said: "If I die promise me that some time you will give to the world all the facts connected with this terrible tragedy, and tell how wrongfully my dear father, Jamey and all of us have suffered." An appeal from such a source was not to be denied, but no one living can know with what a weight of sorrow that promise was made.

When the doctor returned, the patients had been three days without skilled attention, and meantime their condition was steadily growing worse. By day and night the ceaseless vigil was kept up in that stricken household until on the twelfth day Judge Clinton breathed his last in the arms of his devoted wife.

After his death, by advice of the physician, Carolena was kept in ignorance of her orphanage. The body of the dead man was soon prepared for the grave, as had been that of little Jamey, by the members of the household. After a prayer offered by the faithful wife it was removed from the house and driven to the burying ground on the old homestead, twenty miles distant in the country, and there placed at rest by the side of the martyred boy.

For more than two weeks Major Weldon kept watch, never removing his clothing during the time, and on the fifteenth day at noon the doctor came in and informed him that to save her life an operation on Carolena's wounded arm must be performed. While this was supposed ordinarily not to be severe, the weakened condition of the sick girl caused the gravest apprehension on the part of the family as to its final result. But there seemed to be no other alternative, and consent was finally given,

and she was tenderly lifted into a large armchair, placed partially under the influence of an anæsthetic and the

DANGEROUS OPERATION BEGUN.

The surgeon lanced the arm in several places, but during the operation she returned to consciousness, complained of great pain and immediately fainted. All needful restoratives were at hand, and from this she was rallied, but fainted again, exclaiming, as the swoon came upon her: "Oh, how dark, dark, dark! Will the light never come again!" Only that light which illumines the pathway of the glorified in Heaven ever came to her again.

Every assistance was given, and every remedy applied that could, under the existing circumstances, be devised; but she continued to sink. The day was bright and balmy, and as the breath of the dying girl grew short and labored, the doors and windows were thrown open, and the fragrance of sweet flowers from many varieties growing in the yard, wafted by a gentle and refreshing breeze, filled the room. A pure white lily, almost the last object upon which she bestowed a look or caress, rested on her bosom as she lay in a reclining posture in a large armchair. But the scent of her favorite flowers, or the touch of soft winds from the cool forest shade, failed to quicken the senses already dimmed by the leaden shades of death.

The heartbroken mother and little brothers, wild with grief, gathered around, and their cries and sobs went out across the green meadows, beyond the limits of that blood-cursed town. "O God of mercy," cried the elder brother, "Must sister die, too? My sweet, sweet sister!"

The stricken family, with Major Weldon and the few friends that stood by, sank upon the floor by the martyr's

side, and in the mute eloquence of woe prayed God to spare her precious life.

Among the mourners gathered there none were more deeply moved than the negroes about the place. Many of these had watched the growth of this bright being from a child, and had learned to love her with an unselfish devotion. They, too, gathered in large numbers as they had done at the deathbed of Judge Clinton, and their tears were mingled with those of the family and friends.

At 2 o'clock Carolena's spirit took its flight, and there, within the charnel house where the victims were offered up, lay the mangled corpse of this pure and innocent girl, with the dark blue marks left by blows from the assassin's hand still visible upon her fair face and brow, now calmly composed in death. Had an angel from heaven lain sleeping by her side its loveliness would have been eclipsed by the surpassing beauty of that dead girl.

Thus ended the career of a family whose only rule of law in the domestic circle was that of love; and whose worst offense against their fellows was the exercise of an honest conviction which the Constitution of our country guarantees to its humblest citizen.

Carolena, at once a martyr to a God-like filial affection, and a victim of savage outlawry, the eldest of the children and the brightest jewel of the household, was her mother's hope and joy, and her father's especial pet and idol. Happy and vivacious, tender, true and faithful to every kindly impulse, her heart was large enough to include in its tender embrace all that is lovely in this world. Possessed of superior intelligence, her character was graced with a purity that gave her an elevated place in the scale of young and useful womanhood into which she was just entering, and her untimely and terrible death became a

wound in the hearts of those who knew her, and a stain upon the fair escutcheon of our country, which time will be slow to heal. * * * * * * *

Looking out from the Clinton cottage a few weeks later, all seems as peaceful and still as when the curtain first lifted upon this lamentable drama. Through an open vista in the luxuriant foliage of the forest trees the waters of the bay are still seen glistening idly in the sun. Anon a white sail passes silently in panoramic view over the smooth surface of the water, to be followed by a merchant steamer, rushing across the angle of vision like some deep-sea monster in pursuit of his prey; recalling the world and its busy commerce, that takes little heed of sorrow, disappointment and death. The flowers, more beautiful now than before, have reached their meridian in the glories of a Southern spring, and clothed the meadows and hillsides in robes of ever-changing beauty.

From this enchanting scene we turn to look once more upon the stage, ablaze with incandescent lights and decked with all the gaudy trappings that lure the unwary and deceive the eye. The characters that have appealed so long to that kinship that humanity finds in grief are no longer there. They have made their exit, gone behind the wings, and passed from sight; and now in mercy let the curtain fall, shutting out from the bewildered gaze this melancholy picture of the "Days of Reconstruction."

In compliance with the promise he had made at the deathbed Major Weldon remained at the Clinton cottage, for the purpose of gathering the data for the above narrated facts. A number of letters had already appeared in the newspapers of the country written from Kendall, detailing the events of the tragedy; the authorship of which, in the minds of the clans, had been fastened upon

Major Weldon, and threats of vengeance were now being hurled at his devoted head.

Finally, as his labors were drawing to a close, the Major was aroused from his slumber one night by a negro woman at the door (a former servant of the Clintons), who had just come across the country from the home of one of the clans, where a secret meeting had been held in which she had overheard them discussing plans for his "removal," upon which question a vote was finally taken, and by unanimous voice they had decided to put their plans into execution that night.

The story seemed plausible, and if true, matters were grave enough. The woman was questioned closely as to the source of her information, and her answers were so direct and the alleged facts so convincing that the Major, after a consultation with his friends, decided to leave the country at once. As facts developed, he was none too soon. The woman, it seems, had only been mistaken as to the time the contemplated "visit" was to have been made; for on the night following the rooms that had been occupied by Major Weldon were surrounded and placed under the surveillance of an armed posse of the desperadoes.

In accordance with these facts, under cover of the night he struck out through the timber for the nearest sidetrack. This was fifteen miles distant, and, thoroughly mounted, he was able to reach the station about daylight. After turning the horse loose to find its way back with empty saddle, the Major remained secreted in the brush on the "blind" side of the track until the train pulled out, when he ran from his cover, and, jumping onto the platform, bade farewell to scenes that had cost him dearly, casting a shadow over his future life.

On business connected with the Department of Justice, the writer, soon after the above occurrences, was called to Washington, D. C. A series of years spent in the Southern States had made him more or less familiar with the processes with which it was believed the lately enfranchised negro was being deprived of the rights now guaranteed him under the Constitution, and such information being eagerly sought by men most prominent in political affairs, the writer was brought in contact with public men and in time was enabled to see a good deal of

LIFE AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

Through acquaintances thus formed I was first given employment with the Republican Congressional Committee, a political organization maintained in Washington for the purpose of forwarding the election of members of Congress in the doubtful or close Congressional Districts; and to that end a regular bureau of information is maintained throughout each Congressional year. George C. Gorham was then Secretary of the United States Senate and also Secretary of the Congressional Committee, as indeed he was its leading spirit. Eugene Hale, then member of Congress from Maine, was the presiding genius under the title of chairman. In these rooms consultations by the party leaders were often held, and matters pertaining to the campaign in the various districts discussed.

Around every political headquarters there are to be found a large number of "hangers on," usually distinguishable by their unwashed linen. They are generally self-sacrificing souls and more than willing to devote their time and talent to the forwarding of almost any great and glorious "cause." This "talent" is often chimerical, exist-

ing only in the minds of the would-be patriots. These individuals always seem to have a claim—real or imaginary—for services rendered or soon to be rendered, either by themselves or through their influence, or they lean wearily upon the tomb of some ancestor whose good name is expected to add strength to their claims and bring them a doubtful and precarious support. So they wait patiently in anticipation of the crumbs to fall, though these take no more substantial form than an occasional refreshing drink.

While in the committee rooms I was presented one day to a gentleman of commanding figure clad in rusty garments of a fashionable cut, whom I had often seen about the rooms, and was surprised to learn the introduction had made me acquainted with the son of an ex-President, John Tyler, Junior. To a casual observer he had the appearance of a gentleman, but his features revealed in strong light the brutalizing effects of the whiskey habit.

Calling me into a side room we took seats on a couch, when, after a few introductory remarks, he went directly to the subject doubtless uppermost in his mind, and said: "In the whole course of my life I have never met a person that pleased me on short acquaintance as I have been pleased with you." Ordinarily, one passes over such a remark as the extreme of fulsome flattery, and allows it to pass without further thought; but now I wondered what compensation would be required for this extraordinary effusiveness. The query was soon answered. After a brief pause he broke in with: "Say, can't you give me a dime? I haven't had but one drink to-day."

We often hear it said that sons of eminent men seldom rise to the intellectual standard of their fathers. Striking proofs of this are frequently found in Washington, that place of all others for the congregation of great

soldiers, statesmen and scholars; and where, also, we see such men as Orvil Grant, the son of a respected citizen, the brother of our greatest General and one of the most eminent of our Presidents, plodding the streets, unkempt and in seedy garments, with bare toes exuding from his worn-out shoes. The son of General Butler, although a man of rare talent, having the advantage of a fine education, and the example of an illustrious father, was little better respected than John Tyler, Junior.

In controversion of these, however, we find that John Quincy Adams, as President, gave the country an abler and more satisfactory administration than his illustrious father; and Robert T. Lincoln has displayed ability as a diplomat and financier. General Frederick D. Grant holds high rank in the United States army; and the sons of President Garfield have risen to distinction in political and private life, and now enjoy an enviable prominence among their fellow men. But how much the eminence and success of the distinguished characters above referred to is owing to the great names which they inherit is not so clearly defined.

The Congressional elections over, the committee rooms were closed and the next situation was found in the service of the War Department. This is to be enlisted as a clerk, and in lieu of the $13 a month, the regular pay of a soldier, the enlisted man receives commutation for rations and clothing amounting in the aggregate to a salary of $85 a month. This being drawn in three different places—the Commissary, Quartermaster's and Adjutant General's Departments—three distinct payrolls have to be made out and signed. There are no army restrictions placed upon an employee of this kind; one is enrolled to serve during good behavior and can resign at any time.

A subordinate position in this office, however, is more irksome than the life of a private soldier in the Regular Army, for it is sought here also to keep up a marked distinction in rank. Many of the older employees of the Adjutant General's Office are men who have served one or more terms of enlistment as private soldiers, and when discharged from the army have obtained clerkships or positions more desirable in the general service. Having a long acquaintance with the class of records to be handled here, they may in time be advanced to become executive-chief of a room or a division, and there it is sought to enforce that discipline and self abasement to which they were subjected while in the military service proper. Every clerk, however exalted his position, is liable to the caprice of someone in a grade just above him, and the man whose business it may be to sweep and dust the rooms lords it over the one who empties and cleans the spittoons.

This is a rule that obtains more or less in all of the Government departments. Almost every employee owes his position to someone higher in authority; and, strange as it may seem, even under Civil Service rules that practice obtains very largely to-day, and this fact itself makes the position of the average clerk a precarious and irksome one. Standing as he does in constant dread of the time to come when, walking into his office some fine morning he finds the "yellow envelope" lying on his desk containing his final discharge, and that without a reason being given therefor, the clerk soon loses that spirit of independent manhood essential to the highest order of citizenship.

But for him who becomes expert in some special line, or who has talent or attractiveness of a social or literary character—and in the departments at Washington there

are many accomplished men and women—he may feel a little more secure in his place, and the one in authority to whom he owes his appointment may introduce him into almost any social circle to which he himself has access. So it is frequently at private receptions honored with the presence of many distinguished men and women the question goes round in bated breath: "Who is this lady (or gentleman) that sings or performs so elegantly?" And the answer is returned: "Why that is Miss (or Mr.) —— of the Treasury Department." A clerk in the employ of the Government it may be, working for a small salary and living in comparative seclusion in a cheap boarding house. Out of the vast number of employees it is not surprising that marked ability is sometimes discovered. Mr. Cortelyou, now Secretary of the Treasury, thirty years ago was a $1,200 clerk in the State Department.

The general information one gains by a prolonged stay in Washington, if qualified to properly assimilate, may be of greater practical value in after years than the stilted instructions received within the narrow walls of a schoolhouse or academy. Here a young man is constantly surrounded with those influences best calculated to arouse within him a just pride of country, and a realizing sense of the worth of good citizenship. One meets here the brightest and foremost of our own people and those of foreign countries. These soon become familiar figures on the streets and in the lobbies and galleries, and they are often seen and heard in public places. Of course the evil influences of a gay capital are present, but they are also felt in less pretentious communities and in every walk of life.

In order to forward my own prospects I now resolved to call upon General Butler, who, as stated elsewhere, I

first met while he was in command at Fortress Monroe and I an escaped prisoner from Richmond. It was hardly expected General Butler would recognize and remember me after so many years and on so slight an acquaintance, and some misgivings were entertained as to the treatment I might receive at his hands. This more especially as the interview was sought for the purpose of asking a favor. To a stranger or casual observer General Butler's appearance was not inviting. But I had known his son-in-law and daughter (General and Mrs. Ames) while the former was provisional Governor of one of the seceding States, and these facts gave me greater courage to undertake an interview with the General.

Accordingly, bracing myself for a supreme effort, I sent in my card. To see General Butler in his law office on Capitol Hill at the time one must wait as visitors now have to do before obtaining an interview with the President; but after remaining in the ante-room some time I was finally ushered into the august presence. I had already prepared a little speech, expecting to deliver it at once on reaching the audience chamber, and began by stating that in all probability he would not remember me; that I had first met him at his headquarters with other escaped prisoners from Richmond the winter of 1863. In answer, and before I had fairly concluded my speech, the General spoke up and said: "Why, Captain, I remember you very well on that occasion; you came in with Hobart and McCreary. I have heard of your connection with General Ames in the South; please be seated and tell me what I can do for you."

This was a cordiality unlooked for, and I was more embarrassed than would have been the case had he treated me with greater brusqueness. After making my wishes

HEADQUARTERS

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE,

No. 242 FIFTH AVENUE,

B. F. JONES, *Chairman.*
SAMUEL FESSENDEN, *Secretary.*
J. B. CHAFFEE, *Chairman Executive Committee.*

New York City, Aug. 20th 1884.

Col. James M. Wells
Treasury Dept.
Washington D.C.

Dear Sir,

You are cordially invited by this Committee to take part, as a public speaker, in the present campaign.

If agreeable to you, your first speeches will be delivered in Penn.

The State Committee will provide for your expenses.

When you shall have finished your engagement there, if you decide to accept our invitation, I would be pleased if you would notify this Committee.

Very truly yours
W. E. Norton Asst Secy.

INVITATION FROM THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO SPEAK IN THE CAMPAIGN OF 1884.

known, without further explanation being required, he called in his stenographer and in my presence dictated a strong letter advocating my claims. That letter aided me materially in obtaining what I then most desired—a more lucrative position in the United States Treasury.

A statement of this occurrence seems chiefly valuable as an evidence of General Butler's regard for the Union soldier, as well as his goodness of heart, and it affords a striking illustration of a wonderfully retentive memory.

In the United States Treasury I served through a great portion of two administrations under Secretaries Sherman and Windom, and in the Presidential years, though still under pay of the department, was given leave of absence for the purpose of entering the field as a campaigner under the auspices of the Republican National Committee. The last service of this character is indicated by a facsimile of the letter of invitation from the committee found on another page.

During the Civil War and for many years thereafter the United States Senate was looked upon as the great chronometer balance to keep the Government on an even keel. Any mistakes in the form of legislation that may have emanated from the Lower House of Congress the Upper House could be relied upon to check and counteract. Indeed, having had, as a rule, their first legislative training in that body, who better prepared than the Senate to meet the vagaries of the House of Representatives. But the great names that most adorned the Senate in the past—standing as they did for everything admirable in statesmanship and patriotic fidelity—by the hand of death have been stricken from the rolls. Sumner, Sherman, Morton, Edmunds, Zach Chandler, Blaine, Conklin and others equally talented, though perhaps not so widely known, seem

to have been raised up for that period in the nation's history of which their life-work forms so conspicuous a part. In erudition, in eloquence and in virtue the American Senate in those days, like that of Rome in the reign of the Cæsars, was justly entitled to the distinction it bore of the

"GREAT FORUM."

That the esteem and confidence in which that body was then held by the people no longer exists cannot well be denied, and it is doubtful, even though the exigencies should again arise, as in the war period, whether the degree of excellence exhibited by the men whose names are above written would again be found.

That corporate greed, political ambition and self-aggrandizement are influencing the deliberations of that once incorruptible body there is no longer a doubt existing. The few men in public life who have ability and integrity so far are unable to leaven the mass of corruption stalking abroad in the lobbies, corridors and committee rooms of our legislative halls, and the people are fast losing faith in their own representatives. That this distrust is to continue indefinitely is hardly to be believed, for there is as much good in the world to-day as ever before, and already there are influences working in high places and among the people that are more than likely in the end to purge the political atmosphere of the miasmatic germs with which it is now fetid.

Among the prominent men whom it was the good fortune of the narrator to know in the period above spoken of was the Honorable William E. Chandler, at the time a member of Congress from New Hampshire, and a strong personal friend of Mr. Blaine, who was then a Senator

from the State of Maine. Now, Mr. Blaine being the most aggressive of the Republican leaders touching matters pertaining to Southern politics, had given notice on the first day of the Senate session of that year that on a certain day following he would introduce a resolution of inquiry as to the conduct of the elections held that fall in the States of Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, where fraud and intimidation were alleged to have been committed at the polls.

A resolution of this character was calculated to arouse sectional feeling to a white heat, and that a very lively and acrimonious debate would follow its introduction there was no doubt, and Mr. Chandler was of the opinion that an interview by Mr. Blaine, who would likely take the lead on the Republican side in defense of his resolution, with someone qualified to speak from personal observation touching the question at issue would be of great assistance to him in fortifying himself for the debate soon to follow. Accordingly, two or three appointments were made for such an interview with the writer, but the pressure of more important engagements made it impossible for Mr. Blaine to spare the time for such a meeting.

But when the appointed day for the introduction of the resolution arrived Mr. Chandler, still in hopes of a brief interview, walked with the writer to the Senate Chamber, where, on invitation of Mr. Blaine, we were admitted to the cloakroom. The aisles, lobbies and corridors of the Capitol were already crowded to overflowing with people anxiously awaiting the galleries to be thrown open, in order that seats might be obtained the better to catch the first bugle note in the contest of intellectual giants likely soon to take place.

The hour for the Senate to come to order finally arrived,

and as the presiding officer's gavel descended Mr. Blaine hurriedly came to the door of the cloakroom to apologize for his inability to give us any time, as he expected to take the floor in a few minutes. But, indicating by a wave of his hand a large upholstered chair on the floor of the Senate, he said to me: "Won't you have a seat and remain through the debate?" Meantime, as I was later informed, Mr. Blaine had received five hundred cards from outside parties who believed they had something of interest for him to consider before entering the arena. I quickly accepted the proffered seat and the honor it signified, and there remained fascinated until the Senate adjourned about four or five hours later. The galleries, both foreign and domestic, by this time were filled to the limit of their capacity, and hundreds of people were still in the aisles and lobbies, when, as soon as order was restored and the minutes of the preceding day had been disposed of, Mr. Blaine arose and sent up his resolution, and, after hearing it read, moved its adoption. Then from a prepared manuscript read a short and conservative speech advocating the adoption of the resolution.

This was an unusual course for Mr. Blaine, and everybody seemed disappointed, even the Democrats, who were on tiptoe of anticipation and ready for the combat. Mr. Blaine then took his seat, when three or four Southern Senators sprang to their feet, and Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, was awarded the floor. The debate was now on and the very air seemed to emit electrical sparks, the feeling was so intense, and (must I add), in some quarters, bitter.

Mr. Lamar made an impassioned speech in defense of his State and the position occupied by the South relative to the political status of the negro under the new order of things. The Senate chamber was now like an arena, the

contest being waged along intellectual lines. So far as the Republican side was concerned the entire combat was left to that most eminent of all gladiators, the Honorable James G. Blaine, and no other Republican Senator tilted a lance in the debate that followed.

Mr. Lamar had no sooner sat down than Mr. Blaine arose and answered him point by point. Three Democratic Senators made speeches that day, to which Mr. Blaine replied; and, leaving his seat, he walked down the aisles and confronted his antagonists face to face, his whole body meantime apparently aflame with inspired eloquence. The words flew from his lips like bullets from a gatling gun, and every word seemed especially coined for the purpose to which it was put. The facts and figures he presented, and the historical and other data with which he verified his statements and supported the reasoning he put forth afforded an exhibition of forensic oratory seldom if ever before witnessed in the Senate chamber.

We now come to a scene in the other branch of Congress that took place when, out of "general parliamentary law,"

CZARISM WAS EVOLVED.

Legislation deemed to be of great importance by Republicans, and which the Democrats were equally anxious to defeat, was pending in the House, with Speaker Reed in the chair, when the following colloquy took place between the Speaker and Mr. Springer, of Illinois.

Mr. Springer: "Mr. Speaker, I move that the House do now adjourn."

The Speaker: "The Chair decides the motion to adjourn to be not in order."

Mr. Springer: "From the decision of the Chair I appeal."

The Speaker: "The Chair declines to entertain the appeal."

Mr. Springer: "When will a motion to adjourn be in order?"

The Speaker: "At the proper time."

It is noteworthy that at the close of that momentous sitting the House adjourned on Mr. Springer's motion. But the lucidity couched in the Speaker's last response in the above colloquy is almost sublime.

It would seem impossible by any ordinary process of parliamentary practice to circumvent a doggedness of the character indicated by Mr. Reed's replies as given in the above. A monosyllable escaping from his lips or the sound of his descending gavel apparently being the only explanation required on the part of the Speaker for hasty decisions where grave and important legislation is pending. That so much power should be vested in one man by a deliberative body appears to the uninitiated a very strange thing, and when measured by the American standard of government by the people, such a course seems wholly inconsistent. But at the same time a sovereign citizen sitting in the House galleries for a time, watching the movements of that august body, soon becomes convinced that some power should be invoked to shut off debate and end the bickering motions and countermotions that often delay and sometimes defeat important legislation, if they do not block outright the wheels of government.

But of the marked events in life at the capital the most noteworthy and longest to be remembered was the

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

For reasons not difficult to explain Mr. Garfield's death moved the people of the capital city more profoundly than

that of any like calamity. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln was the outgrowth and culmination of a civil war unparalleled in its bitterness, and the bloodiest of ancient or modern times. The public had long been accustomed to angry strife and deeds of violence, and Lincoln, already an old man, had well-nigh rounded out the crowning work of his life. Besides, it has been thought by many that, had he lived longer, his great conservatism and kindness of heart would have led him into public acts of such a conciliatory nature that the more radical element of the Northern States would have been slow to endorse, if they did not condemn outright. It in no way detracts from the exalted place which his memory holds in the hearts of the American people to say the day of Mr. Lincoln's greatest usefulness in all probability had passed, and as time advances the benefits of his life-work are more clearly defined.

But it seems to be so ordered in the conduct of human affairs that the men whose acts have been most potent in inaugurating reforms and bringing blessings upon their fellow-men seldom live to enjoy the benefits of their labors.

President McKinley, while beloved for his exemplary character and evenly balanced temperament, died in a distant city, and the people in Washington at least did not feel his death so keenly, while as Chief Magistrate his record has been somewhat eclipsed by the virile and brilliant national administration immediately following.

But President Garfield, in the prime of mature manhood, had just entered upon his Executive career when his life was cut short in broad daylight in a public place by the assassin's bullet. While with the masses he could not have been considered at the time a popular President—there being much dissension in the party that elected him

—the courage, patience and fortitude he displayed after having been shot and wounded unto death, won the sympathy and admiration of the people everywhere, and his untimely taking off was as much lamented by his countrymen as that of any of the great men whose names are now a cherished memory.

In Washington, where the people are in close touch with the leading men of an administration, from the President down, an opportunity is given to judge of their characters, and often it happens their private lives are laid bare to critical inspection.

It was the good fortune of the writer to have known intimately Dr. D. W. Bliss, an ex-volunteer army surgeon and an eminent practitioner of Washington, who was the leading physician in charge of President Garfield's case and was his constant nurse and attendant until death came to the relief of the sufferer. Dr. Bliss, a large and powerful man, in the hundred days of unremitting service at the bedside of the distinguished patient himself lost forty-five pounds in weight. That the President's strength was maintained and his life prolonged for many days through the vitality of this strong and determined man there is no question of doubt.

The writer chanced to be on Pennsylvania Avenue the morning of July 2d, 1881, where he met Dr. Bliss going toward the Sixth Street depot. A few moments later the two shots rang out that struck the President down. To learn the occasion of the shots I turned and walked leisurely back, but soon the report ran along the avenue like an electric current that the President had been shot. Hurrying on to the station, a large crowd had already assembled, and threats of "Lynch him! Hang him!" were heard on every hand, but the assassin had already been

spirited away under a heavy guard. At this time a light two-horse express wagon was called, into which the President was carried from the station and laid on the bottom, Dr. Bliss sitting down and holding his head. In this position they were driven to the White House.

Diabolical as this assassination was, the case affords a very strong argument against the meting out of unlawful or summary vengeance. There was at this time two factions in the Republican party between which a bitter feud existed—the Regulars or "Stalwarts," and the "Mugwumps," a faction that claimed to be seeking the purification of the party and the reform of existing evils. The former was headed by Senator Conkling, of New York, who led a forlorn hope in the Chicago Convention the year before to have General Grant nominated to the Presidency for a third term. This was the issue that opened wide the breach already existing between the two wings of the party. Of course, General Grant was defeated and Mr. Garfield was nominated. Although the latter could not possibly have been elected without the united support of both wings of the party, it was thought Mr. Garfield's administration in its political preferments was being run largely in the interests of the Mugwumps and adversely to Mr. Conkling and the Stalwarts, and noticeably so in his selection of Federal officers in the State of New York, he having already appointed a collector of the port of New York especially obnoxious to Mr. Conkling. Besides, he had chosen Mr. Blaine as his chief secretary and adviser, between whom and Mr. Conkling there was the bitterest antagonism. So when Mr. Garfield was suddenly stricken down by an assassin's bullet the suspicion was aroused and the whisper ran around that Senator Conkling, and possibly ex-President Grant—whom Garfield had defeated in

the nominating convention—had had something to do in bringing about this cruel and cowardly attempt upon the President's life. So in all probability had Mr. Garfield's assassin been lynched and killed at once a suspicion of guilt might have rested upon Grant, Conkling and others fully as unjust and almost as cruel as the assassination itself. But the murderer was permitted to live to undergo a fair trial, and long before his conviction and execution took place every shadow of suspicion that he may have had accomplices in the execution of the crime such as at first existed in the minds of a few partisans was dispelled. The assassin's own avowal and corroborative circumstances as developed in the trial went clearly to prove that no other hand and no other mind than that of the assassin alone entered into or bore a part in the President's untimely taking off.

In Mr. Garfield's illness the counsel of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in America and in Europe was called to the aid of the home physicians. In accordance with Dr. Bliss' suggestion, the names of twelve of the leading physicians of this country were placed in a hat and drawn out by lot, the three first drawn to be employed as assistants in the case. Days were set apart for special prayer in behalf of the sufferer by the churches throughout Christendom; and, while all the physicians virtually agreed as to what was deemed to be a correct diagnosis of the case, all this scientific skill, combined with the prayers of the Christian world, was unable to save Mr. Garfield's life. After lingering for many days in the fetid air of the capital without any improvement, he was carried in a special car to Elberon, New Jersey, a watering place on the seashore.

The bullet that inflicted the President's death wound

entered the right side and lodged in the bony structure of the spinal column and was never located until an autopsy was held; and it was only after a prolonged search during this examination that the bullet was found encysted as above described.

On the second of July, when the President was stricken down, Washington was alive in anticipation of the gayeties of the approaching anniversary. But this terrible calamity put a stop to any further preparations for celebrating the great national holiday. Excursions, picnics, balls and parties in many cases were declared off. Pianos in private houses were closed, and for many days were never opened. From the time the fatal shot was fired until the funeral cortege had passed out of sight; for a period of one hundred days the general demeanor of the people at their homes in Washington was like that of a family where some dear one lies ill and at the point of death.

The trial and execution of his murderer created an interest equally absorbing, but with this difference. The sickness and burial of the President called out all the tender and sympathetic emotions, while the trial and execution of the assassin was but an affirmative declaration of the scriptural injunction: "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord," and appealed to the baser elements of human nature.

But suffering from injuries contracted while in the army, and only partially recovered from a severe illness, in which he was attended by Dr. Bliss, the writer, by the advice of his physician, obtained leave of absence from the Treasury Department with permission to go abroad, and forthwith journeyed to Boston, and there engaged passage in a barque-rigged schooner bound for the Azorean and Cape De Verde Islands.

While awaiting the time set for sailing many places were visited in and near Boston, around which cluster memories dear to Bostonians and to all patriotic Americans. Standing upon the top of Bunker Hill Monument the morning sun in every direction as far as the eye can reach seems to light up and recall scenes made glorious by the struggles of our early ancestors. The feeble efforts first put forth by the little band of Pilgrims and outcasts from the mother country at Plymouth Rock have gone steadily on, gathering strength with the onward tide of progress, until a vast continent has been subdued, over which the "Cradle of Liberty" has rocked her millions of healthy and free born babes. The first shots fired at Lexington and Concord have been heard around the world, and awakened the echoes of liberty in the breasts of all mankind. These are Meccas toward which at least one pilgrimage should be made in the life of every citizen in whose veins courses the inspired blood of 1776.

After many delays, the day and hour for sailing arrived and all was bustle and confusion at the wharf and on the deck of

THE GOOD BARQUE "SARAH."

Piles of boxes and bundles, mostly the effects of steerage passengers, all Azoreans returning to their native islands, were being hastily tumbled into the vessel's hold, while those of the cabin (utter strangers and now thrown together for the first time) were busy looking after luggage, arranging staterooms, and in exchanging whatever gossip may have been gathered in regard to the hour of sailing, the sea-going qualities of the vessel, and the character of her officers, upon whom so much of the com-

fort or discomfort of a voyage in a sailing vessel depends. All were anxious to learn something of the ship and her master, into whose keeping their lives were soon to be entrusted for an indefinite period.

On the afternoon of Saturday, August 18th, 18—, the bark, with twenty-one cabin passengers, buoyant in anticipation of the coming pleasures, was towed out into Boston Harbor, first passing City Point and Fort Independence on the right, and Fort Warren on the left. Boston Light and Nantasket next appear; and as the shades of evening begin to fall, glimmering lights from a thousand cottages along the beach illumine the waters of the bay from shore and hillside; while countless numbers of swift-flying sails, some outward and some homeward bound are passing constantly in review. Dark portentous clouds springing suddenly up from the south, lit up now and then by vivid flashes of lightning, add grandeur and beauty to the scene and intensify the interest of the occasion.

Having passed outside the harbor, the towline is cast off, when the pilot and the friends who had accompanied us after many hearty hand-shakings jumped on board the tug, which, heading about, soon passed out of sight. The lights in Boston Harbor grew less by degrees, and finally the last faint glimmer died away. Barnet's Light on our starboard quarter, towering a distance of a hundred feet in height, and situated far out at sea, soon sank to the water's edge, cast its faint rays for a brief period along the smooth surface of the water, and then disappeared. Thus, the last tie binding us to native land seemed to have been severed, and we found ourselves fairly out on "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste."

Until a late hour the passengers were up on the quar-

ter-deck, enjoying the novelties of the surroundings; paying, so far, very little attention to the ship, which had already begun to roll in a manner not well calculated to soothe the qualms of a bilious stomach. The first gray streak of the following morning had no sooner appeared then one after another of the passengers came stealthily out of their staterooms; but alas! how changed in appearance. The ship was now rolling and plunging in a reckless manner. Hasty and very scant toilet had been made, and an almost total absence of sleep during the night added to the disconcerted appearance of the ladies, whose hair and partially adjusted garments were alike streaming in the wind. Every one on board was apparently going through the ludicrous pantomime of trying to maintain an upright position, while upon their faces an ashy paleness began to settle. Among the passengers who had become the most intimate only furtive glances were now and then exchanged, each deceiving himself with the belief that he was deceiving the other in the ease with which he disposed of trifles, and took to a sailor's life; for no one yet was ever willing to acknowledge frankly the first qualms of seasickness.

The morning meal was announced, and out of the twenty-one cabin passengers only three came up smiling to the table. The other eighteen, where, oh where, were they? It is said that Julius Cæsar groaned aloud and in abject humiliation with the miseries of an ague chill; but if there is one thing more than another calculated to take the conceit out of a proud mortal, and unbend the arrogant and haughty, it is to be bounced about for a succession of days in a sailing vessel, and all the time on the verge of "throwing up" one's immortal soul. But matters soon began to mend, and after the lapse of a day or two

normal habits were resumed, appetites returned, and the situation rapidly improved. A steady breeze kept up from the southwest, and aided by the Gulf Stream kept our vessel ploughing on its eastward course at the rate of ten knots an hour; and whether by day or night, from this time forward the journey was one of uninterrupted pleasure.

The deck was protected by an ample awning through the day, and the soft temperature of that latitude, with the aid of a full moon, made the nights especially delightful, and until a late hour, lounging in wicker chairs, we whiled the drowsy hours in contemplation of the scene, varying the monotony with games at cards and in reading or discussing the latest novel. Now and then the cry of "Sail ho!" from the man on the lookout was heard, when all eyes were fastened on the strange ship until she passed far astern.

It is an interesting episode to be able to speak a vessel far out at sea; for, at such a time, the thought will occur that possibly this may be the last that one or the other may be seen or heard of by the friends at home who watch in vain for the return of the vessel and its precious burden. For this and other reasons an international system of signals has been adopted, by which an English speaking officer may hail a Norwegian or German vessel, as well as one from his native land. There is an awful significance in the report we sometimes read of a ship long overdue having been "last spoken" in some remote latitude.

On the morning of the 20th day out the cry of "Land ho!" from the lookout was taken up and reëchoed by the sailors about the forecastle, and instantly every eye on board was strained ahead. The crew were all Portuguese,

as were the steerage passengers, and native Azoreans. Many of the latter, having been absent for years, were now returning to the land of their birth. These would crowd up in the bowsprit, all anxious to catch the first glimpse of their beloved isles, the "dearest spot on earth" to them. They had not long to wait, for when still a distance of fifty miles away, just above the water's edge, like a dark cloud, appeared the first in our course of the Azorean group,

FLORES, THE ISLE OF FLOWERS.

Keeping the pace with which the "Sarah" had been dividing the waves since her departure from Boston, we hoped to sail alongside this little oasis in the great desert of waters while daylight remained, but alas, how fickle is the wind. The steady breeze that had in so short a time swept us across the broad Atlantic suddenly died out, and for twenty-four hours we lay at a provoking distance from this enchanting spot.

As night comes on the sails at regular intervals flap lazily against the spars, and the vessel rolls lightly from side to side, with the regular pulsating throbs of the ocean's breast. The highest peaks of Flores are swathed in soft silver-tinted clouds, an Italian sky is over the broad expanse, while in the west, where the sky and waters meet, the sun goes down amidst a scene the most dazzling and beautiful; and the island, but dimly seen in the distance, soon fades from sight. At a late hour we retire to dream of the day passed, and to speculate upon what the morning may reveal.

Looking upon the distant shore at daylight the words of the old song, "Thou Art So Near, and Yet So Far," are suggested; but with the rising sun a freshening breeze

springs up and the vessel's prow is turned shoreward. Like the gradual opening of a flower, the beauties of the island develop as the distance lessens. Its entire surface is as green as a meadow in June. Beginning at the water's edge, the ground, volcanic in formation, rises to a height in the center of two to three thousand feet. Little rivulets of water, glistening in the sun, are first seen descending from rocks and precipices above, and, disappearing for a time, they emerge with more majestic flow, following the downward course until swallowed up in the broad ocean.

Small herds of sheep, goats and cattle can now be seen grazing far up the mountains' sloping sides, dotted here and there with little white specks, which, upon closer observation, prove to be houses built of lava rocks and whitewashed. They are surrounded with bamboo hedges that look like towering rectangular walls. These grow to a height of twenty or thirty feet, serving at once as a windbreak and for fencing between little holdings of land of not more than an acre or two to each occupant. Here the farmers and gardeners of our own country might derive a wholesome lesson on the subject of intensive cultivation, for on these little patches of ground whole families are supported.

Santa Cruz is the capital and only city of Flores, and there is no harbor excepting for small coasting vessels. The waters immediately surrounding are so deep that an anchorage cannot be obtained at a distance from the shore far enough to enable a ship to swing clear at the end of a cable. Freight and passengers are transferred in large pinnaces, propelled by six or eight barelegged and bareheaded oarsmen.

While waiting for the Health and Custom officers to

board, the breeze continuing to freshen, the "Sarah" is forced to beat about from point to point, all the while keeping a respectful distance from the shore. Approaching the landing in one of these launches, with a strong breeze and a heavy sea running, where there is barely room for the boat to pass among the rocks, it seemed our little craft would surely be dashed to pieces, and the continuous gabble of the oarsmen and the orders and counter-orders excitedly passing among them, were not calculated to inspire confidence.

Presently a narrow channel opened before us, and into it we were borne on the crest of a tremendous wave. All held their breath, for a critical moment had come. The boatmen tugged manfully, but just here an oar on the starboard bow struck and snapped in two. This threw them all out of stroke, and the boat veering around, crashed into a boulder. The next instant, however, she passed through the narrows, and without further accident we glided into the waters of a little bay not more than an acre in extent, and the shore was reached in safety.

The city of Santa Cruz is built on a high cliff, its principal street running down to the water's edge. Up this incline we labor, step by step, until the central square is reached. From here a half dozen or more narrow streets radiate at all points of the compass. The houses are built of lava with tiled roofs, and one or two stories in height. The first floor is generally used for stabling donkeys, which afford the only means for conveying freight and passengers on the island; and families are domiciled on the floor above. The streets are about the width of an alley in our American cities, and there being no sidewalks, pedestrians, donkeys and ox-carts find their way through these narrow passages together.

The natives, those who were fellow passengers, seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to make our visit on the island one of pleasure and profit. The hospitality and native politeness of the people is phenomenal. In passing through the most populous portion of the town, every man or boy one meets lifts his hat and bows, and a like courtesy is expected in return. The houses are provided with balconies or green blinds at the windows, from behind which dark-eyed women take a sly look at the passing stranger.

There is no physician in Flores, and no provision made by law for the poor, and beggars ply their vocation without let or hindrance. They are quick to scent a traveler and often hound his tracks until he gladly ventures another passage of the "narrows," and takes, not "to the woods," but to the more uncertain fortunes of the sea.

In company with a Portuguese fellow-passenger I visited the penitentiary, a large stone building near the center of the city; but instead of waiting for an official to open the door and escort us through, my friend took me to the main entrance, and, finding the doors and corridors open, we walked in. Presently a gentleman stepped out from one of the "cells" and kindly joined us, acting as a guide. A little later I was surprised to learn that our "guide" was himself a prisoner, and the only one at the time in the institution. But this extraordinary liberty given a prisoner charged with an offense against the law seems to have been the course commonly pursued. It was explained that it was impossible for a prisoner to escape from the island, and, should there be a jail delivery at any time, and the escaped took to the hills in the interior, it would be only a question of hours to overtake and again place them in duress. So the better way for all, we were told, was to

leave the doors open and allow the "prisoners" to go in and out at will. But the real secret lies in this. They have no use in that country for jails. Criminal offenses there are seldom known. The people are simple-minded and primitive in their habits as were the natives of the West Indies as described by Columbus. They are a blithe and light-hearted peasantry for the greater part, taking little heed of the future (so far as temporal affairs are concerned), living simply and reposing implicit faith in the priest as a safe counselor, guide and prophet for this world, and in his ability to prepare them for an exceeding weight of glory in the next. For four hundred years their ancestry have lived here, and up to the time of this inquiry but one murder had been committed on the islands.

The Azoreans are living in an atmosphere of mediæval Europe and seem to have but little desire or ambition to emerge from the drowsy past and "go up against" the problems of the present. France, we are told, in her efforts to separate Church from State, has been brought close to the verge of civil war. But that will never be the condition among the inhabitants of these islands. There is no such thing as State government with them, where the priest constitutes the only court of law and the Church dominates and controls legislation.

On approaching the islands from the sea the first object to catch the eye is the cathedral, which in all of the towns and cities is the largest and most imposing structure. They also are built of lava rock in the old Moorish style of architecture. Around these everything worth living for seems to center. At the sound of the cathedral bell all animation in the street and domestic circle is suspended, and, whatever the hour may be, the people en masse turn their faces toward the holy shrines.

But our good ship, having discharged her cargo, is ready to proceed on her eastward course, and we must say good-bye to Flores and its strange and interesting people that have so engrossed our attention for a day and a night. This we do reluctantly, for there is a simplicity about them that captivates the stranger.

On the final leave-taking crowds of people assemble on the bluffs near by, and many descend with us down the stony steps to the quay, and once more on board the lighter that carries us away, cheerful greetings are called, handkerchiefs waved and good wishes of "God-speed" are heard on every hand.

Meantime the "Sarah," a mile or two out, is beating up and down the coast, first on one track and then on another, like a mettled charger impatient for the start. Once more on board, with all sails set, braces hauled taut and heading east by south, we begin the passage for the second to be visited of this charming group,

SAN MIGUEL.

This is the largest, most westerly and most populous of the Azorean Islands. Ponta Delgada, its capital and only harbor for large sea-going vessels, is a city of 30,000 inhabitants, and the third in size in the Portuguese dominions.

For the tourist seeking health or the traveler looking for untrodden fields there is no more inviting spot than the Island of San Miguel. A counterpart of the others in formation, San Miguel (about thirty miles in width by seventy-five in length) rises in the center to a mountain range about three thousand feet high, and contains a population of 150,000 people. Being but a short distance

from continental Europe, it possesses many attributes of refinement and civilization, though the peasant class here, as elsewhere, are living three hundred years behind the age.

At the time of this visit there were said to be but seven horses on the island; the ox, burro and mule, all diminutive in size, were the sole dependents for travel and carrying heavy burdens.

The first morning in Ponta Delgada I was awakened by the unseemly noises with which the air was filled. The sounds were like the blowing of sirens and steam whistles in one of our large cities on the occasion of a gala day, when huge noises seem most in demand. Walking out into the suburbs I soon learned their cause. Scores of ox-carts were being driven in, carrying vegetables and supplies for the early market. These are constructed entirely of wood, there being not a particle of iron or steel in their make-up. The wheels are of solid blocks, through the center of which a wooden X projects. The bearings are never relieved by the application of grease or any sort of lubricant, and when the carts are heavily loaded the noises caused by the friction of X and wheel are something appalling. This, however, is music to the peasant ear, for in this manner evil spirits and hobgoblins of every species, it is believed by them, are kept at bay, and their dangerous influences counteracted. To an ear unattuned to this sort of music the "hobgoblins" would seem to be preferred.

In the central portion of San Miguel in some remote age was a volcano of tremendous proportions. In the bottom of a crater called the "Valley dos Furnas," at a depth of 1,200 feet, are still to be seen the evidences of its expiring energies. Great clouds of vapor and steam

are hanging over the cavernous depths. Acres of ground in the center are hot and turbid, throwing up mud and water to a height of several feet, like a seething, boiling cauldron. Regular pulsating throbs, as if a giant trip-hammer were beating against the walls beneath, causes the earth to tremble for many yards around. There are both hot and cold springs of water within a space of a few feet. Public baths are maintained near the geysers by the Government, making the place altogether a popular resort. There are hotels where accommodations can be had at a moderate charge, and the springs are visited yearly by many invalids and pleasure-seekers from England and the continent of Europe. At an elevation of nearly three thousand feet in the center of the island is a broad table-land supporting a large population, though the ground is seared with deep canyons running out to the sea. Towering buttes now and then rise above the common level, from the top of which a fine view is obtained—the Valley of the Furnas on one hand, the broad ocean on the other, and numerous lakes of sparkling water, whose banks are dotted with little villages and white cottages—and all embowered in a deep foliage of green.

Descending the mountain to the sea I reach the hamlet of Villa Franca. The objective point is Ponta Delgada, fifteen miles distant. The hour is late and a fresh animal must be procured in order to reach my destination before night closes in. With a diminutive mule and a little boy to drive, whose age is scarcely more than nine years, the journey is begun. The road leads along the water's edge, and, with a high tide and the wind blowing inland, the route is dangerous, and my little driver urges the donkey forward at every step. The shore is inhabited by fishermen and we are frequently interrupted by beggars. The

little driver, assuming a guardianship over me, waves the intruders aside. I can understand enough of his language and gestures to know that he informs them I am an English gentleman and must not be interrupted by beggars. I correct this error on the part of the boy and tell him I am an American, and not an Englishman. On meeting more beggars, with an air of authority he confronts them with: "Americano! Americano!" and flippantly waves them aside. Before reaching the end of the journey night is upon us and this little muleteer must return alone over this rugged pathway, across which in places the waves surge in volume sufficient to carry both horse and rider out into the sea. At one time on our passage the surf rolling in engulfed the little man to the waist, and, fearing for his life, I took him up behind me and carried him beyond the point of danger.

The natives are trained from early childhood to this employment. While making a journey from Ponta Delgada to the Furnas (a distance of twenty-four miles), being constantly hurried along, I remonstrated with the driver, insisting that I was in no haste, but wished rather to proceed slowly, the better to enjoy the scenery. Thereupon he modestly informed me he was anxious to get through and return to the Furnas that evening, in order to meet an engagement with a young lady to accompany him to a chimerite or dance. As he expected to carry a passenger back with him, he would be compelled to make the journey both ways—forty-eight miles' travel—on foot, and then to dance all night. Young men who can travel that distance in the twelve hours of daylight (receiving fifty cents for the labor) and then dance all night, even with their best girl, are scarce in these degenerate days.

On reaching Ponta Delgada it is found the "Sarah"

Mount Pico, from Fayal, Azores Islands.

has already sailed for Fayal, and I am compelled to await the arrival of a steamer. The intervening time is employed in visiting the private gardens located here, many of which surpass in beauty anything of the kind in this country, if not in the world. At every step taken through these enchanting grounds fresh surprises are presented. There are acacia trees imported from Africa, around and over which creepers, honeysuckle and trumpet vines revel and cling. Palm trees and poplars and hedges of oleander laden with blossoms overreach the graveled walks. A mountain stream of limpid water running through a rocky glen, forming cascades and miniature lakes, is finally lost in a grotto or underground cavern green with moss and overhanging ferns.

But sojourning in the Azorean Archipelago, no matter for how long a period, there is one object that is seldom lost sight of and which grows upon the beholder as it is viewed from a distance, till one feels impelled as by some mysterious power to make a closer inspection. It is an abrupt peak, cone-like in shape, rising out of the sea a distance of nearly eight thousand feet—more than a mile and a half—and not over fifteen miles across its base. This is

THE MOUNTAIN OF PICO.

From this mountain the island takes its name. For weeks Pico has been seen looming up against the blue sky from every point of compass, sometimes at a distance of fifty miles or more, seeming to challenge one to the ascent of its dizzy height, and,

> "Variable as the shade
> By the light changing aspen made,"

it has never appeared twice alike. Vapory clouds hang over its summit, changing with the wind, and varying in color as different hues of light reach it from the rising or setting sun.

At last bidding good-bye to San Miguel I take passage on the only steamer plying regularly between Lisbon, the Azores and Madeiras, and at the end of twenty-four hours set off in a lugger that lands me at Magdalena, the capital city of the island.

The outer rim of Pico clear down to the water's edge is dotted with the whitewashed houses so common to the country, and these are embowered in grapeladen vines. Having formed the acquaintance of an intelligent native acquainted with the English language—Senor Antone Garcia—I was soon able, through his assistance, to procure the services of three native guides with five burros, these being the first requisite for making the ascent. Two of the little animals carried the necessary supplies for a two days' journey, though we hoped to make it twenty-four hours. Bread, cheese, cold chicken, a few bottles of wine for the inner man and an extra suit of clothes in case of necessity from storm or exposure completed the outfit. The road was rough and stony from the start, leading through narrow lanes shut in on either side by immense bamboo hedges or walls of lava rock until we pass beyond the limits of Magdalena. We next come into green pasture lands on which herds of goats, sheep and cattle range in great numbers, attended by shepherds, who watch their flocks by day, seeking shelter in stormy weather beneath the shelving rocks.

As we reach the higher altitude a magnificent view is presented. Not a breath of wind is stirring, and through a September haze the vast expanse of ocean and sky seem

blended into one. The rays of the sun, just disappearing in the depths, are reflected upon the overhanging clouds, transforming them into a blaze of glory. Fertile valleys are beneath our feet, and the faint echo of a shepherd's voice calling his sheep into shelter for the night is faintly heard, and Magdalena, the capital city, is but a white speck in the distance.

Our object now is to reach a place on the mountain where the donkeys are to be left in the keeping of one of the guides until our return, while the remainder of the party, traveling on foot, come to a sheltered cave, there to rest until daylight, and then, if possible, reach the summit in time to see the sunrise.

Night coming on, we reach the point where the donkeys must be abandoned, and from this time forward the ascent is gained only through the utmost exertion. A dense fog turning first to a heavy mist and then to a downpour does not add to the general comfort. There is a thick green moss growing that is saturated with water, and into this we sink at every step; our garments soon become thoroughly wet, and, notwithstanding the great exertion required to make headway, we are soon chilled to the marrow. The guides with lanterns search every cleft of rock and declivity in an effort to find the cavern that would afford us some shelter until morning, but nothing of the kind is found. About 12 o'clock we came upon an opening into which one of the guides penetrated, and found a dry spot as was believed large enough to accommodate our party. Entering this cave we settled down with backs against the wall, and there fell asleep; but no more than an hour had passed when the water came pouring in like a shower bath, and we hurried out, fearing to be caught and engulfed like rats in an overflowing cellar.

With one guide traveling ahead, and the other bringing up the rear, we push on, compelled to keep in motion or perish with the cold, as the wind is now blowing a gale. Thick gloom and darkness shut out the closest objects, and often we have to assist each other over perpendicular walls; or descending suddenly into a gulch, we land on loose slag that slips from under foot, precipitating one in a downward flight until shelving rocks are reached, fifteen or twenty feet below.

At daylight the wind went down and the clouds began to lift, when we found ourselves on the thin rim or wall of a crater 250 feet deep, and a picture of desolation. The bottom of this crater covers a space of about two acres, in the center of which is a chimney or loose pile of rocks thrown up by volcanic action to a height of two or three hundred feet above the rim. The apex of this pile of rocks forms the summit of Mount Pico, the point which it is our ambition to reach.

Without delay we descend to the bottom of the crater and begin preparations for the ascent. The chimney is about as near perpendicular as loose rocks can be made to lay, and to make headway over its jagged surface looks like a formidable undertaking. The only hold or support in making the ascent is found in placing the hands and feet in the cracks and crevices between the boulders. But divesting ourselves of all superfluous clothing, we begin cautiously making our way from rock to rock and from crevice to crevice. The intense cold encountered during the night is no longer felt, for in many places hot air and vapor issue from the fissures between the rocks, warming both hands and feet. Scarcely venturing to look around or beneath, the topmost stone is finally reached, on whose flat surface there is barely room for a dozen men to stand.

Daylight has now revealed the universe, and there is opened to the view a scene of indescribable grandeur and beauty. The sun, like a red blaze of light, is just coming out of the ocean in the east; while beneath, nestling in little green valleys and ravines in every part of the island, a hundred white cottages are visible. Casting the eye seaward, Fayal, San Jorge and Graciosa appear like little gems in a diamond setting. The rays of the sun, unobstructed by mist or cloud, striking the mountain side cast a shadow over the smooth surface of the water, conical shaped, in lines distinct as could be drawn with pencil or brush, a distance of thirty-five miles beyond the farthest shore of Fayal. Within the space covered by this shadow might easily anchor the combined fleets and navies of the world. Presently, and far below, fleecy clouds begin to gather and spread till their soft folds encircle the mountain and the entire island is shut out from view. Like gaunt specters in mid-air, the clouds continue to move, engulfing one object after another, until beneath, an ocean of silvery vapor is all that can be seen. Not a sound is heard, and there is an awe-inspiring majesty in this isolation from the world and in the silence that prevails as we stand in space, 2,000 feet above the clouds. In looking downward one is seized with an almost uncontrollable desire to plunge headforemost into the soft and downy mass beneath.

About 9 o'clock the sun rose clear above the shifting clouds, lighting them with a dazzling splendor. Often they move aside sufficiently to allow glimpses of the green island through the rifts. Again towering upward like mountain peaks, they re-form and move like armed hosts in battle array.

Beginning the descent, imposing spectacles shut out by

the darkness in our upward course appear on every hand. In passing around to the northern side of the crater we find a space of about 100 yards where the rim or wall has broken off and fallen down the mountain. Approaching this opening, with a guide on either hand warning me back with word and gesture, I soon find myself standing on the edge of a precipice with perpendicular walls, and having no rock or other impediment to prevent one from plunging into a yawning chasm whose depths cannot be penetrated by the unaided eye.

Lying loose in every direction are great pieces of cream-colored lava twisted into curious and fantastic shapes. One enormous specimen of a rich creamy color is lying on the surface entirely separate from others. It is cylindrical in form, hollow from one end to the other and about six feet in diameter. The opening contains a quantity of ice-cold water, and here we are able to slake our thirst. It is the only place on the mountain at this elevation where water can be obtained.

It is said that during the heavy storms of winter the rain is driven into this opening, and as the sun never penetrates the bottom of the cavern the water remains there cool and fresh throughout the year.

Continuing below this point, the dangers that beset the pathway in coming up are apparent. Deep seams and gulches that once formed passageways for streams of molten lava are found. These we must often descend or cross on projecting rocks, the crevices between being the only foothold one can obtain. These lava courses sometimes take the form of a complete tunnel. The lava apparently having first cooled on the surface, forms a crust, while that beneath, still hot, continues its downward course like water through a main.

Continuing the journey, the first appearance of vegetable and animal life has a counter-effect from the scenes of desolation through which we have just come; and the sensation of delight is almost as keen as that on first reaching the summit. Standing on the pinnacle of this wonderful mountain one is fully impressed with the majesty of creation; but on reaching a firm footing four or five thousand feet below, where the air is redolent with the odor of blossoms and ringing with the song of birds, there is a feeling of thankfulness that the dangers incident to the ascent are left behind. Even the braying of the donkey now hailing from a distance is a welcome sound to the ear.

After reaching the camp where the animals are found in waiting we lose no time in mounting, and for the remainder of the journey their backs seem like downy beds of ease. Facing a beautiful sunset as we descend, laborers, milkmaids and herdsmen join us on the trail, and as the shades of evening begin to fall we reach Magdalena.

The collective name of the Azorean group—"Illhas dos Acores" or "Isles of Hawks"—is derived from a species of bird that once inhabited the islands in great numbers, supposed to be a hawk. San Jorge, San Miguel and Santa Maria are said to have been discovered on days dedicated to those Roman Catholic saints. Graciosa is the "beautiful," and Pico, the "peak." Terceira was the third in the order of discovery, Angra being its chief city and only seaport. In physical characteristics it is not unlike the other islands, and Angra, the commercial center, is situated on a mesa about one hundred feet above the sea. It is the most modern in its construction and general appearance, having wider streets, and larger and more commodious buildings.

Terceira has a history peculiar to itself that would be exceedingly interesting for the student to follow, but to which we can but briefly allude. There is in print a little volume entitled, "Among the Azores," by Lyman W. Weeks, to which we are indebted for a good deal of interesting and valuable data upon this subject.

Centuries ago the Azores were a bone of contention between the Portuguese and the Moors, and aside from the dangers incident to these conquests, the natives of Terceira were compelled to defend themselves and their possessions against the incursions of pirates and robbers that infested the Archipelago in the early years of its history. Many of the defensive works built by them in that romantic period are still standing, and in a fair state of preservation.

Apropos of the American Civil War, Angra gained some celebrity as being the place where the Confederate cruiser, the Alabama—constructed, armed, equipped and manned by the English—was there delivered to the Confederate authorities represented by Admiral Semmes and his staff of naval officers. They took possession of the ship at Angra and with it started on her memorable cruise for the destruction of American commerce on the high seas. But it is a long road that never turns. The English government later on was required to pay to the United States the snug little sum of $15,500,000 for damages wrought to our merchant ships by the Alabama and other cruisers, this being the compensation fixed by what is known as the "Geneva Award."

Bidding farewell to Terceira, and once more on board the steamer, we head for the port of Horta and the

ISLAND OF FAYAL.

FAYAL, AZORES ISLANDS, AND FORT ON THE BAY, IN FRONT OF WHICH THE "ARMSTRONG" WAS SUNK.

As a fellow passenger we have a no less distinguished personage than the Commander-in-Chief of the Portuguese army. In military parlance one often hears of a "corporal's guard," but a corporal without a guard is not necessarily a very luminous factor in the organization and control of an army. As compared with the great armies of the present, the Portuguese would scarcely be able to muster more than a "corporal's guard," and the importance attached to the office of its commanding general would have the same relative significance. But our Portuguese commander seemed to entertain a different estimate of his worth.

He was making the rounds of the fortifications on the Azores and Madeira Islands, built centuries ago and garrisoned by a few soldiers or gendarmes who act as police in the towns and cities where located. On these antiquated works a few old guns of the Fifteenth Century pattern are mounted. A military sentinel paces up and down the parapets; the blare of a bugle is occasionally heard, and the outward forms of a military post are observed. The maximum strength of the entire force on the islands is about two or three hundred men; with headquarters at Horta, where the greater number of these are to be found.

Through the courtesy of an Englishman acting as interpreter (an engineer of the ship who chanced to be off duty), I had the pleasure of a conversation with the General. He seemed pleased to meet an ex-officer of the American army, and asked a number of questions relating to the Civil War, upon which subject he seemed well informed. The occasion to me was an interesting one, more from what took place at the end of the journey than from the pleasure derived from the trip. On reaching the port

of Horta we find ourselves in the midst of a holiday given in honor of the distinguished fellow passenger. The garrison is turned out under arms; the blue and white flag of Portugal floats from pole and masthead; the shipping in the harbor is decked in colors; a General's salute is fired from the rusty cannon in the fort; and the report of the guns rolling across the bay, mingled with the music of a band, and the ye-ho-heave-ho of the sailors on an outward-bound barque, all combined to make the scene one of extraordinary interest.

From a commercial standpoint the island of Fayal is the most important of the Azorean group. Horta, the chief city, has a commodious harbor frequented by vessels from all parts of the world. Historically it is an exceedingly interesting place. It is the seat of government under the authority of the Portuguese crown for the district comprising the islands of Fayal, Pico, Flores and Corvo. For many years, a United States consulship has been maintained here, from which agencies—generally native appointees—are supported on each of the islands.

The scene on entering the harbor is one of extraordinary beauty. The high rocky bluffs and promontories jutting out into the sea, in color and formation are not unlike the walls of the Grand Canyon in our own country, presenting almost every hue of the rainbow. The city of Horta lies in amphitheater form encircling the harbor, the business streets running down to the water's edge; while the residence portion rises terrace on terrace far up the mountain sides, enriched by fine gardens and hedged in by a luxuriant growth of ornamental trees, plants and shrubbery.

Fayal is a station where passing ships receive coal and water, and whalers coming in from long cruises leave their

cargoes of oil and bone to be carried by steamer to America and other countries, then laying in fresh supplies, they return without loss of time to the whaling grounds. Indeed the Azorean waters at the time of which I speak, afforded a very profitable territory for whaling operations; and a station was maintained at Horta for the purpose of capturing the Leviathans of the deep. From a tower and outlook a man with a glass constantly swept the sea, and on the first appearance of a "spouter," small boats containing harpoons, guns and all the tackle in use at that time for netting the quarry were immediately launched, and propelled by strong arms, an exciting chase, resulting sometimes in a battle to the death began.

There is also an extinct volcano situated near the center which forms one of the many attractive features of Fayal. So a party is made up and, mounted on the ever patient and never failing donkey, we start out to

EXPLORE THE CALDEIRA.

On reaching the summit the first impression was disappointing, for a dense fog was hanging over it, and, what added especially to the discomfort, a drenching rain soon began to fall, in which we stood unsheltered for half an hour. The rain, however, ended as suddenly as it began, the clouds lifted and the sun coming out soon dispelled the mist, and, standing on the rim of the crater, we were afforded an uninterrupted view to a depth of 700 feet.

The opening is a mile across at the top, descending funnel-shaped to the bottom, where there is a lake of crystal-like water. Looking up from the lake the stars can be seen at mid-day. The descent is abrupt in places, and if a misstep is made one is liable to plunge headlong to the

bottom. In such a case more stars are likely to be seen. The story was current at the time that a young American in this way a short time before lost his life.

The heavy rains of the mountains wash out deep gullies down their sides, the ground being of a reddish clay formation that hardens when exposed to the air. In this way perpendicular walls are frequently left standing fifty feet in depth, making it dangerous for one unacquainted with the country to venture among these pitfalls alone.

Recent rains had rendered the ground very slippery, and on the return trip the guides exercised the greatest caution, endeavoring to keep the party together and to avoid dangerous places. But in spite of repeated warnings I wandered off, trusting to the instinct of the donkey to select a good route and carry me safely down the mountain.

The little animal kept on a ridge about ten feet in width at the beginning, having a gulch two or three feet deep on either side. Not noticing particularly any change in the formation, and while I was absorbed with other and more interesting objects, the donkey came suddenly to a standstill. Casting my eyes downward I realized at once the difficulty into which we had come. The ridge had dwindled to a width of not more than twelve or fourteen inches, and there abruptly came to an end, and a yawning cavern on either side fully fifty feet in depth confronted us. The sensation was like that of being suspended in midair.

No assistance was in sight, though I could hear the voices of our party in the distance. The intelligent little donkey stood motionless as a statue, with eyes and ears cast downward into the gulf below. The ground was slippery and I dare not move, and almost hesitated to breathe,

fearing to throw the donkey out of balance and into the gulf. The suspense, though but for an instant, was anything but agreeable, and no possible suggestion of relief had as yet come to mind. But presently there was a slight motion or tremor perceptible in the little animal on whose back I was perched and upon whose sagacity and coolness my life depended. All four of his feet occupied a space but a few inches apart, but, keeping their relative position, his feet began to change with the movements of his body. I sat motionless while this transformation was going on until the little burro had completely turned around as if on a swivel, when, without a word spoken by me, he shot out on his back track as if impelled by some more persuasive power than the goad usually carried by the driver.

On reaching safe ground again I met a guide who had started out in search of me. After dismounting and giving the donkey an affectionate salute, a demonstration of gratitude I thought he would understand and appreciate, I then handed the driver a sarelia (a small Portuguese coin), requesting him to expend it in the purchase of an extra ration for the donkey's supper. This last act I fear never affected the burro any more substantially than the hug I gave him, for soon after reaching the city the driver was seen purchasing cigarettes, and there is good reason for believing my donation to the donkey went up in smoke.

A number of industries more or less important are carried on in the Azores. The native peasantry, while jovial, happy and thoughtless, are also industrious. The women, who labor for the smallest wage (often not more than five or six cents a day), are very ingenious in the manufacture of knitted and drawn work, chief in this class being very delicate lace known in commercial centers as

the "Fayal" lace and made from the fiber of the century plant. The separating of the fiber from the pulp is done in Oporto by some sort of milling process, when the rough fiber is returned to the islands, where the lacemakers take it, reduce and polish it by hand labor into an exquisite fabric, which, when woven into lace, becomes of great value.

Grapes are a natural product of all the islands and their cultivation, with the manufacture of wine, is the chief industry. Every foot of ground is utilized. Seams and caverns in the rocks having perpendicular walls fifty feet high are often seen covered with a luxuriant growth of grape or other fruitful vines. These are planted on shelving rocks that jut out from the walls often not more than two feet wide.

Water fresh and cool from the hills flows continuously into large stone troughs in the public squares, around which bevies of dark-eyed women are to be seen with large earthen jars, which, when filled with water and the gossip of the day has been exhausted, they balance on their heads and carry away. Sometimes water is transported by placing a large barrel or hogshead between two oxen or mules and suspended from poles fastened across their backs.

There are no forest trees, though cultivated varieties attain a wonderful growth. But there is a low, hardwood bush, something like the sarvis berry growing in mountain regions of the Pacific, that is found in great abundance on the higher elevations here. These are cut for fuel and carried on the backs of donkeys to the villages below. They generally go in large numbers, like the pack trains of the West in an early day. The bushes are about six or eight feet in length, and when laid across a donkey's back there is nothing visible of the propelling power but

four little feet. One of these large trains moving slowly down the side of a mountain is a strange sight, giving the impression of a forest in motion and recalling the scene in "Macbeth" as prophesied by the witches—"Birnam Wood moving to Dunsinane."

While traveling among the islands a book chanced to come into my hands written in support of a theory not altogether new, but rather an ancient tradition more recently revived, to the effect that the Azores, Cape de Verde, Madeira and Canary Islands are but the mountain peaks of a lost or sunken continent once inhabited by a people in a high state of civilization; but owing to a flood or cataclysm of some kind the land gradually sank beneath the surface of the water, carrying with it its precious burden of human life.

Here, according to the legend, was located the Garden of Eden; all science and literature known to the ancients originated with its people, and the real kings and queens of Atlantis were the mythological kings and queens of the more ignorant Greeks and Egyptians; and finally the engulfing of the island by the overflowing sea was nothing more or less than the deluge recorded in the Bible.

The result of more recent scientific expeditions sent out under the auspices of the British and American Governments tends strongly to support the belief entertained by many that somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean, situated opposite the "Pillars of Hercules," an island continent vast in extent as Australia once existed.

We come now to an investigation of the fortifications in the harbor of Horta, where a gun of immense proportions and of more modern cast than those mounted by its side is the first object to attract the visitor, and the more one learns of its history the more anxious he becomes to

extend his observations. The gun was christened and its record has gone down to history as

THE "LONG TOM."

It was a part of the armament of an American privateer —the General Armstrong—sunk in the harbor of Fayal in an engagement with a British fleet of battleships, September, 1814. The Portuguese later on recovered the "Long Tom" and mounted it on their ancient works, where it remained an object of special interest to travelers for more than seventy years.

Having accidentally fallen upon this much, I at once determined to learn the history of the big gun in detail, and, after some delay and many trials, the services of a native were obtained, who accompanied me in a systematic search of the records kept at Fayal relating to this event, and which, through my efforts, were translated into English.

While it is very gratifying to hear the courage of one's countrymen extolled by strangers in a strange land, it is nevertheless surprising that no intelligent account of this affair has ever been given to the world. A fleet of American battleships in command of a Rear-Admiral, carrying some thousands of sailors and marines, has recently been sent across the ocean to bring from their resting place in a foreign land the remains of John Paul Jones for final interment in the country for which his services as a brave sea fighter were performed. This is a just but tardy tribute to the memory of one for whose courage and fidelity the people must ever feel grateful, though by it we are reminded that the gallantry displayed by the officers and men of the General Armstrong in the harbor of Fayal,

having no parallel in the annals of our navy, has never received any just recognition. The Government, however, has taken interest enough in a general way to have the Armstrong's big gun transported across the Atlantic and placed among other curios in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, where an interested American may find its history summed up in a placard containing two or three short sentences.

The General Armstrong had been for months cruising in the channel and off the coast of Gibraltar, inflicting great damage upon British commerce, when, on the 26th of September, 1814, she entered the port of Fayal to obtain water and supplies. According to the usages of civilized warfare a ship should be secure from the attack of an enemy while in a neutral port; but some time during the day the Armstrong was followed by three large British men-of-war—the brig Carnation, mounting eighteen guns; the Portia, forty-four guns, and the line-of-battle ship Plantaganet, mounting sixty-four guns—the three ships carrying two thousand men and mounting one hundred and twenty guns in all. Admiral Lloyd, of the British fleet, having been informed by the pilot in the harbor that the American cruiser was in port, determined upon her capture, and at once cleared his ships for action. Captain Samuel Reid, a young man then only thirty years of age, in command of the Armstrong, at this hour had some visitors aboard his ship, expecting to give them an evening's entertainment, among the number being Mr. J. N. Dabney, the American Consul at Fayal. Captain Reid was assured by the Consul and his Portuguese friends on board that his vessel would be entirely safe from attack, being in a neutral port.

But the brig Carnation had already launched four large

open boats and commenced loading arms into them. Captain Reid, at last forced to the conclusion that trouble was imminent, requested his friends to leave the ship, as in the event of an attack it was his purpose to fight. The visitors accordingly went ashore, and, after holding a council of war with his officers, Captain Reid decided to attempt putting out to sea. But the wind was unfavorable, and he then resolved to take the Armstrong under the batteries of the fort. Accordingly, all hands were piped to quarters and the situation explained to them.

The sailors on board a privateer are not enlisted to fight, only conditionally, and Captain Reid now gave all who chose to do so an opportunity to go ashore before hostilities actually began. But not a man, from his first officer down to the colored cook, left, and the unanimous decision was to stand by Captain Reid, the Armstrong and the American flag.

The decks were then cleared for action, and for better defense (as the odds against them were likely to be very great) the oars were gotten out and the Armstrong was pulled up close under the guns of the fort.

Seeing the attempt first made to make sail, the British ship Carnation set her top sails and got under way so as to prevent the Armstrong leaving the harbor. This was about 8 o'clock in the evening. A full moon shed a halo of soft light over the bay, on whose glistening surface not a ripple was to be seen, except that made by the oars of the British boats now moving rapidly toward the privateer.

Captain Reid, having ceased rowing, let go an anchor bow and stern and tightened the chains so that his vessel might remain broadside to the enemy. One of the British boats, being considerably in advance, ran straight to the stern of the Armstrong, and Captain Reid in his shirt-

sleeves, with a speaking trumpet called to them three different times, but received no answer except by one of the men, who in a gruff voice cried out, "What is it?" The commanding officer of the boat then exclaimed, "Give no answer, sir! Row away, my boys! In with the oars!" and soon, with their boathooks they grappled the side of the privateer, and the command was then given, "Fire, and board her, my men!"

Meantime Captain Reid with his men at quarters, numbering only ninety souls all told (including the cook), stood motionless, awaiting the attack, and simultaneously the report of the guns rang out on both sides. Lieutenant Worth, a brother of former General Worth, of our army, was severely wounded, and one man of the Armstrong was killed at the first volley. The crew of the privateer, however, pouring a deadly fire into the boat, the enemy were terribly cut to pieces and compelled to retire.

While this was taking place the other three boats made all possible speed to the starboard quarter of the Armstrong, where they began the attack. But receiving a charge of grape from the privateer's nine-pounders (there were six of these guns) that decimated their ranks, the cries and groans of the wounded and dying were heard by the lookers-on from the shore. The enemy then made a desperate attempt to board, but the fire from the privateer was so well directed the enemy's numbers were decimated and their boats soon rowed away in a sinking condition.

Captain Reid then got up anchor and drew the Armstrong in shore not more than a half pistol shot from the fort, where she was again moored by both bow and stern, having her port side close to the land. This was a strategic movement of great importance, as the British now hesi-

tated to train their big guns, for every shot that passed over the Armstrong was likely to enter the city, so their eventual success must depend upon boarding and in the use of small arms. The Carnation meantime sailed out, evidently determined to make a

FINAL ASSAULT.

The American consul, watching the contest from the shore, had by this time forwarded a note to the Portuguese governor asking protection for the privateer. In response the Governor went in person to Admiral Lloyd, begging him to desist from further hostilities, but this the Admiral flatly refused to do, and continued preparations for another attack.

About 9 o'clock P. M. the wind freshened and the enemy's brig was seen towing out a flotilla of boats to the number of fourteen, each containing fifty men. When at a distance of a rifle shot, the boats left the brig and took their position under cover of a ridge of rocks just in front of the fort where now lies the breakwater, but within musket range. The brig kept under sail so as to coöperate with the boats.

During this time, as might well be imagined, terror and dismay spread over the quiet and peaceful city of Horta. The windows of the houses near the scene were filled with anxious and terrified women; while the shore was thronged with men, all watching with intense interest the approaching combat. The little brigantine, meantime, appeared as if asleep on the bosom of the water; not a sound or a motion could be heard or seen on her decks, but every preparation to receive the enemy had been made, and the crew were hidden at quarters. For three long hours

silence reigned supreme, while each combatant watched the other with painful interest. At last, about midnight, the British boats emerged from their temporary cover behind the rocks, and moved to the attack. But instead of moving by divisions as Captain Reid supposed they would do, they came in a compact column and in line.

Breathlessly and calmly the men of the American vessel stood to their guns, awaiting the commands of their officers. The "Long Tom," a gun of forty-eight calibre, and set on a pivot amidship, had been loaded to the muzzle, while the other guns had been so arranged that after the first broadside they could be immediately run in and the portholes closed, as it was feared the enemy would reach the deck of the Armstrong before they could be reloaded.

The British came gallantly to the attack. Captain Reid again challenged, but received no answer. The fatal order was then given, and a volume of smoke and fire belched forth from the side of the Armstrong, while the iron missiles struck death and terror into the ranks of the enemy. Staggering under the shock, the British desperately returned the fire and again plied their oars. Impetuously coming forward amid shouts and cheers they finally reached the bow of the privateer on her starboard side, and the officers gave the command to "board." At this moment a second broadside rang out from the privateer. The crew of the Armstrong, with their boarding helmets made of black leather with iron skulls, their faces at the same time begrimed with powder, looked more like demons than men, while they fought with pistols, pikes, muskets and swords. Groans and shrieks, orders and curses, mingled with the clashing of swords, were heard far across the bay. Repeatedly the British attempted to gain the decks of the American vessel, but as often were

they beaten back with fearful slaughter. The combat raged on both sides with the most reckless bravery and determination. Mr. Alexander O. Williams, First Lieutenant of the Armstrong, was killed while courageously commanding his division forward; and Robert Johnson fell severely wounded, while Captain Reid was engaged in a hand to hand combat with Captain William Matterface, the commanding officer of the boarding force, who had reached the Armstrong's decks. One thumb and one finger of Captain Reid's sword hand (his left) had been severed while discharging his pistol at another man with his right hand. At this critical moment the English officer confronting him made a desperate lunge and well-nigh closed the combat in his favor; but Captain Reid, gaining a temporary advantage, with a terrible blow cut the Englishman down and he fell a corpse on the deck.

For more than an hour the battle raged with demoniac fury. At last, after having exhausted all their powder, the Americans threw cold shot into the English boats, compelling them to push off for some distance to avoid sinking. Finally Captain Reid with his own hand again discharged the "Long Tom" into their ranks, producing great havoc, resulting in the complete defeat of the attacking force. This discharge threw the big gun from its pivot onto the deck.

The scene now presented was appalling. The silvery waters of the bay were red with blood, while the dark forms of dead bodies were floating on its surface for many yards away; and the cries of the wounded rent the still air of night. Three of the enemy's boats had been sunk outright, while four others were loaded with the dead and dying. In one of the boats every man was killed but four. In another only one man (an officer) escaped death, and he

was wounded. The result was nearly a total extermination of the attacking force. The English themselves computed the loss at 150 killed and as many more wounded, but the Portuguese put the number at a much higher figure. The loss of the Americans was 2 killed and 9 wounded.

But still not satisfied, the British returning to their ships immediately prepared for another attack and soon opened the guns of the fleet on the intrepid privateer. She returned them broadside for broadside, until her ammunition being entirely exhausted, and believing that he must inevitably surrender or be annihilated, Captain Reid, after having reloaded the "Long Tom" with a solid shot, turned her muzzle and blew a hole in the bottom of his own ship. Five minutes later the Armstrong went down with the American flag flying at her halyard peak, when Captain Reid with all of his men jumped into the bay and swam ashore. Admiral Lloyd then demanded of the city that the fugitives be surrendered and threatened, in case of refusal, to raze it to the ground. But later he thought better of it, as Captain Reid and his men fortified themselves in a commanding position in the suburbs, where they defied the enraged Admiral and challenged him to an attack.

It appears the British fleet with two thousand soldiers and marines had just started out as a part of the force of Admiral Sir Thomas Cochrane in the expedition against New Orleans. But running into a hornet's nest in the shape of the American privateer at Fayal caused such loss and delay that the junction of the two forces was never formed, and the battle of New Orleans was fought with results even more disastrous to the British than the unfortunate affair at Fayal.

Whether on land or sea, in every sphere of action into which ambition leads, there is a regular order of progression and a constant struggle for the supremacy. To lose step in this onward tide is to invite disaster, and whether captured by the enemy or arrested and confined among stragglers in the rear, the race can only be continued under a burdensome handicap. But the man who "With Touch of Elbow" holds to the ground once covered and keeps the pace will never know defeat.

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